

recipe found in a winter boot

hurtle the cake.
 hurdle the grave.
tell the smallest dog
 your smelliest you.
erase the hand erasing
 the mouth. move to a distant
memory with your worst
 marginalia. or favorite
cousin. journal about it.
 type up
your review of the year's
 first snow: a predictably
thrilling sequel
 to what the leaves,
not too long ago, said.

then, kiss the snow.

pick up a heaping
 handful & smooch it.
feel the snow
 give you smoochies back.
listen to it. listen
 close. the snow.
each fluttering little note of it
 saying, kiss me
& kiss me
 here & here.

ode to completion & then some

tonight, i am the worst queer—i hate longing, detest
yearning. right now, i am the worst queer
poet—i don't want
any synonym for want, any
sinfully great lyric ache. i don't want to read or write a single
beautiful description
of distance. no.

i will have sex. i will have
close, verbal,
smelly, emotional sex. i will have hotter than a faggy volcano's
smutty novel sex. & fuck,
if i can't have it with someone, i'll have my way
with me. in fact, i'm already
precumming. i'm leaking right into my left hand—
my nondominant hand's
powered up, & i'm going. i'm upping the speed,

frothing myself forth. i'm getting real friendly
with my foreskin, leaving every lack
behind. i'm loving on
& in my behind. my right pointer's voyaged
far up my twitchy hole, my hairy legs are raised in the me-scented
air, the whole room's fragranced by butt
& balls, & i'm watching it all in the full-length mirror.
this creature

so interested in his own nature. this researcher, studying
& collecting data on his pleasure.
i'm at play, i'm the project, i'm both animals
breathing hard.
i'm breath & both hands working hard. i'm hard, i'm hard, i'm my pleasure
pleasing me. i'm my hole, my cock, i'm my cock, my cock,
i'm cock & hole, i'm hole & hole, my cock i'm fuck i'm going to

take a break. let my body say, what. god. agh.
& squirm a bit
while i take some giggly sips from my nightstand water.
while i sigh, delighted.

let my body, impatient, exhale into a fuller
abundance. this moment
not about vexed want, knotted
waiting but a true, green
resting. & just a different breath.

& then i'm set. ready & well-hydrated. one drooly
hand twisting a nipple, the other
droolier hand on my cock. a simpler arrangement
than earlier, but no less kinetic a combo for this
late-night, night-long show.
sweaty & slow, slow & silly, i'm building
up to it seriously slow.

until i can't. i catch my face in the mirror,
my unpretty grin, the honestly ugly
fun i'm having. look, i don't need to be stunning,
don't need a thing, not a fuck fuck i'm
cumming, it's hitting my neck,
my face, it's in my mouth, i'm
dripping from my lips,
i've got cum-breath, a cum-stache, & i'm grabbing

pics. sending them from my phone
to my soul.
& sometime later,

my soul is cuddling my finally
soft cock. they're glowing, still, in the stinky bask
of each other. & my soul's nuzzling close, closer than ever to my cock,
while my cock, already a touch
recharged, says, hey,
do you know the term "philatelist"? i just learned this.
a philatelist is one who collects &/or studies
postal stamps. philatelist, one who practices
philately—doesn't that sound
kind of like flatulence,
a bit like fellatio? oh,
i bet it comes from french—
why don't we look it up?

& my soul is nodding
off, he's starting to make a sound not
unlike flatulence—& loud. but sort of sweet
to those who like him.
mm, says my cock, you're singing
your songs again.

Postsolsticemoodism

When did they show up, the not so little
hairs on my knee?

Do you, too, have a news anchor
voice going going in your head
whenever you read the back of the cereal box?

Isn't it literature, the gatorade she left in the other room
the other day?

Hasn't he sensed the needs of a tree, his favorite oak, at least?

Aren't we in the traveling part of summer?

How did I stop listening to my need to be high up in a tree,
in any
height of tree, in it, at least?

How are you?

(Staying out of trouble?)

(Keeping a bee?)

Don't you tell me a claw sandwich
doesn't sound better
than a finger sandwich, you wouldn't dare, would you?

If we were to slither now, hither would we go?

Corresponding with the Heterosexuals

Hi, enthused teacher or bewildered student
or concerned parent!
Thank you for emailing out of the blue or
as the French say, out of the bleu.
To answer your urgent & original question,
I am not inspired, ever.
I write just so you will assign/do/
help with—while disapproving of—
all this homework
about me
& grow up
or finally be well-adjusted, capable
of taking out the recycling
on a semi-regular basis while talking to your
semi-handsome neighbor
who's sitting outside. Ah, the fresh air
becoming hotter & oranger by the minute.
Oh, that's not a gay thing,
sorry, that's a planet in deep
doo-doo thing.
To answer your less urgent & unoriginal question, yes.
Your dreams will die & so
will you. But if you're lucky, you'll go first.
Meanwhile, someone in Switzerland
is sending their very first email,
now isn't that a sight for sore eyes. Oh,
a cliché! Quick, let's revise. Now isn't that
a kite for sore lives. Much better, n'est-ce pas? Sorry,
I know French
is filth & the gayest of langues. & now
I must go feed my second pug, Symposium.
Yup, that's a Plato thing.
Oui, that's a gay thing,
so sorry. Désolé. Je suis vraiment,
vachement désolé.

Quintessence: the Soul (If It Exists)

Ajar.
Aloft. Afar, afoot. Ashore,
atop. Aflutter,
ajar, sometimes a lot.
Then amuck,

adrift. Afire.
Awryly aflame. Asunder,
afucked. & closed
up, or is it down. Sometimes
for a year,

years. Then
afloat, aloft, ajarred afresh.
Anewer aglow.
Astride atrue, across aflew,
awhoevenknew:

something in you
so never closed, forever fucking
abloom, in fact,
even while amiss, adoom.
Unasleep, even

amidst the dullest
miseries. Who knew—this life,
this alive. Agog,
agod. Awash with vowel & you,
committed to

comma &
not yet, or sure, period, but then
right away up
to go alltheway down. To stumble
allaround for a

letter, another.

recipe for courage with a side of hot

increase your daily chapstick application by fifteen
hundred percent.

practice your kinkiest sex
on your frown-frumpiest days.
retreat for at least an hour every night

to be with your butt-soft, ass-tough poems.
apply ever more of your heart
to your mouth—

but don't forget speaking
is only one form of loving.

if one cat sweater doesn't suffice, don
on top of it another, larger,
sweaterier cat sweater.

remember that a synonym for your heart
is total babe.
remember that the moon shares
that synonym.
wonder aloud on a park bench in a busy park,

is this poem too moony,
too self-helpy?

accept help

beyond yourself. admit you were wrong
about how good the burgers were at that one place,
they only tasted that good to you

because you were utterly
magnificently stoned.

say the word "vestibule"
five times fast.

for a week, say to everyone you meet, yes i now

wow

are we all getting old. & he said, yeah, that's how time works.

& i was both chapfallen & crestfallen, the definition for both
being the other. i couldn't understand why
he had to be so factual. i love definitions
but hate facts.

i love definitions that are forever questions

due to my never remembering them,
my always looking them up
or in the middle of wondering about.

this would also describe
my relationship with the spelling of "entrepreneurial."
entrepreneurially speaking, holidays &

most days, i am irritated.

my other brother turns 27 in the spring. he would be great
in a band, but would never
do that, he's far too busy pursuing his other creative talents
to financial success & deep fulfillment.

i'm proud of him, though also

irritated, now that he has
barely a thing to justify to our parents,
maybe just his haircut.

i'm proud of the life i've made

out of words & fairly adventurous haircuts,
yet i'm irritated with myself

every day. i'm
an artist, meaning a massively small self-esteem & a love for
everything minutely vast. froth, the artist formerly known

as foam!—i love stuff like that. i cherish
how my boyfriend,

a bit older than me, said he's closest to the tall & quiet
one in the band, though
even taller & quieter,

& i said, definitely
taller, but quieter (??), you're never quiet,

& he said,
fuck you, i am 8 foot 4 & have never spoken a word.

my favorite definition of mirth,
which happens to be the main one, is gladness or gaiety
as shown by or accompanied with laughter.

gaiety!
can you guess why i love that definition? yes, i am
queer as in fuck you, but i am also gay
as in i don't know
how to live in this world or why i should

& isn't that fun.
little bubbles full of feeling.

the holidays—do you ever wish there were more & better
gay holiday movies? do you ever watch a gay movie
because you are gay
& looking for yourself, then looking for other gays,
then looking for yourself, again?

do you ever watch a gay movie & find yourself
happy, even
mirthful, frothing with
yay, gaiety? only for the ending

to be um, utterly ruinous?

do you ever watch yourself
being gay as in person turning
35 & the guinness world record holder

for most consecutive nights spent tearful by a scented candle?
i'm not answering that, but thank you for asking.