

DEAD OF WINTER NON-SEQUITUR

(forthcoming, *American Poet*)

It's getting late. But mostly life is gaining on me.
 Inside cold and this cannot stand.

Poems aggravate me.

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I like hot chocolate but not as, like, an everyday thing. I'd date a White boy if I weren't married/in love/it's complicated. Green tea is better.

I make comic book stilettos as a hobby. Collect knives.
I want to cut a rooster's throat. Straight line slit without guilt. I would do it, but I have a headache.

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Linearity is overrated. Circles preoccupy
 make themselves known.

Lines are anemic. They think. They shrink. Boring perfect geometry.

Also, Descartes: "the length of certain straight lines is sufficient."

MAC Eyes: "Apply a thin line above the lid. Do not pull skin around eyes."

POND'S: "Apply POND'S wrinkle cream in small circles along fine lines"

My favorite line in "Twelfth Night:" *I was adored once too*. White girls are getting ass shots. Venus Hottentot probably died of syphilis. She had a Khoi-San clit, 3 inches. Died penniless after years of sex work. How does one sell pussy, die broke?

vanishing lines
and harems and thread
and hems and side profiles
Perfection is ½ of anything

I ran through a fountain in a suburb once. A police officer in a Today's Man suit said:

Stop, liability, which is to say hindrance. They build fountains in their neighborhoods. They tell their children: *Look, don't touch*. But never with my hair.

Descartes: "Segment DE is constructed parallel to. . ."

MAC Eyes: "Apply two coats of shadow."

MAC Lips: "Line the lip and fill with gloss."

MIRROR: Golden ratio. Laugh lines. Old bitch. Narcissist.

Iggy Azalea sounds Black. What can it mean to be White and move in the world as Black? I'm bilingual. Costumier is French for bullshit in my language.

Everything un's us. It's late. I'm cold. Or, maybe, I'm numb. Maybe, it's frostbite. My hands are always cold, even in summer. If you fall asleep with a thought on your mind, it stays.