

Four Poems

Scott Jackshaw

Homemaker

so that when I left the southside Baptist church becoming dissident & eyes
out of skull like the spirit into wilderness

so that when my pastor honeyed tongues in a crusty mattress or like locust
grazed on permed hairs & translation

so that when I let him blood me & loved a boy like language

so that when I loved a boy so that whenever
I loved a boy the space of that boy would look like an invitation to inhabit
or family history pinned up in my garage

so that straight paths God would move when mom prayed in groanings &
groanings up furnace vents to our bedrooms moving too

so that where the Baptists circulated rot I spilt myself like a land of milk
& saw worlds thicken

so that coming will I go & tasting of

MUFFLER

INSIDE mute tones they tongued each great hush bisected & near to sleep
where gassed up on the road they whipped dreams like christs / & cruised

four-way to stops thrown spit-soaked to the wind then
back in their wrinkled at each rubber stench faces they died on trees

UPSIDE they siphoned reveries & asphalt they throated with their truck
bottomed out not one of heaved their bones broken

they snapped / why plucked / kindled petroleums
in their cheeks & phalanges busted up epochs of quiet

SIDLED murk to the highway they slicked themselves & all hangers-on /
dangled past alley mausoleums where tunnels slumbered black

hickey-bound they windshield their skins to gloss-gash
sleet & emolliate rough on the silent road out

Chasmic Some

limb kept tryin to please / navigated blind
these treacherous wastes like worlded crusts over nitherin blithe
when I blindfolded the man he asked first if I would piss on his
forehead then asked his hands be nailed to his feet then asked
his tongue be cut with magazines then asked his plants be
watered daily when he died I could never piss again

somerspaced man / when he died all carved up
suddenly in my televisions there
great beholdin pixels & blood like cathode rays
his face sunken in the hi-fi swathes where out
of the dread planet came static bodies who asked
if I might nail them also

Monroe of the Windows

wisher's nape his
bile-slick eyes his o-god & between
 blow shudderin
he's hoist & Gutenberg he says
 crinkle my pages baby
he says blister my spine
but notice guts get in
 cracks & sidewalk lines
that he's a library with his skirt
blown up or more rumour
 than president
he's disappearer or 's gone vatic
backbone he talks with his mouth
but his tongue just stares
 his resistance
to labels felt strange to me here a thing
I'd bled for yet throwin that thing away
he's unfurlin skin & sogged shoes livin

Vers

A black billow, his far-fasted days
crept like insomnia, a washed sheet
& wrung, he stretches

thin, a tarpaulin pitch smogged
over the sun, he kissed me but
inhaled as he did.

He stacked his smokes, layers
of the city's worn-out rage, counts back
& mirthless from

five metric tonnes, spilt soot
& hair, counts himself asleep
in his bitumen queen-bed.

Downturn: one (1) lover
for a barrel & a blackout
in the hundred-year bloom.