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Tactics

The affair is getting nowhere .

because So-

ρό ρα ...

Jason is a winter coat, with two arms

radiant , organized , triangular

πλππ

Well, I am steadfastly threadbare

άλδ?

—stretched out

—τλέ βογ

the boy: fails to respond

I got up and I was chaste , erotic

... indicated it

γες

And he genuinely laughed under his hand,

η ο

to my face

ψοω

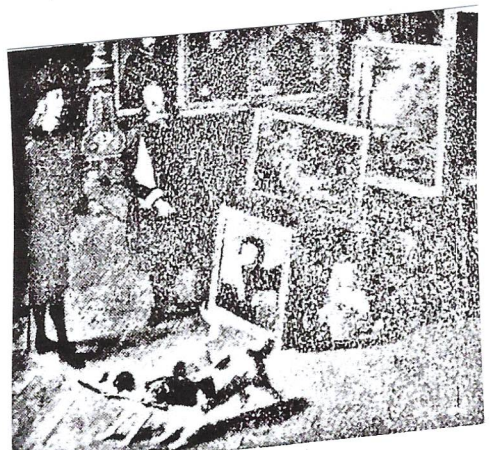
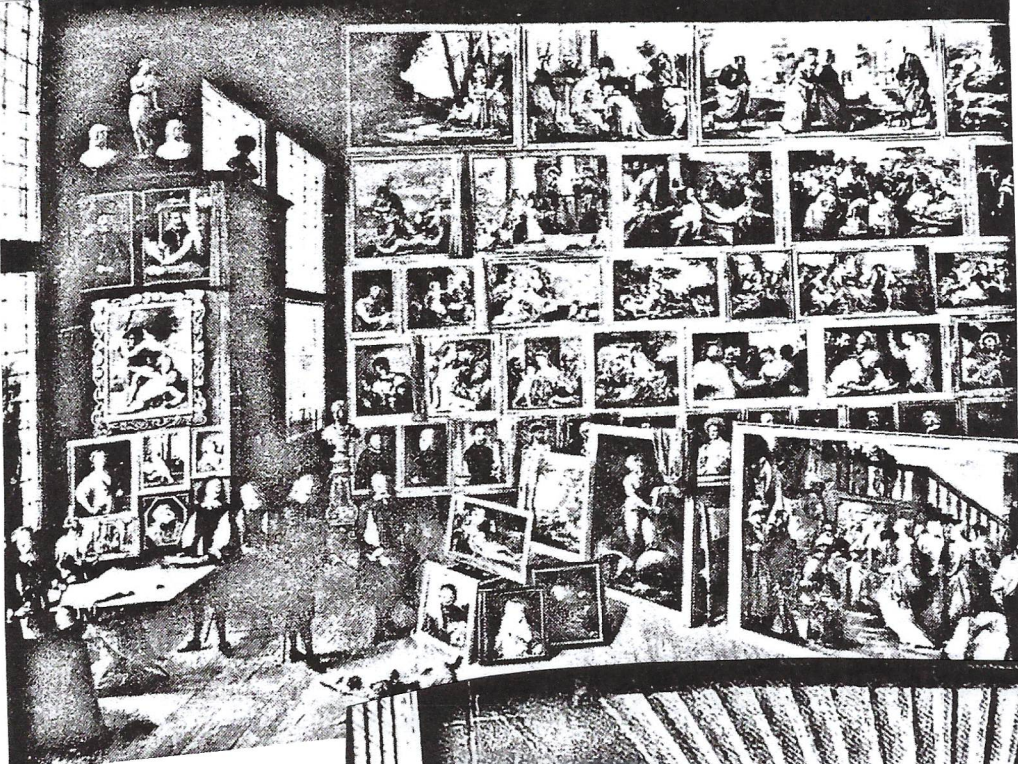
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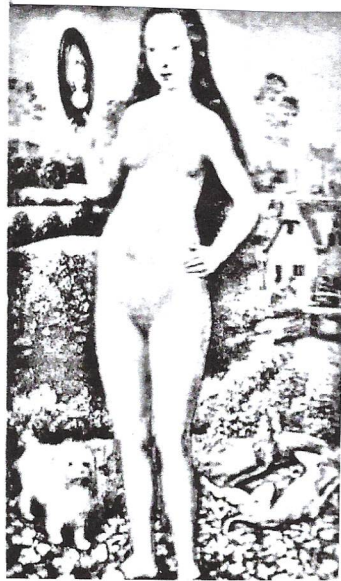
γες

...

Ούτε σε κωμάζειν ἀπερύκομεν οὔτε καλοῦμεν
ἀργαλέος παρεών, καὶ φίλος εὔτ' ἂν ἀπῆς.

amazing.





lover.

He didn't touch me

careful, stupid hands

like Butter On iron

black-market hands

A clever man in mother's room

no evidence

dinner party

Call me
on a
phone,

pick out the clothes
shower, shower again

have Spinach and steak and wildflowers.

have a whole apple
a million apples

dance like hell. dance to Abba.

kiss my mouth

drive to Buffalo

"You're kidding me!"

it's Friday night, better believe it.

Alone in the room,

I packed And I made the bed

before I left for work

And Shut the door

to twirl 'til

I wrecked my skirt

I manage, I'm dewey,

I'm not a major slut

Not a guy's rib anymore

I'm good to my tummy

Cause I ought to be

And don't cry when it hurts

or bother anyone

Tactics 2

" I-dare-you-to
kiss me at kiss point
and stare at my eyes
do it with lip and tongue and all that" ¹

¹ I want to go together—
show him the spot on the hill
follow the route along the cliff
and down the slope with the pines
fill up our bags from the raspberry patch
for lunch
so the juice makes our things red
and when we need to head back home
we lay there awhile longer
on the wet grass with bare feet
making our little toes kiss



Figure

signified

as if she is some particular thing:

a pair of white sneakers
or something carved in soap,

an afternoon purchase to
be wrapped up in cloth

as if she is good or real.

The body is a sign

"body" is its tongue and
bone and sweat
and the rice in its belly

body is effigy,
is ritual, is public.

INT. CHURCH.

You

sometimes I worry.

me

nerd.

(laughs)

you

...

me

...

Beat.

they kiss.

END OF EPISODE

I

Muse!
The tea:
I'm of melodramatic humor
I just did my garbage mukbang behind the Taco Bell
and I got fucking catatonic
What is this I'm feeling ... tragic ? classic rock-bottom ?
still White Claw drunk ?
I want electric shocks and brain pills
... not epic
sigh

II

So, I repressed it!
take that haters
the libido is gone
I drive slow and go without
I feel symmetrical
I'm like the Parthenon
that's how this works right?

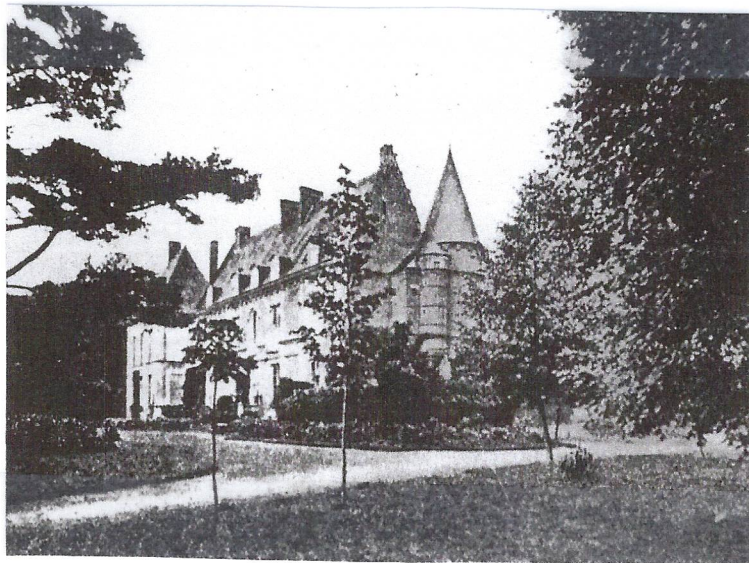
III

To hell
with it !
I'm a burgeoning
freak , boys !

we are looking out at the morning
It is at the start of it , before the war
It is winter and it is dark
and we are together at the same table
in the sitting room

you are reading
a book about how we should
be fighting the government

that year we were a small nation
with a common language
but we did not speak





evrey nice thing is importint

even a mouse

even when he is not smart

or reely skared .