

incomplete

1

Fast forward five years and now you can't stop throwing up  
You wouldn't look the bad thing in the eye and now it is all the way inside you  
Tendrils like tributaries under your skin and a hard-black knot wedged in between all of the parts that  
make you work thick tubes of bile blood  
On the inside and on the outside everyone's skin is yellow  
In this lighting paint my portrait here bury me here 4 PM fluorescents everyone looks  
Sick in this lighting everyone's hands are shaking  
From the cold the man in front of you buying lottery tickets is sick too but he doesn't know it yet  
The splash of vomit on linoleum and time stops inside turned out everything in the exact wrong place  
dirt coming up from the cracks in the floor everyone's eyes  
Getting further away skin getting tighter the man in front of you is sick but he's not going to die he  
knows the right words makes circles of salt bends fingers swallows iron  
you scattered bones on a piss stained carpet and all they said was  
you are not going to be safe anywhere

2

Let's talk in hypotheticals  
There are two men in two rowboats  
One only tells the truth how do you get the fox across the river  
That sort of thing  
Hypothetically you are throwing up blood into a McDonald's cup on someone else's couch  
In a new city you are dirty  
you are something unclean and you should not be allowed out of doors

Let's say you took the night bus and that  
A woman is eating chicken wings and that  
She is throwing the bones on the floor  
of the Nashville greyhound bus terminal  
you think that she is from another country and is not trying to be rude  
and it makes you feel very far away from home

Let's talk about coming up on acid in a stranger's bathroom  
Eyes the wrong size and too many lights all around you  
You are fifteen years old skinny and shaky and a different kind of sad than you pretend to be  
You can't feel how cold it is and you want everyone to know this fact  
Want everyone to know how sharp and strange you've made this world  
You can get to that once you've remembered how to swallow

Let's say you're in a room with carpet on the walls and all the bad things you've ever done are in there  
with you but you've decided you're not going to sleep in the same bed anymore

Let's say all of that  
Just hypothetically

3

A man wakes up in the room with the thing that is going to kill him  
Maybe he knows how he got there maybe he doesn't but the point remains  
He is standing in the room with the thing that is going to kill him  
And he is taking too long to make his decision  
I bet you're glad it isn't you in that room  
That I'm letting you off the hook for this one  
He looks scared from here but mostly just unprepared like he never saw this coming or at least  
thought he had a lot more time we do that don't we buy on credit and then get angry  
tick tock two words two roads diverge converge etc  
you are on the verge of realizing something but the thing won't give you any room to breathe and  
Oh  
Ok so it is you in the room  
Was the whole time but I think you knew that already  
It's always been you  
Baby  
I'm just telling a story and you are in the room and we've both gotten in  
A little over our heads haven't we so  
I take it back  
The glass reforming in your hand scabs becoming soft and wet again five years  
Of piss and puke all flowing backwards all the bottles refilled all the ash and mud polyurethane  
petroleum broken fingernails all washed away  
I take it back I can do that here make you someone  
Who never screamed all night outside a locked door never coughed up river water  
I can make you clean and pink and raw scrub your lungs and eyes  
Baby I can move the hands on the clock bend your arms backward spit fire and split stone  
And it still ends up back in the same place  
Which is you  
In a room  
With the thing that is going to kill you  
And I think we're going to have to deal with that now

4

Prometheus promethazine you learn fire but you're born scared of sickness  
Blood in the stool in the water in the walls  
Turn to page 31 if you drink the poison  
Turn to page 45 if you drink the poison  
Put the book down and you're still drinking poison  
There's not a version of this that you're going to like  
Call it nerve gas, hepatitis the smell of rubber gloves  
The worst thing you can imagine is still a dead animal in the well

Bury his hair in the backyard bury your fingers in his skin  
Flesh like cottage cheese like the underside of a dead tree in august

5

I am going to start drinking again  
Say it and it's already happened don't say it and, well  
You have a habit of apologizing for things you haven't done yet  
Proofs of intent proofs of purchase  
Sorry I still live here  
Sorry I came into your nice white room and made a mess of things  
Again I keep coming into different rooms with different names  
Trailing river water trailing snakes and sand deep black ooze  
I'm here already I'm in the walls vomit in the sink in the tiles I'm an infection  
I say things out loud when I don't mean to  
I think like the sound of machinery all broken rocks all broken teeth  
I am quicksand I am a bloodclot and you can't hurt me because I know all the tricks  
This time I duck and spin and make it out the back door  
I am going to start drinking again  
Call it a week call it a week and a half call it a confession  
Call me at 3 AM I did it I did all of it

6

We pick around the details  
She's there in the room with you all dingy carpet all criss cross glass  
And then she's dead  
She's reading poetry a little older than the rest of you  
And then she's dead  
Like I said we pick around the details