

Key!

A major problem with this **text** is that Death is a name  
For my lover of years & my lover of months & my dad  
& my best friend trans-dad trans-twin & my cousin & my  
Five aunts the queer ones & the queer ones who are  
Straight & my sibling & my mom & who all i love thin-  
King friends are family are what i have to lose & mort-  
Gage & down payment & buy the hellscape farmboy a  
Drink at the bar before he tries to do the same to you.

Problem two involves my father who met Death with a car and  
A garage right? right. i resingled the roof. made sure it  
Wouldn't leak. Sealed tight. 10 Years before! and Years before it's true,  
i made his Death easier. it's not true. Death is so easy for me. He kissed  
on the first day and second date He dropped his panties, sure  
i too am a cumslut for Death oops. Death and i work then come home  
in a gig[olo] economy. three jobs four jobs five jobs yes! part-time full-time  
beneficiaries on my wall a painting the painter gave me

says, translated, Life is a game and Death is always dancing. His  
[My father's] letters are missing. suicide notes i mean. i write them  
with a program on my phone, letter by letter, mistake by mistake  
until i can't write another one. too many people to write to

so i write them like this

Delete line /break/ page /break/ fall /break/ neck /break  
/ Bread /break fast break coffee break bed break spring  
Break breach bREAK Eabrkea bkhdssajl btrrwaaj br  
Eak out capitalize break capitalize break lower break  
Case break end quote break file break safe offline mode  
Break line break off break communication break  
Break open break file break word break bank break  
Break type break capitalize e break capitolize k  
Back break space break backspace backs /break/ pace  
Break insert break page break insert break image  
Break insert break character break down break down  
Break underline break draw break S break H break E  
break the obsession with Death with opening the window  
break the train tracks one step away break wait from not  
break one more night break coping mechanism  
break comfort in the ythought hours and hours  
break in the typ[o-graph!]ical error message br

from *Death and // 2*

earlier – cognate – courtesan [failed]

hypocotyl      the sun came out  
                    the moon came OuT  
all day luckless day

then i throw it away

n    n    n    nn   oo oooo   o ooo   o  
  
OO   O    N    NNNN    NNNNNN

from *Death and* // 3

The First

Negation was of self  
& plum tree

this one  
in particular  
or its ancestors

the cherry plums    the purple leaves  
    landing on the runway  
the screaming child in all of us

i am all ghost at work  
trying to remember my training

GREET EVERYONE WITHIN  
FIVE SECONDS  
SCROLL  
WASH YOUR HANDS  
ASK THEM WHAT THEIR STORY IS  
THEIR STORY TELLS YOU WHAT TO SELL  
CHANGE GLOVES  
THE WORD 'NATURAL' IS NOT DEFINED BY ANYBODY  
THE WORD 'NATURAL' DOESN'T ACTUALLY MEAN  
'ANYTHING'  
ASK  
IF YOU DON'T KNOW  
SIDESELL  
UPSELL  
CHANGE THE CHANNEL TO SOMETHING WE ALL CAN ENJOY  
A DISNEY FILM SPORTS A COMEDY MAYBE NICE VISUALS  
CHANGE YOUR GLOVES  
JAMES MACKAY & JEFF BEZOS  
COUGH INTO YOUR SLEEVE  
WASH YOUR HANDS  
SOAP DOWN    WIPE  
WATER        WIPE  
SANITIZE     WIPE  
BE ENRICHED  
PACK MEAT  
BRIDGE FAILURE TO REPAIR  
ALL THE MOUTH  
FALL & FALLOW  
LOL LOL  
THINK THESE AND NOT THOSE  
WASH YOUR HANDS BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING  
WET FINGERS  
DON'T FIT  
INTO GLOVES  
TREAT ALL BLOOD AND FLUID AS IF THEY HAVE—ARE CONTAMINATED

Trump is still president. i like to go DOW[N/JONES] on Death while putting my whole fist  
in Them.

my hair is the longest it's ever been. better to hold on to, but Death rips it out  
sometimes. there's a rally & march this afternoon. i've become terrified of crowds.  
trying to help. abolish ICE & the military & telling strangers on the train & coworkers  
about municipalities going bankrupt during the 2008 financial crisis & how contractors  
told them to balance their books by increasing fines/court fees/etc. for offenders  
Death & i met on a dating app. at the end of our first date Death put Their Hands  
to my face so gently to kiss me, a smile asking for nothing but another to stand  
next to. i watched Death get on Their Bike and not very drunk ride away. in Nashville  
i was so hopeful i campaigned on behalf of a mayoral candidate when intern becomes internal.  
working with a Street Newspaper, sold by people who live outside or who used to,  
or who have no permanent residence, and the staff & i went to townhalls, dinners, & who knew  
all the other elbowrubbing cowntowing saltlicking leatheroiling assmenagerie  
debutante slackjawing backhoeing Ceasar-saladtossing cablecompany NASDAQIURI  
brunchbellying politicking we did to get Megan Barry elected, who decidedly no doubt  
spoke during the campaign of fighting for the impoverished & homeless but within no doubt  
a month of office had the police force raid the largest tent city confiscate their entire lives  
arrest everyone & destroy the showers grills firepits beds cooler systems trails homes lives  
put up fencing caution tape. i do not campaign i sleep on a sleeping bag on top  
of a yoga mat on top of a purple towel on top of all my sweaters on top  
of insulation foam pieces from the air conditioner. for strep throat they gave me penicillin  
at the queer center they asked twice if they could touch my neck twice before feeling for my  
lymph nodes

