



Command + **Option** + Esc

When you die, who deals with the body  
of text waiting in the browser bar  
Who deletes your Facebook  
when you die

buildings still with their windows  
With a screen full of colors  
pumped warm into a winter  
strawberry the size of my fist

No one *needs* to touch me

I wake up to burnt pots of hearty tomato  
If something caught fire, I wouldn't know  
where to put the water

I read something about a floating garden, a sort of free-for-all harvesting barge,  
I'm afraid nothing will grow I'm afraid we will all forget where to put the water  
I don't think the dream is dead, we just aren't getting enough sleep and I have  
upped the dosage

I(t) can't power down, i(t) can't die

Quit: do a system update, soft ware  
The very soft, hurt by breath ware.

My inner soul, the one inside  
the inside of my other soul,  
doesn't know I exist.  
It's very lonely  
to be new

And it will always be  
There is no longer a choice between  
water or wine  
You drink both  
and you do not die

## The Sacrum Is The Only Bone Worth Saving

I love my body because it works  
as long as it is,  
When I climb the wall  
i'm always thinking "Who's watching me  
get back down?"  
"How do i get back down?"

The sternum is the only bone  
I trace lightly with my fingers  
spreading wide to the outer ribs  
playing a silent xylophone and humming.

I admire the carved chest plate and ask if it hurt.  
You tell me that "Once a person is in another person,  
you really can't lie or make up excuses anymore."

I think maybe that was a lie.  
I play the xylophone anyway.

Looking back at those running behind me  
I realize I'm being lapped. I'm so far behind  
that I thought I was first. Why

is my sternum hurting, why are my cheeks on fire.  
The air feels like I've mouthed an exhaust pipe and  
I'm trying to make it come.

"Did you know?"  
Emotional pain lights up  
the same pathways  
in the brain  
as physical  
pain

I imagine my brain as a con-ed grid.

The sacrum is the only bone worth saving.  
Maybe that's why it's shaped like a heart  
Maybe now I can pay attention to pain  
Maybe I am  
the sum of my faults.

## Consciousnesses as Predicament

Every sentence I read I believe you  
have instructed me to do so.

I take the words in pictures  
as I take you into my hands,  
your face and body, one in each,  
like juggling.

Touching, not touching.

The air filling my hand  
between the 'yous'  
make invisible 'almosts'.

You may as well be  
tracing my wet skin with a finger.

The unseen electricity  
never making contact,  
like Reiki.

I am thinking you into my head each time  
I pick up this book. Though you are nothing  
like it's contents. Though you wouldn't care  
if I burned the thing, ate the ashes and destroyed  
myself in the process. I want to make you  
in my mind however I want you, whenever I want you,  
like fantasy.

Yet, mine are torn down by my own second wave.  
It turns me feet first and then the whole ocean  
to foam.

What a mess, what a disaster.

No thoughts of the future, black eyes,  
can't stop, jump, the rush, a shark  
so hungry I'll die if I stop moving.

## Meditation

There are hundreds of ways to kiss the ground.

By kneeling, by closing your eyes,

Ignoring the limit, again, again,

Slamming into it so hard

you change

Its chemical makeup

You smear it all over you

It smears you all over it

In a moment, only a blur rakes in front of your eyes

so fast it makes them water. They water into the ground.

They are kissing the ground, too.

Slam again until your knees pool blood.

The blood can water the ground, soaking

The dirt making mud.

Making mud with the blood

There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground,

But, to do it right

and how do you stand, again,

Again.