

I: INTERIOR

*the eagerness of objects to
be what we are afraid to do*

cannot help but move us.

- FRANK O'HARA, 'INTERIOR (WITH JANE)'



GREY STRIPE TOP W/OUT SLEEVES

cut off & out it move alone to the last it cry with gunk.

BLACK & WHITE STRIPE TOP W/SLEEVES

To really smile to forestall existence to grow and birth
to shake and be loud to take refuge.

BLACK CROCHET KNIT TOP

Fates hidden in the wind, being oneself, singing w/
impact choking & devouring.

BLACK SHORT-SLEEVED TOP W/BOW

Denim recognises itself in the night living in the
wilderness living under chaos living as the opposite
of fashion w/a quiet heart.

TESCO 3-PLY TISSUE

slope like that it learns to fit my finger to slide my
finger to soften on bones to kiss to the tip.

DARK GREY DRAINPIPE JEAN

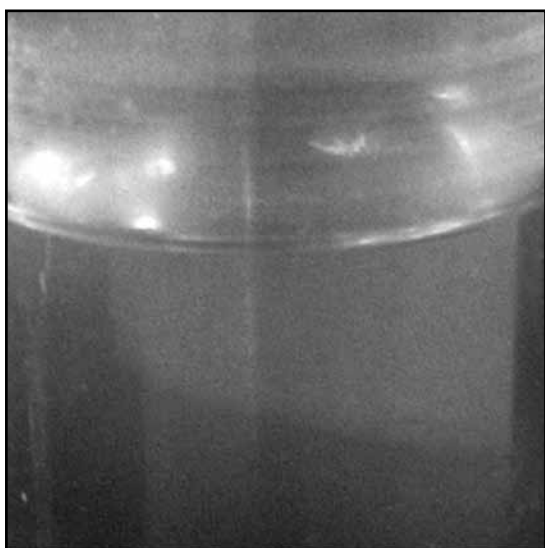
an outwardness a ground teeth on teeth you loved;
breathy intake or some wet.

KNEE-LENGTH POLKA DOT SOCK

My shoulder playful and turned away toward the lake
between your knees.

NIVEA SENSITIVE HAND CREAM

Prune-child ashen in the sun in the day in the late
afternoon or early evening at dusk by the window
or just outside or far away with heady scent and so
pointed and so cold; or, an automatic squeeze a
mechanical gesture. Jerk.



II: GEOMETRIES

picking, pecking at *our skins ghost or angel*
sent to tell us what *we didn't want to know*

- KATHLEEN FRASER, 'WING'

The upright nature of a girl, belied by formless whirrs, signs of visible lust like the density of skies, & the disappearing hour; I think of you urgent & weak walking beside billboards, missing out, flaking off in the silence between 2 traxx, no tender riot in yr geekheart [spliced open & pulsating in four different places whilst the summer is blaring musty and lithe, awful shiny skin & sick tune of birds germinating light as a new kind of loudness] & the crude urban cosmos misses you & is just passing the time w/dirt & money & pouting in the corner w/out your nocturno-suspicious lure.

