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”

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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 clt, 3 inches. Died
   penniless after years of sex work. How does one sell pussy, die broke?

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vanishing lines
   and harems and thread
   and hems and side profiles
Perfection is \( \frac{1}{2} \) of anything

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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.

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Descartes: “Segment DE is constructed parallel to. . .”

MAC Eyes: “Apply two coats of shadow.”

MAC Lips: “Line the lip and fill with gloss.”


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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.

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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.