

2022 AWP Event Outline

EVENT TITLE

“Call it a Beginning: An UndocuPoets Anniversary Reading”

EVENT CATEGORY

Poetry Reading

EVENT DESCRIPTION

To celebrate the 5th anniversary of the UndocuPoets Fellowship, a grant awarded to poets who are currently or who were formerly undocumented in the U.S., this reading features the debut collections of four recipients of the fellowship. This dynamic reading presents a complex and nuanced narrative of the undocumented experience and highlights each poet’s differences in approach and vision. They will each also share a poem written by another UndocuPoets Fellow to preview the books yet to come.

EVENT ORGANIZER & MODERATOR BIO

[Janine Joseph](#) is a poet and librettist from the Philippines. She is the author of *Driving Without a License* (2016), winner of the Kundiman Poetry Prize, and *Decade of the Brain* (2023), both from Alice James Books. Her commissioned works for the Houston Grand Opera/HGOco and Washington Master Chorale include *The Art of Our Healers*, *What Wings They Were*, “*On This Muddy Water*”: *Voices from the Houston Ship Channel*, and *From My Mother's Mother*. A co-organizer for UndocuPoets and MacDowell Fellow, she is an assistant professor of creative writing at Oklahoma State University.

EVENT PARTICIPANT BIOS

[Jan-Henry Gray](#) is the author of *Documents*, chosen by D.A. Powell as the winner of BOA Editions’ Poulin Poetry Prize, and the chapbook *Selected Emails*. He’s received an inaugural UndocuPoets Fellowship, a Cooke Foundation Graduate Arts Award, and is a Kundiman Fellow. He was born in the Philippines, raised in California, and worked as a chef for over 12 years. Currently, Jan is an Assistant Professor at Adelphi University in New York, where he serves as the Director of the soon-to-be low-residency Creative Writing MFA Program.

[Anni Liu](#) was born in Xiān in the year of the goat. She is the author of *Border Vista*, which won the 2021 Lexi Rudnitsky Prize from Persea Books, and her work is featured in *Poetry Magazine*, *Ploughshares*, *Ecotone*, *Two Lines*, and elsewhere. She received an inaugural UndocuPoets Fellowship and a 2022 Djanikian Scholarship

from the *Adroit Journal*. She is currently working on a hybrid memoir about parole, translating the poetry of Dù Yá (度涯), and editing fiction and nonfiction at Graywolf Press.

[Aline Mello](#) is a Brazilian poet and editor. Her work often centers around themes of identity, religion, the body, and the experience of the self living in diaspora. Her immigrant and undocumented identity have influenced her writing and her art. She is an Undocupoet fellow and an MFA candidate at The Ohio State University. Her debut poetry collection *MORE SALT THAN DIAMOND* is out now.

Wo Chan is a poet and drag performer. They are a winner of the 2020 Nightboat Poetry Prize and the author of *TOGETHERNESS* (2022). Wo has received fellowships from MacDowell, New York Foundation of the Arts, Kundiman, The Asian American Writers Workshop, Poets House, and Lambda Literary. Their poems appear in *POETRY*, *WUSSY*, *Mass Review*, *No Tokens*, and *The Margins*. As a member of the Brooklyn-based drag/burlesque collective [Switch N' Play](#), Wo has performed at The Whitney Museum of American Art, MoMA PS1, National Sawdust, New York Live Arts and elsewhere. Follow their work at [@theillustriouspearl](#)

ANNOUNCEMENTS & OPENING REMARKS

Welcome to “Call it a Beginning: An Undocupoets Anniversary Reading.” Before we begin, I have been asked by AWP to share a few reminders for this event, as well as all events happening during the conference:

- For those needing or wishing to follow along to a written text, please let me know and a printed copy will be delivered to you.
- Please make sure that spaces marked for wheelchairs remain clear of chairs or other barriers.
- Treat service animals as working animals and do not attempt to distract or pet them.
- Be aware of those with chemical sensitivities and refrain from wearing scented products.
- Please be aware that your fellow attendees may have invisible disabilities. Do not question anyone’s use of an accommodation while at the conference, including for chairs reserved for those with disabilities.

Founded in 2015 by Marcelo Hernandez Castillo, Christopher Soto, and Javier Zamora, Undocupoets began as an open letter protesting the exclusionary and discriminatory practices—specifically, requiring “legal” immigration status for submission and/or publication—of many poetry book contests. The successful campaign prompted ten of the most highly visible and renowned presses and contests

in America to update their submission guidelines to reflect more inclusive publishing. Numerous contests and presses have also revised their guidelines since.

In 2017, UndocuPoets awarded its first fellowships to poets who are currently or who were formerly undocumented in the U.S. Thirteen fellowships have been awarded since.

This reading marks an important anniversary for UndocuPoets, which continues to be co-organized by co-founder Marcelo Hernandez Castillo, myself (since 2016), and Esther Lin (since 2017). More, today's event celebrates the prize-winning, debut poetry collections of four UndocuPoets Fellows: Jan-Henry Gray (2017), Anni Liu (2017), Aline Mello (2018), and Wo Chan (2020). Their works showcase the range and depth of experiences, identities, geographies, and aesthetics of our Fellows and of the undocumented experience.

As part of their reading, each Fellow will share a poem written by another UndocuPoets Fellow to preview the books yet to come.

PARTICIPANT READINGS

Jan-Henry Gray (2017 Fellow)

Poem 1:

Season of Cherries by Esther Lin

First the pink ones, with yellow lights.
Then the silky dark ones.

Sweeter, nearly cloying as you and I
eat and eat until the bag folds over.

My first knowledge was tell no one.
This is love among the undocumented.

Tell no one. When I met you, even you,
I wondered, would you do it?

In the courtyard the dust rises.
Soon there will be peaches, plums.

I am ready for them all.
My mother says, *Well, what did you*

expect. Deportation is deportation.
Heartbreak is heartbreak. They

shouldn't be the same to us.
No rain, it turns out. You and I sleep

a while, make love before the moon sets.
The shadows of each eyelash dive

like swifts down your cheek.
Attention to detail is a survivor's trait.

Will you marry me is one question.
Will you report me is the other.

Poem 2:
Missing Document

February 1984/ Quezon City/ Philippines
Documents: copies of I-94 (missing)
Supporting Information: flight number/ date of departure/ seat numbers of the
family members (missing)

"tell the story of somewhere else"
isbn 978-1-56689-173

*"I had a taste for ambiguity
& arrival"*
isbn 978-1-56478-184

her hand did not wave/ her hand was ice/ ice set to the temperature of the air/ the air between the sand pressed to make the glass/ the glass window she stood behind/ next to the door/ the wood door/ the heavy wood door that I can't say for sure was oak/ but am certain was

heavy/ oiled/ ridged/ with a gold doorknob that looked like what we were told gold looked like/ gold the color not the ore/ not Au or \$ or what fills the vaults in the movies my mother's father watches on a sunday/ awake in the 6am 5am 4am dark/ his cigarette burning/ a kind of dying/ orange/ sunrise/ light/

her hand/ her hand against the glass/ my mother's sisters' hands/ or maybe they were maya deren's hands/ something's getting in the way/ can't say/ for certain/ my mother's name is rebecca// focus// tell us about her hand// what do you see// ground us// in the work// the details/ go there/ really take us somewhere

Poem 3:

I'm a Good Person Because My Childhood Was

junk yard, Goodwill, crushed cans, buy-1-get-1-free, re-runs, dead leaves in the pool, no lifeguard, landlord no English, bounced check, smog check, two—no, need three jobs, back entrance, under the table, no ride after school, loud dogs, mean neighbors, no neighbors, someone died there, FOR RENT sign, up for months, rusted carts, bruised fruit, free bones, just ask, beef tongue, chicken broth, chicken hearts, clouded eye of fish on ice, fry it extra crispy, the house smells like patis and windex and roses from the rosewater bath to heal the kidney, traffic, church is packed, late for church, not going to church, news of a shooting, news of a robbery, news of the boy raped at prom, pictures of the teens in court, *animals!*, those crying parents, *his* crying parents, Rodney King, Reginald Denny, everyone's yelling on Ricki or Jerry or Maury or Montel and Oprah is on the cover of her own magazine, dentist office, insurance voucher, no social, permanent address, temporary address, magazines with the address torn off, *it's your first time*, the handsome dentist says, he touches you and you feel special and rich and white and American and healthy and taken care of, T.C.C.I.C., keep in touch, have a nice summer, we'll be friendz 4 forever, never change

Poem 4:

Meat

To avoid torching the skewers, soak overnight
in water. To guarantee the lean meat tender,

steep in a marinade of vinegar. Too much
acid will gray the outer flesh. Temper it

with something sweet: say honey, something
grounding: say soy. Add smoke, tomato, or

black pepper. Pepper is a bridge between two
flavors. To marry cherry juice to cinnamon, boil

both with whole cloves. Clove of pepper. Clove
of garlic. Elephant garlic heart. The language

of the heart is stupid. Inarticulate. It needs
tending. Tendon. Time. A night in, sealed.

Before slicing, let rest. So much happens
to flesh—its brief time exposed to so much fire.

Poem 5:**Poem for Stopping**

9:30am, September 26, 2021

Don't forget yourself and your poems too, the list of things
to do will always mountain you. Don't forget to be the day
you woke up for: the light catching on the leaves across
the street. It is Brooklyn, sometime, September. You are from
California. You were born in Quezon City, in the Philippines,
in a hospital full of a different sunlight. There, the wind
enters the window your mother is looking out of—
her hair black, her eyes brown, her brows at rest,
her body complete holding a warm weight: two bodies
learning a newness. When you imagined yourself at 42,
what did you see? You are in a room you call *your office*.
It is Sunday. You are sitting in front of your own window
where you can see a tree and the light catching on the leaves.

The year is 2021. You are married and the handsome man is at the store crossing things off the list on his phone: chicken breast, ground pork, basil, green beans, cereal, fish, frozen fruit, and yes, your pills. He does this to help out. Soon, he will come home, and you will kiss at the door. You will put the groceries away and plan: the salmon tonight, the stew tomorrow—and, if you let yourself be uncrumpled by duty's hard edges: deadlines, lists, emails, more, always more, you will bake a cake, yes, a cake in a cast-iron pan. An almond upside-down cake with the five black plums in the fridge you can't let yourself forget. You do these things. You do so much to stay alive.

Anni Liu (2017 Fellow)

Poem 1: Matrimony / Matriarchy

by Laurel Chen

my mother dreams me unafraid
 and wedded. *don't sleep with boys until you need to marry a citizen.* in my sleep, i dream of girls
 in skirts fluttering like pages
 from a fallen passport.
 marriage in mandarin is derived
 from the root words *to be the cause*
 and *to faint.*
 a feminine character borders each word, cradling
 a family's affliction in its arms.
 marriage: fragile as our women, always unloved
 in our language. i come from a line
 -age of women who love everyone
 except themselves. my grandmother
 stitching pillowcases from her own skin
 for her children to sleep
 at night. my mother

tracing our photos with smoke
to keep officers from finding my face.

maybe the origin of a family collapsing is the story of how we were mothered.

before the war, my grandmother apprenticed as a fortune teller
in her village. she believes
our bodies are heirlooms passed down from our ancestors.
we never belong to ourselves—only

to the women who gave themselves up
for us. i am as old as my grandmother
when she married my grandfather
during the war. an ocean away,

i wear my mother's old skirts
draw burgundy lines
around my lips and confess
how much i love women in the mirror.

i don't understand gender but i know what it means to be gendered.

i whisper all the names
of girls i wish i could love
—my own is stuck in my throat.

invisible daughterfucker.

my love illegible in my grandmother's
country. my body illegal
in this one. i don't understand

womanhood, but i know what it means
to be born bleeding. i belong to a blood

-line of sacrifice. our bright faces bridled
in shame. i know love

breeds desire. everyone makes a religion
of romance
so i repent and make one

of regret. what i want—

a ceremony that doesn't end
in burning. a lover without
the smoke. a language
where daughter doesn't rhyme
with slaughter. i want a lover

but need to undress
before the law first.
marriage meant nothing to me

once it turned into a tool
of the state, my only way
out of asylum.

what use is sex

if i can only love my body
in its grief?

every woman i love by birth or by choice unable to love me back whole.
every night i fall asleep into a blooming bed of ghosts.

somewhere 12 time zones away,
my grandmother waits for me
to call her back. i wake up
crying, twisted between the sheets,
my body curled around
a confession i don't know

how to break. i reach for
my loved ones and nationhood
guts my body

of paper. i reach for a lover and daughterhood
sinks a hook in my mouth, drags me by the throat.

Poem 2:
Six years old, my classmates and I

believe we invented this game of jumping
from great heights, of punishing our bodies
for their softness. As if, by sustaining enough pain,
we could be tumbled tough and world-proofed
against hurt. I am young enough to still believe
that old saying about eating bitterness.

But there is one girl who refuses to play.
Standing on the edge of the cement stage,
she wears a dress the color of whitefish
open on a butcher board. The skin on
her face seems brand new, never ruined
by sun, by exertion, by the gritty yellow dirt.

She would have to learn how to fall.
The crowd of our classmates gathers beneath us.
Their hard little faces like mine, smeared with snot
and dirt, our red scarves a knot at our throats.
My hands find her shoulders, pillowy and warm—
all it takes is one quick shove:

she is free of the stage and sailing,
pale arms akimbo, soft whimper
of surprise, to land face first against the ground.
When the teacher reaches her,
asking who did this to you, her voice is choked
full of blood and no one dares say

that it is my name she repeats like a drowned song,
but I know: it was me, it was me, it was me.

Poem 3:
Departure Sequence

From the belly of the plane, led by a stranger
I was the last one to descend.

Everything happened at a distance
I could see but do not feel.

I had not been aware
of suffering. All I had
done was sit.

So much of life
just happens.

*

Before I leave, Lǎolao lacquers my nails
with polish that catches
and holds the light.

After months of living under the cloudless American sky,
the clear polish yellows like the pages of a book
left open, exposed.

*

My foreignness, a name
that others used
to know me by.

But all of you were indistinguishable, too,
by which I mean and do not mean
to compare you to burning.

*

In the Hunan Buffet, a digital expanse of water
falls shimmering through the TV screen.

With her cup of free tea, my mother rinses away
the meat's pungent sauce. This, the only restaurant
where she will pay to eat.

This is our life now. I stop speaking to her
in Chinese, and no one calls from home.

Poem 4:
What No One Told You

You will want to go back. Not
right away, perhaps, not as you run
towards the train's open doors

and not during the nightmiles
in which the distance collapses under
the wheels into ordinary darkness,

and maybe not while laid across
the row of empty airplane seats,
the young Chinese couple helping you

order food the first to witness
your foreignness and feel—what?
Pity for what they themselves have been?

Years, maybe, before this urge
to return can be admitted any place
other than your bed, when sleep runs

from you and thoughts of home,
safe in the darkness, return
as you will long to, knowing

and not knowing just how long
the distance stretches while you learn
to live another life with a scavenged

repertoire of days and songs,
the unknowable night ferrying you
farther away all the while.

Poem 5:
Ditch

For a creek, I had the drainage ditch
 dug behind the row of streets. In it:
 Mtn Dew bottles half full of piss, party
 balloons, tadpoles and toads, splinters
 of fish. Someone claimed they saw
 a turtle and I spent a whole week wading
 against the current, shins slathered
 with leaves, looking, and seeing instead
 a snake slip across a rock like rain.
 If you walk along the ditch's grassy banks
 from here, it will take you back to
 Second Street, then Scott Hamilton
 (the name a mystery to me for years),
 to those first places I called home
 in this country. One has a balcony that,
 when it was ours, held nothing but air.
 The one on Second is street level, shuttered,
 but I know what it's like inside:
 nubby carpet that sandpapers bare feet,
 the walls damp with shower steam
 and nothing ever dries, this place where
 I first learned to be scared of being alone,
 where I buried my first bird. The ditch
 will take you all the way back to my old
 elementary school, the track (eight loops
 of which make one mile), and the rusty
 hinges of the swings where, after school,
 no one as witness but the crows, my mother
 confessed she didn't know how to swing.
 So if you saw us there, hurtling through
 the late fall day, gripping our chains,
 racing each other to the top, you would
 never guess it was me who taught her
 how to become your own engine of push
 and pull, how to give your body to air.

Aline Mello (2018 Fellow)

Poem 1: Mexican Standard About a Desert by Jesús I. Valles

I can't claim cactus

Flowers, eagle-wrecked serpent,

Or any plant that heals.

What goddess of war

Came to me as a boy; dumb,

Summer-sweat wet child?

None. No corn god or

Lake-born warrior, gold dust

Feathered beast claims me.

My world begins all

Dead toenails, and cardboard sleds,

Patas sucias

Coca-cola sweet,

Sunday stewed tripe, red chile,

Fried-egg stink, and her –

Maquiladora,

Mother deity of want,

Metal plates, steam howl

Smoke-tower silos,

Machine, motor, and all parts

All American

She made me more than

Anything the ground could gift

The desert's night sky.

Excuse me while I

Weep; mass production always

Makes me die – No. Cry.

Everything I know

About the desert, I know

From bones in the sand.

Yes, the dead women's

But yes, also my mother's

Walking on and on

Poem 2:

At the End of the World, We Go for a Walk

*to speak of dangerous things,
like violence and revolution and*

*a childhood spent collecting sticks
and calling them birds.*

*Isn't the sun trying to kill us?
Wouldn't an all-knowing God*

*know this? And wouldn't an
all-knowing God get bored to death?*

*All I want is a dishwasher.
All I want is to live walking distance*

*to everything. Every night,
I remind God of all I've done*

*for him
just in case I die in my sleep.*

Poem 3:

Whose Side Are You On?

after Lucille Clifton

I am on the side of the ocean,
this side, this ocean,
promising largeness
and space. When it pushes
against the sand, I pull

the shore with me
like the hem of my skirt
over my knee.
I could wade in. I could stay here.
When the boat comes in,
I draw down the sails.
I am on the side
of the traveler who remembers
he's a traveler.
Who knows this land
is no one's but the land's.

Poem 4:
Family Ghost

My grandmother wanted to die
but in the online form, I say no,

no family member has died by
or attempted suicide
because

having children,
no matter the goal,
is still pouring life. Because

that's what blood is.
The psychiatrist asked
if she'd tried to kill herself before.
I said seven times. Success on the 8th

child. But I want to say that
my grandfather was good to her.
She loved her children. She gave

again and again and
maybe, this time, it was her turn

to keep herself to herself.

Poem 5:

USCIS Change of Address Notice

I painted my headboard blue
before the move. Cut my hair short—you'll see

in the new picture. My dog is coming with me.
I haven't seen the new apartment, but it's a studio

by the school. I wish I could tell you
I was studying the cure for cancer,

the destruction of ICE—I mean, ice—how to keep
the planet alive. I wish I could afford a new mattress.

I am tired most days from doing very little. My back hurts
from sitting, from carrying, from not going anywhere.

I don't stretch like I used to.
Remember me like I was in my first passport:

my orange lipstick, hair pulled back,
not knowing the decision my parents were making.

Not deciding on anything for myself. The flight we took,
the kind of milk in the fridge. Here's something you don't know:

I learned English slowly. I didn't think we'd stay.

Wo Chan (2020 Fellow)

poem 1:

performing miss america at bushwig 2018, then chilling

breathe...some reddish dolphins (these bare feet busted),
tore through my capezios, unmoisturized, they join
your pilgrim black boot—oh my mammal...
the wide weekend's long disclosure of drugs drawn

precious, depressed, high-function high anxious: 2018
gifts us fed dossiers on our stupendous thumbs-down needs.
you need therapy. i need money. we ditch our brains
unable to shred the fog of futures where civics, passion,

paycheck, and pleasure meet. two hours ago, we ran late through slashing
rain on Smith, tumbling you, your sister, (family) in the uber xl backseat,
helped me paste a glittering red AMERICA on my toilet paper sash.

we made it. early at bushwig, barely attended, i exploded the bouquet,
rolled nakedly on stage. i didn't expect to make 14 dollars cash,
crumpled. i took mushrooms as planned. time unclenched. i found you! sipping rosé

backbar, i was so happy. joy was flapping its wings in the dustbath!
you said i didn't seem different but by then i could no longer bear violence,
however simulated. i wanted only to see soft things: your empath
friend, Our Lady of Paradise, gives guided meditations, undoing some violence
in synchrony, she sings under the megawatts of her holographic leotard:
new songs about her gender dysphoria.
my smile pancakes beyond the edges of my cuisinart
face "she's so greeeaaaat" i say stretching like an accordion.

but, how useful are words now? by then i had lost the white pearls
glued on my décolleté—they dropped far like seeds from a seagull's asshole.
thinking about a feeling is like photocopying a feeling. that scanning light is safe.
i brag my brain is fearless, yet i wear my heart smeared across my face.
waiting for the all-gender bathrooms with you, i just wanted to sit and melt
like kerrygold into your fur coat. you said it was real. i knew that. i felt it.

poem 2:

Years Flow By Like Water

flowers do yoga in the sun in ways i cannot.
stretching comes difficult because it is too simple

and i believe i am complex, more than i actually am.
light, cool water, to be touched with intention,

the permission to root and spill into a lust for plain air.
when will you let somebody love you, wo chan?

“I love flowers. I know that is not a radical statement
but I love loving them.” john says after i send

a snapshot of the colonial garden. pine mulch, romance,
the crying voluptuous bees: the world

that ekes a strange, barn owl tenderness for my friend.
i gasp like a new page in a calendar.

July 3rd, 2018.
there is much i don't say.

you can have an unimpressive sense of self:
iphone 6 kissing the mouths of dayglow lilies, the punk

rock daisies that wear a choker of spiked white leaves,
swollen yellow heads dusty and free of the mind...

in my childhood i knew a myth. ten brothers born to a mother
who swallowed a string of ten pearls.

each child could do one incredible thing. the oldest see miles away,
the third lift boulders; the fifth could fly, the sixth impenetrable.

seven could grow tall as a palace gate; nine could shout the walls down.
the youngest brother though, the tenth, was powerless throughout,

a nuisance who wept from fear at each encounter with the villain.

though who antagonized us?

the bureaucrat who named us high on his sinecure? the children in sheets tapping at our gate?

my brothers and i projected on this drama

a schematic for boyhood where we could be mythic, incredible, and chinese in virginia's townhouses set across from the chuck e. cheese.

i was the youngest—my brothers strong, of clear sight protected me from what i couldn't see then, and then tormented me

for my uselessness.

i cried for help until i learned to stop crying.

i drew blood.

we opened a restaurant.

we became something. my oldest brother, hot-tempered in silver hatchback slingshotting noodles from city to suburb;

the second, glamorous in peanut sheen, shifting a wok one-handedly like a black chariot across fire;

the third, lead oarman, draped in steam, all smiles near the behemoth haier. He was a child really.

I showered with him, shared a room until I was 16.

I love them. I know that is not a radical statement, but I love loving them.

I hate how we were raised, though it is done now.

I think it is over. The restaurant sold to our neighbor

who makes very bad food. Our parents:

they are in bed and resting diabetic, sewn in varicose veins.

We lived through these decisions.

The air is heavier than when we first arrived

in San Francisco airport, my mother staring down the wall of terminal

glass that shines a vision of my brothers hauling
duffels, dragging luggage and my babyish hand,
already sweaty and floating through the shift home that wills to move us,
and will remove us from each other.

poem 3:

@nature who's willing

to forget. [Pity?] dis-integrate down to the needlepoint?

red as a kidney bean

I was a once a fetus don't I deserve some
innocence? I feel the beating
of my UNICEF heart (it has grown deep...)

I swear surefire Nature implanted within....

Nature is everything *everything!*
[except the artist]

WHICH I have decided is me.



All night I've been touching myself
DON'T try to catch up the sun is a circle in the sky
and i'm undefeated, (a calendar? that's one box

following another)

truthfully,

I don't think I have the capacity to love right now.

yet, call me back—I do want to see you topless as myself when in spring
i deny **THY DADDY** and still so america american! o'er the ramparts, i am lightning
[freshly]

swirling with tits the size of lateblooming bird's nests. I hate that word! yet
i kissed the rod so i would not strike the barn... which means the animals—
the upright ox, femme sheep, the coupled rabbits—are safe. your lord (who is
Lord) and his manifold beasts suckled and slept under the eternal, twitching
stars of suburbia. how I want so badly to be with you and not sincerely

-!
myself

p.s.

if silence is golden
and silence is violence
then violence is golden

no? You must respond. I've pondered this, ass-up in the bath thinking,
were you not my only source of information I would not talk to you.

I believe that art and violence are the only things that can truly change
another person. It unnerves me that most people cannot

—will not—

appreciate either.

poem 4:

“People Like You More Than You Know”

no wrong falls dirt on the ass planted
pasta sauce squat kinky mid broadway
starching scritch-scratched zuchettes yodel
PLENTITUDE in their trader joyful
cooler bag, strapped & streetpicked blue.

oh she thinks it is autumn in her
unstoned tracksuit she commutes long distances
dinner with her analyst flatbush friend
a butternut dildo squash, she wears vertical houndstooth

slices vertical a kirakira plus zuchh

this conversation on mothers

is not going well freewheeling they do not
heal fast enough she doesn't call she's hung up
on some if not oh definitely the same
childhood she misses the thickness she admits

life

clenching is her own genius so angry it snags
the oilslicked cradle of fish unblinking
casts a shade of blue tyvek flags
laid lidding the ground zero site of all feelings

begs for belief

the night softens its eyes on the unionized forest
the water unbraids itself, clear and limp
i love my neoclassical marbled eye rounds
i love this body made of bones, alumineum, the rubber of old doorstops

i have wanted to not exist

and i have wanted to be her
i have wanted some epic use for my excellent enjambed body
i want the water to soften on the unionized forest
i want the clear night to limp into my eyes

poem 5:

Special Special

jump into rob's arms koala embrace
the expressions of wonderloaf looks like blankness
makes me think they are liars. january's baby spinach
begins to yellow a small hole. i toss, un stomach
the trashbin, sing thank you lanky hanger, thanks old hat. everyone is listening.
i asked "what's a fake poem?" and "how do I make money?"
my shirt white with bedbug powder antagonistically
is diatomic earth smith street's snowplow spittles

