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A child dropped from my neck—
his head thick with pectin,
his hair yet to brown over. ▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬

He, with a waxy, sweet scalp,
was threatened and shaved
by the new president's hand
to be paraded, itching and red
before a gallery of gaping mouths.

He came home to me that night,
deposited like the orphan I was,
with bruises licking his skin
"bringing a boy..............
                    (friend)."
The table was quickly set—
Our shadowy guest, starving
bit into him with teeth white,
the man reeled and scrambled
his mouth filled with blood.

He found it in the harvest: ▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬
how kisses became combat
held hands turned control system—
selfish and perverted.

Before his stem had broken—

Aside 2, Twilight in a Server:
The sky broke over the pool
where he waded in the shallow.
His sole companion, lapping
at his feet, swee and swee-t
made a sandal for his thought
which left his brown box
in search of...
in search of...
"real life" in a search result.

Aside 1, To de-feather one's self:
To shave body like poultry
plump, wet, goosebump, parfumed
but to persist underneath
through lathers, washes, and
an old defence of cosmetics;
still rotted and diseased meat—

A hungry man takes aim at
the shed skin of his lover—
and in collecting his prize
two men part in the woods
unwanted, confused, and empty.

I remember my baby,

When we, then I, promised

To try and protect my one,

My apple.

Aside 4, What We Found:

We were rats, yes, transplanted—

Soon after the nucleus passed

and the atom was produced

We knew, but could not say:

The suburban home is maze,

And after exhausting the models

in rows that replaced the horizon,

our condition became emulation

floating points and addresses

referencing memory invented.