

## **Things I Find Offensive**

The sweet onions of your balls  
in another woman's mouth.

The broken keys of your piano,  
outside of my house, a sort of

message. The way you claim  
to be married, but you are wild,

sea floor body at my feet.

I ask you who needs love  
when there is the oyster

cracker in your laughter?

I drink a little too much and

see myself as if I am a cremation  
tank: you, dangling at the top,

and me, fully alive and ready to  
burn.

## **Pen The Animal In**

I begin to wonder why  
people still believe in God  
after He so clearly  
does not believe in them.  
Theresa, her hair in little

waves, a ghost. Adelaide,  
cooking bathtub gin alone,

seems that her dress is  
floating her away. Michael,

I savor the last word you speak,

but there is incense there too,  
as though we are standing  
together at a funeral.

God, caked with mud and dung,

sinking into something larger  
than us.

His melon-head

peeking, black tufts of  
flies around his ears like  
sideburns. And me,

heavier, sadder. My  
many whale's teeth biting  
into the belt of my life to keep

from screaming. God looked  
down at us for a little while,  
like all of us watching our  
feet as we walk, full  
of grief. But soon, he

looked up. Like all of us,  
he looked up.

### **List Of Demands**

1. A naked stockholder, a grass snake.  
The way he presses into the room  
as if he is too big for it.
2. The cross-hatched scars on my belly  
while I wear a bikini. The horrified looks.  
The dead baby story. My knuckles, fresh  
from a fight.
3. A bird, roused from its nest by raw  
meat and a martini.
4. Nancy Pelosi, dead on the pavement.  
Very primal. Very aboriginal. Very Britney Spears.  
The lemon wedge of her wig crooked, blood  
around the fake hairline.
5. Cresting your cock. Using a rooster  
in bed. Shoving.
6. Skinning a child, wearing a child as

a helmet, entering the mine shaft that  
I am so afraid of.

7. The isolated cry of a human being,  
secured in a pickle jar. Holes poked  
in the lid for air.

8. The way you bend in bed, the  
barbed wire of your spine, the  
distrust stuck between your eyes.

9. Not resting on laurels, but  
dancing on them as if they were  
grapes. Crushing and wet.

10. The letter you sent me. The  
letter I then sent to the news station  
after you wrote your first book.  
Beginning with "Dear one," and ending  
with "I thik we shud see ohter peepul."

11. One crystal glass on the windowsill  
filled with hundred dollar bills and condoms.

12. Standing on the roadside, picked  
up by a trucker who smiles too much.  
Falling in love backwards: on my back  
always, looking away.