that chemical tastant

h. d. told us to embrace living in a toxic world. break down the sordid barriers, entropy will envelop all of us in time. i don’t know how to reconcile piles of my maintenance as waste in another’s home, i’m sorry to the wrasse, you are now living in a toxic world — did you taste some of my shampoo yesterday, did it turn your mouth purple? i know it didn’t clean it out.

she told us to accept the respective time for the secular to break down; hours, months, days some things vanish in an instant, other things stay. but there aren’t enough bugs & sea slugs for plastic to turn to palatable waste.

toxic angler in the mariana trench, an island that floats away / only to expand in their throats.

we’re used to formaldehyde, foreign & plastic face masks at a funeral, goodbye forever wrapped in a polymer sheet.

(on inheritance— inventions of things that bend without break, continue to fall into synthetic laps. how unfair is that?)

entropy, in a large scheme, is reassuring. my body will become a fig, that fig will become a cheating wasp. all that is lost will become the dust to which something else is made. even dust in the air is something, it’s enough.
palmer nights

when the sun sets your eyes like photosynthesis.
greening & sugar darlin’

dusk custom of curling, made a half moon
on the couch.

— you close up tight like a dandelion / at night

chamomile sea, ocean of calming tea
lukewarm cup cradle rocking laxly on the table.

pale burn tiger balm, capsaicin snores. i encore
on genshin levels while your head rests the same.

tell me how many petals does a spring tree make?
last night i had a dream they all blew onto

the bed. woke to a
soft april shower in my head.

for you, pouring contact fluid in different kinds of half moons.
it fills me up like the case does / when you stir awake with a smile.
winter dryness

I.
chewing layers off.
little circles, odd,

come off my lips. dark
ovals remain, stark

difference in shade
between valleys lain

& the stiff peaks (of)
the periphery.

II.
sudden flares of the
skin catch me — aware

patchy streaks of heat
on an ankle, reap

lashings unsterile
by nails sharp, feral

reptilian heat
firing up 1B

dryness, lingerer.
or spiders? under

III.
lavender grin, soap
got into your mouth.

washing dumb with paste
pause, sense the tastant,

mint & wet swirls still.
remember the fill

of bitter & acid
on the wake? amidst
worst part of the day
morning dry / mouth stay

berlin & the myth of the forest—for three poets

—plague land— i’ve had no news of you >

germany in my head is always darkening / the sun never makes it to the cusp.
just municipal-air & gas lamps, dampening the balcony / pigeon nest at dusk.

in germany, your kitchen plates & spoons & bowls get all mixed /
up, & the chicks, freshly hatched / peep but never ask for much.

like wei / all that’s close to me is a brook. i don’t have a nest. /
the birds fly north like someone spitting.

once in awhile on the sprain brook they sing *

i look at myself, i have no shampoo left /
just watery soap. i am preening like the birds do.

i look at myself, i have no long range plans

to go back to the forest is all i know #
the myth of the wild german forest fills me / tell me,
i’ve heard nothing of zz & his kitty liver woes
when he is a ghost i know he will — mew — linger / he will

weep in the wet gray sky & haunt the ear <

tell me how you stay up half the night & never see the day.
in my mind, you walk among berlin’s streets & also a coyote.
pines pop up everywhere, you are in the gloom wood. you are /
clean, always, while the sun goes down-down-down.

dusk came unnoticed over the emerald hills
& autumn clouds layered the darkening sky %

the myth of your nights capture me, i-i-i write a letter.
imagine carrier pigeons bring it by /

you’ll hear the pigeons call in the moonlight
* tweaked from birdsong brook, wang wei via seth vikram
# from in answer to vice-magistrate zhang, wang wei via seth vikram
% from listening to a monk from shu playing the lute, li bai via seth vikram
^ tweaked from the road to shu is hard, li bai via seth vikram
> from dreaming of li bai, du fu via seth vikram
< from ballad of army carts, du fu via seth vikram
spring

now that spring is here i still feel liquid bubble up in my throat /
& here i thought winter was the problem.

cryo’s gaseous state to meet the sky, unfrozen & freed from
the ground, resounding heat in the gods’ eyes, hands, cars.

it is too much. i don’t like springing anymore.
my apartment is turning into a swampland, again.

here i am, studying the brain of a mouse filled with cysts, drawing him close to feline death.
toxic parasite on the screen of a / desk that is falling into saline & peat.

i repeat, maybe if i were a fig wasp in a fig things would be more conscionable.
i think // about grasslands, about pollen & the wafting heat from the pizza place below

long ago, a squirrel found a chestnut & buried it deep.
do you think it lasted the winter?

i pick plastic out of my spring leek soup.
somewhere, methane is rising from permafrost, a ghost.

it stays low & haunts the breath,
i lick a floral stamp & also take out a pen.