

Tramp

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Published by Moan Lisa Press
<http://pleasetouch.me/>

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Unsettled bills and a tantrum
as four leaves enclose our bungalow.

I sheltered your Madrid placid
neon signs as the rain was coming through
the orchard occipital lobe's genius.

You are an ancient star,
one I wonder who had gone
too far; to see.

A motion blurred reactionary dichotomy
segregated in seven cisterns,
It was your sister who, at Hy Vee
gave the goddesses their crowns.

While you lay lying low,
feeding them Tofurkys
behind the ivory palace stairs.

Eyed semicircles concentric,
rings around the verbal plane;
where ash doth not touch,
neither does a fluent scheme.

In an inarticulate moment,
paralyzed for fear of having
birth pangs. I adhere to the soft, white glow
of ever after; while we march

Into the midnight sun.

Teased for having no
inertia. No goddamned pleasure center
where cognition flies forth in reactive pulses,
warranting a flurry of biometric swarms.

I wake up and cannot move my flesh;
a pin dropping in the dark like flashes of
uncomfortable non-organic chord progressions
playing out to the music of the heart,
and not the mind. For the mind says in parallel
what the heart says in moist, unadulterated love.

For verbage unidentified, I qualify you
to steer the herd.

And vocalize my untold poem,
contextualize the redundancies
and the fanaticisms.

Beneath countless orders and requests,
there lies in you a breath of laughter's
contagion. And in me, beneath these waves
and particles of light's transmission;
I give you a flurry of Winter.

So cold, so chill, yet so awakening.

Half a nut shell;
cracked open,
lying in the snow.

You are the funnel for my textuality.

My spiritual progression through thought
and fire, and ash. Wanton plates of mnemonic
conjecture. You bring to me the dawn.
And in my cup, I offer up the peace and violence
of our undeniable and confusticated verbage.

We all go down into a perdition of speech.

Yours where I met you,
beneath sheets; in the
king-sized spread of
irreducible fatigue.

Vowels won't mend
won'd bend or break
the nouns they interact with.

Only the violence
and swift destructive power
of a kiss;

Could shatter those legions.

Thawed socks; with frozen esophagus,
the plague which won the war.

In the interim,
between breasts;
billfold in hand,
clutched.

A mercenary score
of, “gobble, gobble, gobble,”
tread so lightly
that her footsteps
could contain the plague
and I would still welcome her
with open arms.

A dove,
blasted with 9mm
a cage too ordinary,

“Peace, nay, I bring you the sword.”

Ignition. Test fire.
Two small, estranged
confluences; influenced
by the small footsteps
of rats and guinea pigs.

And you;
sufferer of malcontent,
skullduggery; mischief.

I held your hand in mine,

and now the motion of liquid
balance keeps the floor from shaking.

Only by the positive annunciation
could we
filter out
the absences
of our diluted monstrosities.

Kept in check,
these emotional disturbances
could be the cause
for our reduced
polar vortex
motion picture
canonical
blunt
perspirations.

Intoxicated with entropy;
the cold, hard flush of data pouring in.

As if your world
could be split by atom smashers;
and the half-lives of angels
would be
filtered into my bloodstream.

So many hours pass,
yet I feel I have timelessness at my hands.
The clock runs,
and like barnacles, we latch onto
the percolating substances
of our internal biorhythmic identities.

catch phrase:
the principle identity
of my obsession,
my transmutation,
indoctrination
into Purgatory and/or Hell.

Here I am,
confiscated and inebriated
without a window to wash.

I can see you though,
peering through the passenger side window.

A cascading noise,
retribution of the fingertips;
past dawn, past aces and spades;
fueling the fires of rage.

I perfected the art
of adolescent meteorology.

As I stare into this hurricane of love,
knowing that it always razes and ruins.

Still, I know the storm patterns,
the oscillating frequencies.

I am at your mercy, I suppose.
As you run through me
with me, inside of me;
gluing heart to lung to spine.

And everything that's mine--

Blows in the hard wind,

Uprooted
and no more.

Critical mass; contemporary flora & fauna
extravaganza GMO extrapolation.

Your moistened lips
hurriedly invest; diverge; repossess
my mimicked sound waves headlong byways
Instagram cam pics taken on the highway;

You won't let me
invest my hard-
earned principles
without form and function
and property.

We move so slowly now,
as if to turn the head lamps into gold.

Dinner, diner. Done.

I let you
in the bath,
behind the curtain;
where the Wizard of Oz
is reducing his cholesterol.

High stakes,
and higher heels;

Put forth the facade
of my calculated risk;
withdrawal and consumption.

I bleed into the pool my obituary,
and canvas every thought of you,
I think about you,

And every pattern of my articulation
of brain activity; those coherent forms
and structures. Processes;

Find you beautiful.

Return, return, return.
Withdrawal & rebellion.
She-lion.

Controversy in a pill box.
Thirty three count.

Would you ration out my death please, put me in bed,
please, dream with me in paralysis while holding my hand?

I don't want anything forced.
But the flow between us,
give and take and pulse and throttle;
knowing you might sing tomorrow,
heeding vocal trends and extrapolating the data.

These are my vortices;
my redundancies.

Desires.

This is a record
of ever poem I ever wrote.

Not inclusive,
but exclusive by nature.

The threads of my recreation
as I indulge in our fantasy;
the motion of the stars,
but not astrology.
December 17 beauty queen.

Cuneiform subjected to a poet's constraints;
clarification of data structures,

segmented;

fragmented.

Stored on disk.

An oscillating cylinder;
cerebral core.

Memory and logic combine with
beauty and intelligence; to form

An energy storm sufficient to
destroy
blocks of concrete poetry,

All pertaining to your intrinsic lovability.

An echo placed
in one small patch
of garden;
declares you
beautiful.

Shaking out
turbulence
like dirt on a rug.

This is what you do to me.
You make me crazy;
wild and uncontrollable.

And now I need to expel
every instance of your laughter.
Textuality is my medium of choice.

Raw forms and structures;
binary streams; digits rolling over,
never adhering to an order.

You cause such chaos.

And the chaos you cause
is more brilliant than the sun
at mid day.

You take my breath away.

Lock and key;
my heart is an easy pick.
I'm not reserved in this.

But pick it,
and truly it is yours.

Love me.

I am a machine.
My words and my tongue;
reformed by the fire in my heart.

And you are
the destination
for my machinery's plotted course.

I go into you.

You are an escape from the burning hells I've seen.

Camouflaged feel good circuitry,
the act of loving me,
a transitional desire;

Oh god, your smell;
the way you percolate
the breath of my desire;

An aroma so sweet,
as to deviate from purity
to the throes of ecstasy.

Arms around you,
in a deep grasp.

Conversation doubly made
through voice and interaction
of the flesh.

The bridges of Madison County are
better left;
we are burning
ours.

As I watch your body fall,
through sky and sea and ash and fire;
while I'm pushing myself through
the mire,
incoherent substrata featured on the midnight news.

Your body;

And in particular your lips,
as they move rings around my
prick; the public displays of
affection we give each other.

As I push you, head first,
and I say head in the most
deviant way possible;

Head first, into the mire of the saints.

The clear cut division;
between where you and me
make love, and the frequency
of fire engines running through the darkened streets;

Cop car;
“stop where you are,”
drop the gun.

An illicit transistor
amniotic junk box
hertz clocks; sinusoidally progressing through
moistened earth.

Giving birth to
the realm of scientific religion.

Pagan gods lifted up
like heroes of the war,
conquering the minds and hearts of
causality’s reconstruction of the past.

My past.
My past with her,
my Roman holiday.
And I tear down every fucking wall
that belonged to her.

This shattered city,
I give you the keys to my kingdom.

God and the devil are one.
The Father and the Son.

This is what they taught me
when I went to Catholic elementary school.
And thrust my cock inside her,
tripping out on mescaline.

And the Holy Spirit;
witness of who sent who.

The Void.

Repeater of the truth
inherent in ecstasy and sexual immorality,
burning up with passion and with flow of consciousness,
I bite my tongue until it would have bled
but words pour out instead.

Oh God,
in this bipedal hulking mass of degenerative miscalculation,
and the devil as one,
split into our own separate hell;

Please let me ring the bells of my concussive force,
pushing me ever into
languishing full force;

In keeping with tradition,

And hearing out the fullness of her gospel.

Postmarked in Hell;
this isolationism concedes, my heart beats,
and every facet of my monogamy
clings to you.

The rings, “we do.”

An open wound,
a tiger lily; a frost-covered psychopath.

Here we are,
in the midst
of dreamers,
we lie. Naked
and exposed to the sun.

And I fondle your genitals
with my tongue.

An arousal made of intellectualisms;
catharsis, and heat in a Winter’s kiss.

I’m hanging onto this,
with full attention to every detail;
my mind and body are on fire;

Welcoming you home.

Concrete.

Plan B.

Articulated emotional redundancy,
swarms of ecstasy threading their way
through the mire. And I
catch your hand in mine,
stroke your palm, and those perfect thumbs.

And dream of the kiss I am too afraid to grasp for.

The stakes,
my metaphor.

Negotiated peace treaty,
space heater, Charlie Brown's
mystical getaway machine.
A spiritual encounter with aliens.

Commune;

And in paralysis' grip,
even though I can move my tongue;
I cannot feel your lips pressed against mine.
I cannot feel your hand in mine.
I cannot express the legitimacy of my desire;

Nor can I cross the line,
between your breath and mine.

Rift between audacity and love,
too great a silhouetted pearl
that I am thinking of; no more
meat upon bone. Just the fat.

Reduced by heat and monogamy.

And you reduce my throbbing headache
with your tongue as you transcribe your world
into short sound bytes.

And my ears beg for you.

They say, “blessed are the poor,”
but I say, “blessed am I to have you
for ten minutes to myself.”
And, “blessed is the cochlea and the drum.”
As I hear your hum.

Hands clap & I react with
non-surprise. Wholly has my heart
been identified

As the sole proprietor of my sin.
The sin of thinking what I think
concerning you.

Every pattern and every thought
has become a cloud of lust and impurity;
and my heart, a garden of desires.

But in this moment,
a pause, and reflection.

That time keeps us apart,
that fucking span of minutes and hours and fucking days.

Goddamned days.

A rift brings you closer to me,
and another. And another.

Until these texts add up
to something more substantial
than a kiss. More erotic

Than my imagination would.

Immobile & transcendent.

The tents of gods and men,
as prescribed in the Book of Vaginal Secretions.

Duly prophesied and
quarantined.

The game of liquor consumption
leads to war. Leads to his expulsion.

Fuck me.
With the intentions of calculated risk,
beat the fuck out of my
serial lies and my methodical ignorance.

To please me,
drop your heart
from the balcony
and trust in me
to break its fall.

Before it shatter.

Test run.

Do we have time
to deny our love?
Do we have time
to dismiss concurrency?

I throw my shit down,
on the ground,
outside your apartment.
And we throw down.

Not with fists,
nor with words.

We fuck each other over
with the calluses of the past.
And my history
with love's affairs.

Goddamned gorgeous girl,
through and through,
charm me with your laughter,
seduce me with the pearls
of your imagination.

This is our contingency plan:

To take the shit out of the cupboards.

To salt the earth.

To take into consideration every goddamned word.

Home leaves me
trampled by waves
of glass.

Your home,
the world I know nothing of,
keeps me fascinated.

Alone, and alone.
Two unremarkable
lives.

With glistening immortality.

Tonight,
as lengths of string belie,
and angels' hymns
retreat into
the cavity of my desires.

Your open wound,

Wherein you keep
your heart.

I watch as its flesh
beats.

And mine,
perhaps more easily accessible,
perhaps closer to the surface of the skin,
beats.

Pluck the fruit of my tenacity,
when you are ready.

Until then,
I will watch you
as a distant star,

Or as a closer, heated thing;
based on your proximity to me.

