

HEALTHY BEHAVIOR



K. R. SAYERS

Advance Praise for
HEALTHY BEHAVIOR

“I’m not surprised you wrote it, or that you did these things. Or even that there’s an audience for it. I just find myself kind of surprised that we all still like you so much.”

- **Dave**

“The fact that you think you’ve written a fun, light book is something you should explore with a doctor.”

- **Dart**

“This made me reconsider moving in with you.”

- **Naomi**

“Well, at least you’re able to channel being a terrible person into art.”

- **Carleton**

HEALTHY
BEHAVIOR

A NOVEL, KINDA

by

K. R. SAYERS

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*"fire is beautiful
and we know that if we get
too close it will kill us
but what does that matter
it is better to be happy
for a moment
and be burned up with beauty
than to live a long time
and be bored all the while."
-Don Marquis*

*"Shamelessness is next to Godliness."-
-Jeremy*

*"It's funny, how we get to be who we are."
-Dad*

A leopard's sin spots
rearrange but never change.
I'm fleeing the Flames.

I figured that out,
so I ditched the camouflage
and went West, young man.

(Well, not so young now.
I'm up to the same old tricks,
and almost thirty.)

I tried love, briefly,
and a legitimate job.
That was half hearted.

This last year confirmed:
something's not quite right with me.
I'm making it work.

I'm insatiable,
enamored with what could be.
I don't smell roses.

Rest In Peace, Burnout.
He died doing what he loved,
which was heroin.

After my friends pass
I always have the best sex.
In death, there is life.

At the funeral
I shoveled dirt on his grave.
It was an honor.

When I drove back home
my brand new, blonde, sad girlfriend
was waiting for me.

That was love, blooming.
I chokefucked her wordlessly,
with a braided belt.

B was SO alive-
more than you are probably.
He would have approved.

There's forty five hours
of gray, indifferent highway
between me and Home.

A thin plywood shack.
Lions, bears, snakes and tweakers.
Solitude, solace.

Hundreds of girlfriends,
needy and particular,
who can't manage words.

When anything's wrong,
it's on me to figure out
why they're so upset.

It's an endless war.
I battle with entropy,
always fixing shit.

The work- all of it,
the toiling, sweating, bleeding,
-shouldn't feel this good.

My dog's fucking nuts.
Endlessly energetic,
with laser focus.

Back on the East coast
he was confined to a den
made of right angles.

Now he has no leash.
A few walls and obstacles,
but more open air.

Sticks, rocks, toys, debris-
anything is fetchable,
and he's insistent.

Stupid and fearless,
tongue hanging, he catapults
off the edge of cliffs.

He wakes up at three
to shout into the abyss
that this world is His.

Fuck helicopters.
I'm conditioned to hate them
thanks to my "career."

They break up the air.
The impending thunderstorm
makes us all scatter.

A few years ago
they raided the Mexicans
one parcel over.

One of their guys ran.
He made it into the woods,
so they hunted him.

The sky pigs flew low.
When the hellish sound woke me,
I sprinted outside.

Since I couldn't hide,
I took off my wifebeater
to show I was white.

I left lots behind.
A cushy reality.
Friends and family.

Concerts. Barbecues.
Conversations with my dad.
Vanishing summers.

Some kind of partner,
a fun, melancholy girl
whose affections chafed.

Lately, I want her
because I don't have her now.
She was a nuisance.

Another junkie
for idle idolatry.
A hazy comfort.

I chose this chapter.
Novels are all one way streets.
I need novelty.

Once, in Hackensack,
I had a fun one night stand,
courtesy of Jayne.

Jayne, if you read this,
I still appreciate that.
It was a good time.

Jayne hooked me up with
a girl who kept asking me
if I would kill her.

The girl was joking.
She had beautiful round breasts
and she showed them off.

She cut the tension
by hula hooping topless.
She smoked cigarettes.

I forget her name.
We fucked for an audience
of stuffed animals.

If you're in this book,
it can't all be flattering.
That would be toothless.

Try to understand,
you're a human sacrifice,
but you're not alone.

We're both now a part
of an old, rich tradition
where we die for fun.

Our heads get cut off,
we get rolled down pyramids.
We burn at the stake.

We get crucified,
and we get buried alive.
We're the butt of jokes.

God laughs when we cry.
Don't take me seriously.
I certainly don't.

My truck is a piece,
a gray old girl named Judy.
She's on her last legs.

I'm shitty to her
and she doesn't seem to care.
I love her for it.

The road of my life
would murder any sedan.
She doesn't complain.

I've made her filthy
with my shameless mistreatment.
I am what I am.

I know I'm selfish.
Judy indulges my whims
wherever I go.

She groans and grumbles.
I'm afraid she'll die up here.
One more sacrifice.

We kill rattlesnakes.
It's not special anymore.
Just another chore.

When I first came here
I was terrified of them.
I got used to it.

Snakeshot goes unused.
They get bludgeoned with shovels.
We bury the heads.

With my first paycheck
I bought these ridiculous
Coal Pit Mining boots.

Shockproof, waterproof,
insulated, puncture proof.
Steel-toed snake stompers.

Now I wear flip flops.
Fear and sadness are the same.
Time heals everything.

She isn't changing.
I left her so I could be
a work in progress.

Everyone's broken.
I told her I was a cast
that had to come off.

A plaster hollow
who filled myself with her needs.
We both got itchy.

We needed the knife.
She doesn't hate me quite yet
even though she should.

I wish her the best.
I wish it wasn't like this.
Wishes aren't worth much.

What can I say Doll?
I'm a creature of habit.
I need new projects.

Somewhere, crazed tweakers
plotting my execution
pull hard on glass pipes.

They're the weird sisters,
breathing bubbling chemicals,
thin, hateful prophets.

I can see them now,
chewing at their gray, scabbed skin-
human hyenas.

They'd pick my corpse clean.
Maybe they'd torture me first!
I might deserve it.

My sin's cardinal.
I've come to rape their hometown,
and my cock's bigger.

Read your history.
East coast greed fuels industries.
Winters make us cold.

A lot of my poems
end with a flippant punchline.
My dad makes that tough.

I love my old man.
He makes glacial decisions,
carving out valleys,

but he only moves
when he's forced by gravity.
It's all frustrating.

He spent two full years
shopping for a new used car.
He's not like Maman.

Don't get me wrong, though-
they're both sharp, conscientious,
obstinate, insane.

They gave me those gifts.
I'm impulsive like she is,
carved from wood like him.

Dear abandoned pet,
I've made myself a new world
and you don't exist.

I burned down your life.
When we built it together
I didn't plan to.

This pattern's not new.
I demand intimacy
then get sick of it.

I take care of me.
I did what I always do.
I made a good choice.

Regrets come later.
Right now I'm just getting high
on my own freedom.

I'm finally free!
Freedom is terrifying,
lovely and lonely.

We were moth and bulb.
Hard to say which one was which.

It was magnetic,

a hypnotic fire.

I had to cut off the air
so she'd fly away.

I have an insect's
suicide trajectory,
with sporadic sense.

My feelings are mixed,
my messages crystal clear.

I regret nothing.

Now I remind her
I'm capable of cruelty
at all the wrong times.

We're still entangled,
and I still care about her.
She knows my secrets.

She's high maintenance,
at any given moment
ready to break down.

She's young, tight, vibrant,
constantly miserable
if she's not laughing.

Demanding comfort,
repaying with loyalty,
she orbited me.

She fucked selfishly,
but gave head like she loved me.
I miss her screaming.

She was so needy!
My cum was validation.
She got hurt early.

Girls can be so cruel.
Men are often strategic
and willfully blind.

She asked astutely:
"When you're lonely at the top,
what will you do then?"

I've thought about it,
and there's only one answer.
I'll find new mountains.

She doesn't get that.
She's built for mud hut living
without lofty dreams.

No grandiose plans,
exaggerated self worth,
or urge to conquer.

No shallow affect,
glib and calloused attitude,
proneness to boredom.

No reactive rage.
No emotional flatness.
She's just a person.

Her way's happier,
and arguably more free.
I like to struggle.

I can't care enough.
That makes me inadequate.
I'm not what she needs.

She wants equity,
and all things to be perfect.
She deserves the world.

It's an ugly place.
I think she wants a Daddy
but can't admit that.

She should figure out
her stupid fucking problems
aren't mine anymore.

Now a different dude
deals with that drunk, complaining,
puking, crying mess.

He's drinking her up.
She needed some company.
I encouraged it.

I stomped down my lid.
Weeks later, it reemerged.
I spoke too bluntly.

She said jealousy
was a bad color on me.
I make it look great.

Together looks good,
but being alone looks good
when you're together.

I know I loved her
because she made me someone
I don't want to be.

Sometimes I forget.
I miss being her whole world.
That doesn't last long.

I was about five.
I was on a vacation
in an old beach house.

I had just finished
watching a kids' nature film
about forest life.

A mouse in moonlight
with rustling wings above it
was about to die.

It tried to escape
agonizingly slowly.
The air was broken.

Predator talons
stabbed through its soft little gut.
It was raptured up.

The sharp claws of fate
wake me up in a cold sweat,
and I'm thirty now.

Opportunities.
Sacrificial offerings.
Hypotheticals.

At night, in green light,
with a pistol on my hip,
I'm a lifegiver.

I am the Rain God.
I adjust acidity.
I dial it in.

I eat once a day,
comforted by aspartame,
standing in the sun,

spraying pesticides,
craving nicotine always.
I'm courting cancer.

Each evening at six
I tell the plants that it's dark.
They believe my lie.

My home from last time
was razed, a trophy displayed
by judgmental pigs.

They're not wrong to judge.
Those of us who choose this life
don't have good morals.

Some would disagree,
but they're deluding themselves.
We push indolence.

My face was glaring,
paraded prominently
in the article.

I howled with laughter
since I'd dodged what I deserved:
public exposure.

The sentiment was:
"They got what they had coming!"
Olly Oxen Free.

God, did I hate Craig.
He was an alcoholic
who claimed to be dry.

He'd be hungover,
and I'd be his punching bag.
That was adult life.

This cunty gremlin
got to order me around,
and I sold phonebooks.

I'd have to wake up
just a little earlier
to iron my shirt,

then drive for two hours
to play nice at the office,
and pretend I cared.

Then I realized:
I'd rather be in prison.
So, I'm free again.

Crickets are chirping.
The generator's humming.
It's ten thirty six.

I'm in the garden,
money fragrant in the air
on a Friday night.

My friends are laughing,
playing at a casino,
savoring their youth.

Somewhere around here
the dog's watching over me,
relaxed but alert.

I'm not scared of bears.
Mountain lions are different.
They'll stalk you for hours.

They kill quietly.
I've seen attack videos.
No roars, just crunches.

John is a beaker,
constantly overflowing
as his life pours in.

He's a great asset,
brilliant everywhere I'm not.
We make a good team.

He's prone to tantrums
much less now than when we met.
I keep mine hidden.

Because I'm Irish,
feelings are a private shame
(except in our poems).

When I kick trees down
no one is around to hear,
but I'm not perfect.

We're all petulant.
Our childhoods still cling to us
wherever we walk.

For Harry's whole life,
he's fidgeted selflessly.
The dude is haunted.

He would work for free
just because he likes to sweat.
I'm scared he'll die here.

His wife's still around
singing to him every day.
She hated my guts.

Her daughter's a clone,
the same voice, the same body,
the same wild eyed rage.

This guy's existence
was built on sacrifices.
Quiet martyrdom.

In the end, what's left?
Pride, grievances, melodies,
and stale cigar smoke.

One day, Burnout said:
"My buddy's coming over.
He's fresh out of jail."

We were at B's house.
His folks were vacationing.
He was living large.

Burnout was reclined
freebasing white DMT
when his friend shows up.

This Irish gangster
assumes that we're smoking crack
out of the lightbulb.

He asks for a hit.
Mischief flashes in B's eyes.
"Sure man, here you go."

That South Boston thug
got rocketed into space
while Burnout cackled.

When I was a Kidd
nicotine was everything.
It's still pretty great.

I wrote dumb love songs
to inspire my dumb lovers,
and then got jaded.

I was cynical,
but it was less pragmatic.
I still wanted praise.

At thirty, I nurse
the same old cynicism
that fueled those cliches.

When I hear squeaking-
my hamster wheel brain spinning
-I sing harmonies.

Haikus aren't different,
but I think they're elegant
and keep me honest.

The air is breaking
as wings rustle above me.
That's always waiting.

Clarity spears me.
I'm doing that thing again
where I'm romantic.

Antifreeze lying,
pooled on the pavement, shining,
sweet and inviting.

I pretend at love.
I've called dumb girls enthralling,
plain ones beautiful.

I curl myself up
in the shape of a barbed hook
baited with sweet thoughts.

They taste trustworthy
because I've convinced myself
that I mean each one.

Her crisp white wine taste
changed eating pussy for me.
Now I knew two kinds.

That was years ago.
She left me for good reason.
I wasn't too hurt.

I moved on quickly,
but remembered her flavor
when she reappeared.

Before coming home,
I wrote her my filthy thoughts.
That's modern romance.

She blossomed, blushing,
receptive to flattery.
She was lactating.

I thirsted for her,
but she lived with her boyfriend.
Oh, cruel hand of fate!

I had things to do,
so I flew back to the East
for a whirlwind trip.

When we met for lunch
my crying ex-girlfriend said:
"Everything stood still."

It didn't for me.
I just liked the attention.
I spared her that fact.

I spoke honestly.
I said I thought she was weak.
That rang true for her.

Because I'm petty,
manipulative, selfish,
I caressed her throat.

I sowed seeds of hope,
feeling no less ownership
but much less desire.

I put on a suit
and picked up a stylish girl
for a nice dinner.

She was a young mom.
She took the night off from that.
Her son is six now.

She's fair skinned, Irish,
her hair's incomparable,
her eyes laughing blue.

Her pussy's unique.
It was savory, salty.
Her asshole was too.

We ate a nice meal.
She thrust her hips hungrily.
Her hands were magic.

It was a good time.
Motherhood doesn't change much.
Nothing is sacred.

I drove to the lake,
once more having dashed her hopes,
to visit Maman.

She's a sweet woman,
perpetually happy
when we're not alone.

She wants grandchildren.
Subtlety's not her strong suit.
She hates my choices.

Some things won't be fixed.
Our relationship is one.
She won't accept that.

Tears flowed at dinner.
She's always been quick with them.
It was familiar.

As she cried, I thought:
Freud is a motherfucker!
They're all the same girl.

I get sick of them,
squishy mediocre lumps
with no taste for pain.

And yet, every time
I find one between my teeth
I chew happily.

I can't bring myself
to leave thermostats alone.
I make adjustments.

I want them to wear
a tattoo of my footprint,
a souvenir scar.

It'll outlast me
and then I'll admire their grit
for allowing it.

Then, admiration
will ferment into contempt
and it'll all rot.

She asked: was I sad?
I am as I always am,
I'm as right as rain.

I'm Maman's one son.
I'm always happy as Hell.
It's never enough.

I'm sad about her!
The usual thing happened.
I didn't change her.

She's just like the rest.
Left to her own devices
she's unattractive.

I can build up mud
into fantastic castles
but gravity's there.

I made her special.
I couldn't keep her that way.
She's ordinary.

With cold dead doll eyes,
a shark has to keep moving
or die of boredom.

Familiar waters
are the best place to gather
to do post mortems.

I sat, listening,
scratching lottery tickets,
nothing on my plate.

Well enough alone
doesn't jive with our psyches.
We're curious apes.

Fitzgerald's best line,
though we cling fierce, is backwards.
We're leaving our past.

We pick at old wounds
and inspect what we've grown there.
We're eating our scabs.

I say the same things.
At least half the time they're true.
"God is an Artist.

You lucked out, Sugar.
Your tits are the perfect size,
they'll never get old."

"I'm so fond of you."
"Thank your parents for your genes."
"That's so fucking good.

How are you so tight?
You have a teenaged pussy.
This should be a crime."

They want attention.
They're afraid of getting old.
They're predictable.

When I Lie To Her
The World's Labia Spread Wide
So I Come Inside.

Another mother.
We slept on a trampoline
under smoky stars.

We didn't have sex.
Her bleeding pussy stopped us.
It was intimate.

Let me clarify:
I've never been scared of blood,
but she was modest.

I'm not one for force-
at least, not the tactless kind.
I didn't protest.

We kissed and caressed
and listened to sweet, sad songs
and relived our pasts.

Neither of us came,
but it was more personal
than most orgasms.

My music charmed her.
With no fingers to play flute
I'm a singing snake.

She toyed with my cock,
teasing it through my bluejeans,
while I bit her lip.

She never wanted
the seduction dance to end.
She tried my patience.

She confessed to me:
"It's a Pinocchio life.
I can't wait to quit."

Doll, I'm a real boy
(and a much better liar,
with no growing nose).

Maybe it's odd that
she seems a lot more human
from where I'm sitting.

I was with Burnout,
about to meet my brother,
when some guy stopped by.

He nervously asked:
"Hey man, can you help me out?
I just can't... you know..."

The guy glanced at me.
He was clearly uneasy.
Then, he dropped his pants.

B took a syringe
and plunged it into his ass
(the cheek, not the hole).

Then, he looked at me
and said, without levity:
"I... AM A DOCTOR."

He left that to me,
in what amounts to his will.
Now I'M a doctor.

I'm in my love boat.
I throw so many fish hooks.
John thinks I'm crazy.

My phone's a godsend,
an electric rectangle
to bridge all the gaps.

Women are muses.
I thrive on their attention,
each a new flavor.

They're all the same dish,
made with shifting proportions.
Needy aromas.

They make me struggle.
I'm endlessly inventive
to win their pussies.

Their eyes are windows,
their hearts stoic gatekeepers.
I guess I'm a thief.

An Asian Hipster!
I hadn't done that before.
She called me Daddy.

I didn't kiss her,
or even taste her pussy.
It was business.

She came, not squirting
so much as leaking fluid
on cheap motel sheets.

Her cunt was too small.
That's not as fun as it sounds!
Just inconvenient.

She told me white men
usually had no conscience.
She was rude, but right.

I tore her open,
but she thanked me as she left.
Goodbye forever!

She's crazy pretty!
Her tits were disappointing.
That's life, I suppose.

She's too cool for school.
We played games with each other.
I'm not sure who won.

As I always do,
I told myself it was me.
I hurt her feelings.

She wasted my time
and had a blast doing it,
but she's still hungry.

She looks like Maman.
She fucks underground rappers.
I sang her some songs.

We had a third wheel.
Her recently dead boyfriend
was no fan of mine.

I can't help but think
drug people don't have friendships,
they only share space.

They might be talking,
trading off at making sounds,
but there's no real bond.

They're too cowardly
to get high in empty rooms,
so they're together.

Without chemicals
they'd bore each other to death.
Maybe I'm just sour.

Maybe I'm sober.
Less patient, less kind, less me-
less a me they knew.

No one has changed, though.
On either side of the gap
the ground is moving.

Horrifying things
live unseen underneath rocks
until you lift them.

What I now notice,
reliving that old chapter:
I cared when she cried.

Was she worth the tears?
A momentary weakness?
A pointless conquest?

She told me, proudly:
"I want to be my own Sun."
She's not bright enough.

I am Jupiter
in this new lightness abyss
that I've created.

She's replaceable.
Mud castles bring princesses.
I'm Pygmalion.

Jesus fuckin Christ,
the sight of those collarbones
peeking out at me.

They make me monstrous.
All pretexts of friendship drop.
I want to Own you.

You're there next to me
while my eyes covet your throat,
somehow unaware.

Why do you trust me?
I'm clearly something loathsome,
and you're not stupid.

Hickeys are for kids.
I'll rip out your jugular.
I need to taste you,

to drink your lifeblood,
and to wear it like war paint.
Give yourself to Me.

As you get older
minds change. It isn't a lie
and it can't be helped.

I'm not proud of it.
She was just a parasite,
treated clinically.

I'm an only child.
I still hate sharing my toys,
and I toyed with her.

I'm somehow jealous,
even though she's so weak, small,
pathetic, spineless.

I can't lie to me.
I'd rather be me than them.
Sometimes I'm lonely.

Show me Zebra Stripes!
Crack Cocaine Junkie Patterns.
They make my teeth itch.

Again and again,
weak people seek stoic ones.
How lucky for me.

Most thoughts that she has
when she's anxious and panicked
are motes in truth's light.

What we had is done.
Now our love is comatose,
living in limbo.

How could I forget!?
The nature of my nonsense
is there in my name:

Doll See. You See, Doll?
It doesn't last forever.
Just a brilliant glimpse.

Inevitably,
fun optical illusions
give me stress headaches.

Most everyone's life
is like cheap television,
with obvious plots,

predictable twists,
tepid, boring dialogue.
The same trite stories.

I'm a special shark
hunting in shallow waters.
Maman told me so.

As I watch girls drink,
nervous at watering holes,
I hug the warm muck.

I was born with teeth
incapable of lying,
but my lips hide them.

Show me the weakest,
the youngest, sickest, slowest.
The easiest lunch.

My Chinese host mom
called me Little Emperor,
a backhanded truth.

Street urchin beggars
hurled monosyllabic barbs.
Straightforward labels.

A decade later-
hell, more than that by a bit,
-I'm still much the same.

I treated that trip,
after returning back Home,
as though I'd grown up.

In retrospect, though,
there's not really such a thing.
I've been this since birth.

Maman's only child.
A selfish milk demander.
An attention whore.

My Dearest Nina,
it's been five, six, seven years.
I'm fine, how are you?

Sweet Little Alex,
Are you insufferable?
Done with your cocoon?

Fiery Sofia,
I inspect scars, wondering:
did your magic work?

Classiest Alice,
Have you saved the whole world yet?
I didn't think so.

Abigail Thea,
I had things to accomplish.
We passed in the night.

Look at all this gray!
Broken air watercolors
painted on a life.

Suddenly, I'm old.
I don't want to eat pussy
since I don't have to.

At some point in life,
you've fucked enough damaged girls,
you don't need foreplay.

You can get them wet
by telling them the right things
and grabbing their throats.

All that shit I thought
about loving to chew clits
was just a half truth.

The taste of a cunt
shuts my brain down, which is nice,
but it's extra work.

It's my litmus test.
When I enjoy tonguefucking
that means I love her.

Bite into that fish,
Fervent, Feral, Femme Fatale.
Let's watch it struggle,

dancing on the Hook:
Wriggle, Writhe, Shine, Squirm, Convulse,
Choke, Gasp, Twitch, Glisten.

A mouthful of Life
warm and cold and rebelling,
beneath pierced armor.

Immoral Amor!
Morally mortifying.
More morsels for Us.

Adenine, Thymine,
Joyous Despair, Hungry Hope,
Guanine, Cytosine.

It swam this whole time
unaware it was for You:
texture to touch teeth.

My insomniac
has been deprived for months now,
drying herself out.

I wrote to tell her
about a diamond necklace
my grandmother flushed.

Sleepy eyed, I'd guess,
she wrapped her head around that
bleak god poetry,

an abrasive ray,
a cruel light lying in wait
for her to return.

She said she had dreamt
of perfect men, unmarred by
crass humanity:

carnal carnivores,
who could satisfy her lust
without existing.

I hate Halloween.
The moon's a perverse orange
hanging half eaten.

At this point I'm sure
I am the sole real person
in a world I made.

I am God, Adam,
Prometheus and Shakespeare,
Elvis and Jesus.

A shameless beggar,
scheming televangelist,
and crazed murderer.

"Enjoy the damned ride!"
I try telling the others,
but they can't hear Us.

We're the only Me
that could ever be, Darling,
and you're only you.

If your life's story
wouldn't make a good movie,
you're doing it wrong.

Judy and I slide,
gray chameleons floating
through flat scenery.

The girl's got baggage:
a bed of consequences
I should care about.

I love her, and them,
and love makes fools of poets
and accountants too.

Greed gets heavier
until it breaks what's beneath,
but we're all junkies.

It's not about risk-
it's just so thrilling to know
that God can't stop me.

The air gets fractured
on a warm, dull Friday night
as she overheats.

I'm in Chicago,
heart racing in slow traffic,
watching the gauge creep.

When she's moving fast,
the wind cools Judy's insides.
She'll die standing still.

If that happens now
this was all a stupid waste,
a Catastrophe.

I speed through South side,
screaming down the one way streets,
praying at red lights.

Somehow I make it,
circumventing the glacier,
into the sunrise.

You're a conjurer!
I watch as your lips and tongue
give birth to new notes.

Did those thoughts exist
before you tossed a pebble
to paint the ripples?

Do you think that song
was there in the marble's grain
waiting to emerge?

Are we Gods or Priests?
Is this a track, or a road?
Can we steer ourselves?

Once more, I'm a snake
swaying in the melodies
of a new stranger.

You teased me for fun,
with some dead flowers waiting
in a book of poems.

I wake up dying.
A pesticide hangover.
A cancer migraine.

I face the mirror.
"Hello, my one gray beard hair.
My newest old friend."

Always, wings rustle.
I'm looking tired and older.
To be fair, I'm both.

Only so many
seconds can glide overhead
before you're impaled.

I toss second thoughts,
kicking and screaming, raging,
down the basement stairs.

I'm profiting from
disarray and suffering.
There's work to be done.

She likes to wear black.
Her socks are always mismatched.
She's so colorful!

Red, Purple, Yellow,
Black, Blue, Brown, Ivory White,
Torture's Legacy.

Her cunt is greedy.
She could fuck all day and night.
She's built to be used.

Her taste in music
tends toward sardonic words
and soft plucked guitars.

She's a nurturer,
with bottomless affection
spilling everywhere.

A Madonna Whore!
Well, that's how she seems to me.
I've been wrong before.

We dance violently.
She trusts my hands on her throat,
but not to dip her.

Thick blonde hair is brushed
the way she likes to be fucked,
roughly, ruthlessly.

There's enough of it
that she'll never be worried
about it leaving.

It's shameless and wild,
quick to revert to nature,
feral, animal.

Her pupils cradle
a beautiful victim's gaze,
a soft, frozen blue.

She's insatiable,
enthusiastic, damaged.
Truly authentic.

I don't recall much
unless it's useful to me.
She doesn't either.

She was commenting
on my eyes, in a photo
of me from childhood.

She called me hollow.
It wasn't a compliment.
I took it for one.

I know she's not wrong.
That's why I'm so ravenous.
My cup is half full.

Hers is half empty.
I pour abuse into her.
Pain is Religion.

She's underneath Me.
My cock is a Totem Pole,
a throbbing GodHead.

The base of her spine
peeks out at opportune times,
like her FuckFreak lust.

When I'm hurting her
there's hardly a word spoken.
The silence is nice.

Shutting the fuck up
is a rarity for me.
I can just exist.

I'm reducing us
to something that's less human,
to honest creatures.

I'm awestruck each time
she trusts me to transform her.
She's vulnerable.

In the detached heat,
I see our hatred of God.
I'm proxy for Him.

She's tied down tightly,
an X on burgundy sheets,
waiting to be real.

Sadistic tools sit,
spread on her ironing board
for me to choose from.

There are whips, floggers,
tasers and wartenberg wheels,
vibrators and plugs.

Cruel metal clothespins,
nipple clamps, a cane, candles.
I need novelty.

Through her red ball gag
she moans in pain, fear, pleasure-
they all sound the same.

I'm making my mark.
Every welt, scratch, bite and bruise
is my signature.

"GOD JUST PUNISHED YOU!"

I heard that in my childhood,
it was half a joke.

Maman's own mother
was fond of attributing
small pains to His will.

The idea was:
any shitty thing you did,
He'd hurt you for it.

He was so patient,
in His infinite wisdom,
that He'd wait a while.

If you were a brat,
you would get what you deserved.
Skinned knees and elbows?

Stubbing your big toe?
Catching colds? Divine spankings,
all part of His plan.

Build me a temple!
This game is the only game.
Nothing else matters.

She's so diligent,
forcing my cock down her throat.
I observe, detached.

I approve of this.
She's a virgin offering
in a jungle world.

Her hair hides an eye
full of wryly glinting sparks
that could start problems.

I break off her air,
watch blue eyes turn bloodshot gray,
then fuck her to life.

She calls me Monster.
It's meant as a compliment.
I take it that way.

I want to first lick
and then shove a clear glass plug
in her sweet tightness.

My game's always been,
with any method that works,
to see inside them.

I told her before
that she belongs on all fours.
Art on a table.

A prone centerpiece,
impatient to be used for
her form and function.

Hungry irises
set dead ahead, bored, empty
until they're engaged.

Illegible words
dance there, tantalizingly,
in reflecting pools.

I'm fucking her throat
as her head hangs off the bed,
depersonalized.

I'm ready to say:
"lick my ass, you little whore"
when she convulses.

I know the signs now.
I wait patiently for her
rape flashback to end.

In the corner there,
propped at a useless angle,
is an S-shaped chair.

I saw it in porn,
so I had one delivered
right to her doorstep.

We both enjoy it.
Her kids have been using it
like a playground slide.

After five minutes
of rough reunion fucking
she started bawling.

Curled into a ball,
she became dead to the world
and closed off to me.

Once, she insisted
I should have my fun with her
inanimate self.

She said: "I'm not there.
Everything goes white and dead.
I won't remember."

"Just fuck and beat me."
"You could hurt me if you care,
so please be careful."

I want to hurt her.
When she jumped into the pool
I went after her.

I have been accused
of concealing my nature,
even from myself.

Maybe I'm a fox-
one who sincerely believes
frolicking is fun,

that dancing with lambs,
luring them away from herds
to play in the shade

is beneficial,
and not just pretext for teeth
to touch tender flesh.

Still, adrenaline,
the coursing blood, taut muscle,
dilating pupils,

the life in the air...
let's judge those intimacies
on their own merits.

Spread those mental cheeks!
Offer your mind's ass to me.
Trust that I'm gentle-

that, despite your fears,
when my tongue probes your secrets
I'll enjoy the taste.

You've hidden away
your most interesting facets
from the light of day.

I have artist's eyes.
I can appreciate them,
I can help you stretch.

I understand, dear.
You were told to show no one.
Sharing is scary.

You're afraid of pain.
There will be some of that, sure,
but you'll like it, Whore.

I have mixed feelings,
but I'm slowly warming up
when it comes to cats.

When their admirers
pitch you on specific cats
they're compared to dogs.

"He's affectionate,
he's playful and super smart!
He's more like a dog!"

Dogs are pack creatures.
They're psycho codependents.
THAT'S what love looks like.

I relate to cats,
naked egomaniacs,
conditional friends.

"I own everything.
Every place I rub my face.
Now fucking feed me."

Judy died today,
on a final frantic charge
up abusive roads.

Maybe she's not dead!
Better said: she's comatose.
There are signs of life.

She'll be there a while.
I'll need to invest in her
to know if there's hope.

I replaced her quick,
with a slick golden sedan
I named Beatrix.

I won't let her rot,
but she'll be left lonely, sad,
until I need her.

She served her purpose.
She's a unique, good woman.
I rode her too hard.

Pat was insistent
that her sister would hate me.
I love a challenge.

He used some excuse
about fucking popsicles
like that could stop me.

He should know by now:
Motivated properly,
I'm unstoppable.

I've never met her.
She's a sweet new mystery
for my licking tongue,

an icy sculpture
with artificial colors
made to melt for me.

I'll savor the taste,
and then, as I always do,
I'll chew on her core.

Hundreds of beer cans,
a micro metropolis
rises from the floor.

I love this old house.
No thousand yard stare today.
He's lucid, sober.

I like him this way.
A lion on laughing gas,
he's fascinating.

He proudly displays,
on the wall of his kitchen
a captioned painting.

Straight through the drywall
and "CONTEMPORARY ART"
is a shotgun blast.

He's the rare person
who's made me fear for my life.
He's an awesome friend.

Maman's dogsitter
has had that job for five years.
She's seventeen now.

This last Christmas Eve
she visited us briefly.
This is me, flirting:

"Murray Kravitz, kid!
Murray was my dad's old friend.
Sadly, he died young,

cut down in his prime.
Waterskiing accident...
...make the most of life."

I'm twisted, wretched,
a calculating lecher.
I would be disowned.

So, I'll bide my time.
Then, at Maman's funeral,
know who will be there?

"I won't fuck for free,
unless I'm in love, you know?"
I like her hustle.

She's not a custie.
In a world full of junkies,
she's trapping herself.

She has a good job.
Her creep boss wants to fuck her.
She tricks on the side.

A licentious whore
and a vulgar reprobate:
made for each other.

I made her tase me
in my car outside the bar.
I want to taste her.

She says when we met
I was being a good dude.
I don't remember.

She let her guard down
in a dirty parking lot
behind the strip club.

Her smiling lips moved
as she read a poem I wrote
through cigarette smoke.

She was all dolled up,
dressed to entice, to seduce,
a sharp, glinting lure.

She showed me herself
in momentary flashes,
with no one around.

What I'd been chasing
was exactly as I'd hoped.
Who cares about sex?

Her reformation
in the flame of tragedy
was more intriguing.

She complements me:
an inward to my outward,
feeling where I think.

She uses her looks
and empathetic talents
to get what she wants.

I watch as the world
offers itself up to her
obsequiously,

and she's disgusted
by the flood of sweet nothings
from would-be suitors.

What must it be like
to suspect that every smile,
every kind gesture,

every offering
might hide calculated lies?
I'm sure it's lonely.

I know the reasons
she doesn't believe in God.
We've both thought it through.

We're not quite alike:
the God I don't believe in
is well worth my prayers.

I keep my fraud God
because He's so much more fun
than a rhymeless life.

He's a composer
penning cosmic symphonies,
and there aren't wrong notes.

The ones that seem sour
are playful foreshadowing.
They're masterful hints.

I think we all want
good reasons to brush our teeth
in this rotting world.

What made us like this?
I watched her hustle my friends
and had to have her.

Unsurprisingly
my suspicions proved correct.
She's a blooddrinker.

So now I'll show her
there's wine running in my veins
to invite her teeth.

She can take her fill-
I'm a limitless vineyard
for leeches like her.

If she's successful
she might find an artery
full of clotted dirt,

and I'll hunt for hers,
because that's a sick man's love:
two mouths full of mud.

I'll tattoo my name
on your skin, cervix and soul,
so you'll remember:

on equal footing,
when we're strolling together,
meandering slow,

this is just one world
with communion between Earth
and dignified soles.

In the other one
there's no dignity for souls,
just our base nature.

In the clean daylight
we two, opposite, distinct,
can grow in tandem.

In sin, in sweet night,
in rich dirt, under my thumb,
you're nothing but Mine.

I hurt Beatrix.
I wasn't thinking of her.
I was on my phone

killing idle time,
texting another woman
who does less for me.

It's a nasty wound.
Thankfully, though, I'm insured.
It's not my problem.

It's unusual.
Typically I'm not careless.
Getting old, I guess.

I'm less invested
in just about everything.
That's a damned blessing.

That girl I mentioned
is the exact opposite.
She's cursed with caring.

Can't politely phrase
what I'm about to tell you:
I have some weird balls.

When I was younger
that used to be so scary.
Now, who gives a shit?

At first they'll hang low,
but when I'm close to coming
it's like it's winter:

I'm standing outside
getting frostbite on my dick.
They huddle for warmth,

but I want them touched!
So I encourage women
not to be afraid.

"Just reach in! Grab em!
Get them in your goddamned mouth!
Ow! Fuck! Not like that!"

Words are not enough.
The fact that I feel that way
tells me you're trouble.

You can't know, my God,
but the scent of you sleeping
makes my damned horns ache.

I left days ago,
and since then you've been with me
in idle moments.

I woke up in pain,
my face buried in your hair,
my hand on your throat.

Having indulged my
inclination to teach you,
we now found ourselves

in a silk cocoon,
as one monster with eight limbs
and cannibal teeth.

I spin these kind webs
to blanket freezing insects.
I like my food warm.

I shouldn't bite her,
but she was already Mine.
So why the hell not?

The musk of pussy
and a faint whiff of her ass
while I massaged her

were a rich perfume.
I breathed it into my lungs
and forgot my self.

Sometimes I play games
where I pretend I'm upright,
more than animal.

Ultimately, though,
not much takes priority
over my hunger.

When she left the bar
the fucking pigs yoked her up.
At three she called me,

so I retrieved her-
at that point still half convinced
she'd be spared my teeth.

You know what happened.
I did what I always do.
We'll have so much fun.

I got her home safe.
Anyway, she's in my debt,
like everyone else.

She offered a wax,
so I haven't shaved my cock,
or taint, or asshole.

I'm hairy and gross.
Fortunately, girls don't care.
She likes me beastly.

Look how you've blossomed!
(Do Venus flytraps blossom?)
My, look how you've grown.

You talk of yourself,
never proud of the right things,
always fixating

on little details,
laid out in the straightest rows,
sorted and ordered.

I interrupt you
and hear your head spin around
as your train derails.

You're annoyed with me
because I should know better.
It's all so crucial.

You're a new skill set.
While I teach you, you teach me
how to best instruct.

She has pretty eyes,
night terrors that might be lies,
hair that tangles quick,

small tits, nice nipples.
Only one of them is pierced.
She's a great dancer.

She bruises easy.
I cherish that quality.
I couldn't say no.

Lying in my palm,
she reminds me of the scar
that I so deserved.

However I act,
I tell her: "you deserve this."
She knows I'm not wrong.

If I do my job
and show her how much she's worth,
she just might kill me.

“A voracious girl,
vivacious and loquacious...”
She’s purring for me.

I think she’d let me
do just about anything,
because she trusts me.

I’m learning her ropes.
I’ve spoiled nice moments for her.
Here’s two examples:

I pulled wet panties
out of the back of her throat.
She took a deep breath.

On a different night,
I fucked her mouth hard and fast
and came on her face.

Both times, I slapped her
as she savored her reward.
She was indignant.

“Pathological.”
I consider saying it
since the shoe would fit.

A few years ago
I used the word with Maman.
The results weren’t good.

I told her she was
Pathologically Sunny.
She became enraged.

She ranted and raved
about how I’m an asshole,
a crude, mean cynic.

After she finished,
she paused, closed her eyes, and said:
“Isn’t my life nice?”

Don’t you love my house?
My little lake, the sunshine-
it’s all so perfect.”

“Listen up Honey,
(I know you hate pet names, Doll)
here’s what’s going down:

This won’t be easy.
You never know what you want,
but you want control.

Normally, I’d ask
a series of soft questions
to coax out a choice.

Unfortunately,
you’re pregnant and that can’t wait.
I’m taking the wheel.”

Earlier, I thought
of what someone said to me
a few weeks ago:

“I’ll just look pretty
and you tell me what to do.”
How could I say no?

In Planned Parenthood
they have unisex bathrooms.
They're forward thinking.

Usually my move
would be to leave the seat up,
because that's funny.

It tells the fair sex
that, though they've made some progress,
this is a man's world.

Civility's chic,
and I'm forced to be polite,
but I'm still a beast.

Men pretend tameness
because we're damned if we don't.
I'll still have my fun.

Not for today, though.
My friend just killed her baby.
She doesn't need that.

"A semantic point:
pregnant with a dead fetus
still counts as pregnant."

She insists on that.
"You're in it until it's out."
No challenge from me.

I know much better
than to argue with her now.
She couldn't take it.

She knew a girl once
who lost hers at seven months.
She finished her bid.

Her point here was this:
"the girl walked around like that,
carrying a corpse."

Her tits were swollen.
People wanted to touch her.
She was still pregnant.

My love poetry
seems to inevitably
return to eating.

Drooling over prey,
teeth gnashing in Humbertish,
stalking and hunting.

She hates poetry,
with its obfuscated truths
and winding hedges-

but God's a poet!
Life's indecipherable
down at the bottom.

She wants a sure thing.
She's seeking a translator
who charges blindly,

unafraid of Death,
while she follows, hypnotized,
trusting in his truth.

My sweet fuckpuppet,
my tight wound ball of catnip
calling out for claws.

I know this is wrong,
or at least that it's bound to
plummet down in flames.

Still, can't I savor
the way those eyes light right up
when you get surprised?

Your sly little grin,
how the same jokes always land,
and you fake anger?

I remember you,
half naked and innocent,
before my lips moved

to reveal sharp teeth,
and you were so comfortable
in your lack of Sin.

The new part of her
wasn't a fan of my scent.
That's taken care of.

Her underbelly,
so unlike the rest of her,
is ready for Me.

The barb's in her cheek,
and she'll slowly come closer,
struggling all the way.

Eventually
she'll resent my wily art.
It'll be too late.

Life is arduous
if you can't be creative.
It's been amusing,

but deep in my gut
a suspicion is growing:
this will end badly.

My new one shuts down
when she disassociates.
She needs reminders.

I'm so paranoid
after half killing a girl
that I command: "BREATHE!"

Her mouth hangs open,
fresh cum drying on her chin.
Her eyes are livid.

She's unresponsive.
I grab her throat and she gasps,
but she can't speak yet.

I recruit the dog.
He licks her face and she laughs
at this gross display.

They both like the taste.
I study her carefully.
She's complicated.

She needed a gift.
I bought her a nice hairbrush.
I think it's fitting.

I'll fuck you all up
but I'll provide you with tools
to fix your problems.

I watch her use it,
lying in her parents' bed,
contentedly spent.

Savages called her
Jaloah, the girl who smiles.
She'd rescue earthworms.

She feels burdensome.
She tries hard to never cry.
She picked that up young.

Maman is crazy,
but at least she's not dead yet.
Thank you for that, God.

The hook in her ass
was attached to the choke chain
wrapped around her throat.

I was on my own,
fucking a dead piece of meat.
I'm oblivious.

She had slumped forward,
cutting off all of her air.
I kept on humping.

When I noticed it,
I thought I crushed her windpipe.
It was cold panic.

Her eyes were lifeless.
Oh God! I fucking killed her!
I slapped her sweet face.

"Baby? Hey? Hey? HEY!"
".....WHAT!? WHY WOULD YOU WAKE ME UP!?"
"...That was a nice dream."

Hey, for the record,
I let Judy sit around
getting worse and worse.

Before, I told you:
"I'm gonna come back for her!"
I still could, I guess.

I'm not going to.
She needs a labor of love.
She's just not worth it.

I pawned the work off
on my brother, if he wants.
He says that he does.

She was in our way.
We pushed her off a damned cliff.
She's hurt even worse.

"I won't let her rot."
"This time it will be different."
"I love you, Baby."

She's down on her knees,
in her collar, looking up
from the basement floor.

I slap her face hard.
"What the fuck is wrong with you!?
Suck my cock better!

You spent all these years
never turning down a dick
and THAT'S all you've learned?

Fucking pathetic.
Open your mouth wider, Slut!
Make your head a hole.

Next time I feel teeth
you're getting knocked the fuck out
and I'll just jerk off."

Later, she tells me:
"Send my dad a thank you card."
I just might do that.

After enough time
I'm not worried about her.
I flip her over.

I stab, hard and fast,
prison shank murder fucking
to get myself there.

Her warm, clenching cunt
knows it's almost her moment.
She was built for this.

I make ape noises.
Some detached part of me knows
this is all absurd.

She's pale, quivering,
coming off an acid trip,
my dear in head light.

I'm Charlie Manson,
nurturing her with my cock,
building an army.

I blended you two.
As I slept in a soft bed
you were one woman.

Waves of rich black hair
were a nest of chestnut curls,
coiled up playfully.

Sweet low slung thickness
turned to delicate, lithe lines.
Brown eyes became blue.

Blatant was subtle,
crooked teeth were straight and white,
self pity turned glib.

A virgin harlot,
so fun and fascinating,
built for adventures.

I stir, roll over,
and my dream girl vanishes.
Goodbye forever.

I want thirteen wives:
each more fed up than the last
with my dumb bullshit.

A remote compound
with a cabin for each spouse,
and crops and livestock.

A baker's dozen,
all of them pregnant at once,
one in every shade.

I'll keep the bills paid,
reverse my vasectomy,
live like a tomcat.

You can tend the farm,
fuck whoever, I don't care-
just don't kill the kids.

I want that right now.
What will I want at forty?
Something loftier.

One morning, I found
that the sky had turned hellfire
and my plans had changed.

All the bugs scramble.
Paradise is burning down.
We were almost free!

I barely escaped
by the skin of my shark teeth,
but I always do.

God is on my side.
This is the second time now
I've dodged that same fate.

I wonder how long
before the air is shattered
and I must atone.

While I head back East
the sunset behind me burns,
nestled in Sodom.

While soft music plays
a sweet, hurt girl nuzzles me
and I feel at home.

She surprises me
as reality returns:
"Dad, this is Alex."

When the snare is sprung
I understand instantly.
It was a smooth play.

In his eyes I see
hesitant recognition.
He knows what I am.

He just says hello.
We understand each other.
He wants to escape.

The crowd disperses,
our young girlfriends tug our sleeves,
we shake hands and leave.

Outside, she shivers,
burning her last cigarette,
naked in the cold.

On the horizon
an evil orange glow looms,
upwind, sinister.

I'm lying quiet.
She tiptoes back to her bed
to curl into me.

There's no lust in us.
Her sisters are homeless now.
I hold her. She cries.

And so: there we found,
underneath weathered stone hearts,
Love, blooming like mold.

Then, I got back up,
and I mounted Beatrix,
and I drove away.

Hindsight is perfect.
I think about my future
as my new home shrinks.

This new enigma
is substantively different,
she's ethereal.

She'll never be Her,
and I'll never be her Him.
We'll still have our fun.

On the road ahead
the same old thing is coming.
Better, but the same.

Still vibrant, still sad,
a thorned vine wrapping herself
around my finger.

I'll take care of me.
I'll do what I always do.
I'll make good choices.

Recollections blend
into gray watercolors
after enough time.

I won't remember
anything inconvenient
to my self image.

In this world I've made,
every last variable
is subject to change.

All I really want
is to die like Beowulf,
smug and satisfied.

Two things could happen.
Either I go to the moon
or to a cold box.

Predator patterns,
pointing pathologically
onward and upward.

There's heat at my heels,
and women who deserve more,
and Armageddon.

They're all ahead, too,
since time is a flat circle
and I'm blurred static.

I'll be my parents.
Uncompromising, rigid,
content and alone.

I'm an architect.
I'm made for what I'm doing.
I build effigies.

Each one is special,
crafted carefully with love.
They're burnt offerings.

A leopard's sin spots
rearrange but never change.
I'm fleeing the Flames.