

Sex Axe

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"Obviously brilliant!"
-Gus Van Sant

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“The Eternal passed by in the form of a pimp.”

— Jean Genet

Fortune Dancing

I consider it “reaching” to interpret a previous fortune teller’s interpretation.

Her foxtrot off your regret.

Besides, I already take one drug to detox from another.

This we call the City Cure.

She swings in tight squares arms up then down flat around shimmy shiver

s h a k e *d’hiver* French for winter.

I can’t write letters to my love in foreign time zones

Talk about my day while she is dreaming?

jason bourne

In youth we embraced a hermeneutics of suspicion

The Hanged Man well-hung young men hanged

Around enchanted woods where Beltane kept coming

Apart at the seams over milksop Maria (even!) Rilke

Shakes. Christ they must have been hard up.

I’m reading Tell My Horse by Zora Neale Hurston.

CBGB Odradek real thieves steal knives —

jacob boehme

This horse will self-destruct in fifteen seconds.

novel

freud

Anger Is Our First Responder

1

I've spent less than 30 hours face
To face with my Russian actress.

Two days after we left the 10th St. baths,
Her brother overdosed then died on Smack.

So, I've learned why Chekov wrote The Seagull —

It's natural for a man to touch himself sleeping.
Every bunk that creaks when a man is alone — You.

The Mystery of French History

The last literary legend living in Paris is
Ian Fleming's Pussy Galore.

Two hand grenades tossed on a kitchen floor?
— Linoleum Blown Apart!

Van Gogh cut off his left ear.
— He's all right now.

Artaud leapt off the Pont Neuf.
— He's totally in Seine!

2

(Duh) Sade left lists of things he'd do
If they ever let him out of prison.

Or gave him one of his own.
Hard corpse. Kryptonite.

Battery acid. Losers. Hosers.
Unnatural forms of decay. Accuse

The sea of what far shores are for.
Spurn in councils heated by delay

Venus in Elbow Length Gloves

I am undone in this final world
If the sailors would come back with their orange
 monkeys
Nostalgia is a type of hope when there are no
 unknown coves
Well-read whores and gun runners escort
 one fair marchioness
Earth's first blush
Once women hid my calling card in their ice-blue
 fox fur muffs.

I don't believe these waifs require protection —
Esmé turned nine while Khan's dominion fell
If you slept with vamps in a past life
They resurrect in your apartment
She gave out party favors
Then sent a hundred heads on golden poles
To gaze at her gazelle.

Though rigor assumes a standard posed by such
 elegant ideals
The sentiment really is recent and ours
So here the going gets rough.
Grace through union with true good beauty
Impossibly is not enough.

Metempsychosis is matter made of dreams.
When a man meets his double, childhood ends.
My life strangely has closed circle with friends
I knew long ago. I have had pleasures
Always hoped for or seen places I've once been.
Ne saddle me with facts pas —
The Laws of Form do not apply to Fate.
Paracelsus mapped this out on his checkered astrolabe.