

How to sit non-performative in the midst of bolted-down identities

I.

Republican avocado, lobster, asparagus not in a can; Maryland my first marinated artichoke hearts, halvah. Then various amounts of money I owe monthly, monthly money, to state our real names, always hard not to stare at love drumming when it shapes such astounding noises, *ruinously numinous*, is there a sound called samsara, no one can play offbeats like my baby, whose ex-wife comes to all of his shows and who wouldn't. And I would not take him from family. And I did not know. Or, as lief belong. If I used real names maybe I'd find it harder to hurt real people roaring away in a red Mercedes, dust-blue Honda, silver Dodge Colt, turning the tape up louder. Republican ground round or chuck, red pepper flakes and light cream, Maryland beef satay and ham sandwiches, with definitive contempt label that fruit *Green Crisco* grimly the shopping cart hit by lightning, fixing the shower stall with molly bolts, edging raw lawn dandelions with manicure scissors, hiking boots and sandy canteen abandoned in their driveway, someone had to remember and the one ignorant of its full cost.

II.

WTF working up a black sweat. Again no place or show. Why not here, and/or her anywhere else—so fucking emo, I wouldn't talk to me either. The power I give history, it has to take. Her black journal, "Black! Black!" she shrieks or sang to ignore me, while I wear an uncolor. Have bass, way too much high end, precisely eleven cents left, penny plus dime. A wilted pinetree, her encircling blacktop. War a dancer. War a sex. That old mad-backed mother himsel war her, were here tonight in torn, in he other forms. Naked as he came. As sworn not more, so learn it agin for the nth, I can: A "not to." Not to: a-swear more'n. For, no bother, did you think I'd need of something? *No*. So cannot he omnipotate? *No*—nor force himself in. So quit victim. Give it a surrender, checking for an N.O. on its stupid online onclave. An instead, a wander, tour our ballyhooed perimeter in search of broken blue glass or I'll take an empty baby shoe, who'll give me two, that's the real low enemy, her stilled meridian. Forgive, so I can leave my love instead. Give it heard.