

VANILLA SEX MAGAZINE

ISSUE TWO

thx.

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3rd base

(C.M. Keehl)

I want to be the bull & both impaled upon
tangled capote/ horn and limbs
a cyclic spiral
to throw my guts back into
stomach/ push right through
eyes & socket.
Let's pretend/ play truth or danger
dare you tongue my hemorrhage
heart/ un holy lungs
blood that growls inside my silence
tiny secrets/ revolving violence
I chose this end encierro
escape from loving/
words inside. I need you cumming
in my mouth
to fight/ the feeling
barbaric heat between
my legs the final bloodshed of the day
a terico de muerte
of myself until
I cum again.

Eating Carrots at Dinner Alone

(Paul Asta)

1.

They weren't your typical kind-of crush.

You knew them through a series of mutual friends,
and were destined to run into each other at some time.

Finally, after an exchange of awkward glances
at a post-homecoming party, they introduced themselves

and said, *what the fuck are you looking at me for?*

This was not the first time you saw them.
This is not when you fell in love.

2.

The following spring 2001, you had health class together.

A failure to acknowledge the previous run-in,
you sit next to them. Suddenly the room is cold.

They are staring at you.
You stare back.

You notice their eyes:
sharper than icicles, more like dental picks.

This has been the most intense interaction in your relationship.

In the background, the teacher is talking about herpes,
and other Sexually Transmitted Diseases. But you focus

on the herpes. What if they have herpes? What if
you have herpes? Herpes invade your mind:

You start thinking, if they have herpes you'll sleep above the sheets. The thought of the couch is appealing

but you don't want to appear distant, or put off.
If you have herpes you hope they'll feel

the same way. But at this point, neither one of you have herpes, and as far as you know, at least

one of you still doesn't.

3.

After the intense stare down, you ask them out.
they reply with a lethargic, ok.

You remember this day vaguely, their dental pick eyes still stabbing your memory.

4.

This relationship blossoms herpes free for two years.

5.

Somewhere near the end of your relationship, you decide to make them dinner on your two year anniversary.

After a long online search for recipes, you give up,
and have your mom help you.

Later you go to the flower shop for some long stemmed roses.

At 6:30pm February 10th, 2003, you hand them the long stemmed roses

at their front door. But you forget to open the car door

for them. Instead, you run to the car first, and yell:

Quick get inside, it's cold out there!

6.

Back at home your mother has finished preparing dinner, and is now upstairs, leaving both of you

alone. They say something cute like: you know I hate carrots.

Having forgotten that they hate carrots, your mind starts to wander to other things you may have forgotten.

After a period of awkward glances, you say something like: Hey, remember that conversation about herpes?

They don't remember.

You start thinking about herpes again.

You like the idea of herpes, but not herpes themselves.

Moreover, you like the idea of a permanent relationship, something that will last forever, something you can share.

You always liked when they shared things.

Insult 4

(Justin Evans)

Fuck you

Fuck you to Fairbanks, fledgling as it appeared in 1903

Fuck you behind the ears

Fuck you with pride,

posture,

and reason

Fuck you until the stars all fall from the sky

Fuck you, and may the fuck be pure

Fuck you in front of your past self

like, if we went in a time machine

Fuck you with a carrot peeler

Fuck you with a smile

Fuck you with a wrench

Fuck you with a red dog dick

Fuck you with a child's toy

Fuck you like water in the desert

Fuck you till I can't remember why I fuck you

Fuck you through the flooding streets in a summer rain

Fuck you like she dreams to fuck you

Fuck you

Fuck you

because I love you

Fuck you

because you try so hard

because you scream and you whine

you care and

you forget and

you can not know

Fuck you

till we're all fucked

till your balls turn to spider's eggs and your ass births crying eels

till Christ-Man,
Hippy Christ,
Wine Christ,
Mountain Christ,
Water Christ,
and Blood Christ,
all come home to our doorsteps hung over and stoned
to fuck us all into brother hood
with their stiff weeping cocks

fuck you
and may my fuck you be a blessing
and may we give thanks to the god that poured himself as a bottle
and may we all wake up to pretty girls and a big breakfast
before we all go back to work

backslope

(Kailey Alyssa)

story goes on like hand on ass cupping
 over-steeped tea bitter at finish;
i circle-step the word cock for fear of flushing
legs crossed at ankles. i open ribs like a bible
& watch how clumsy the skin tears, how easy it would be
to force yourself inside the bright ache
of thigh gap or dry gulch; to swan-dive off balcony
& feel real impact;

Slash for Captain Marvel #17

(Glen Armstrong)

그녀의 반박은 빠르고 영리했다.
She continued to leak and smile.

보석으로 장식 한 신발 끈이 빛나고.
She continued to make more sex.

그녀의 바지가 바람에 날려.
I asked my lips to endure.

그녀는 원격으로 그녀의 엔진을 시작했다.
I begged her to turn off her body.

그녀는 악마 광대의 꿈.
I screamed, "My name is Sound."

Women's Anatomy

(Erica Peplin)

Imagine an office. It has hallways and windows. It has restrooms for men and restrooms women and closets filled with cleaning supplies. It has photographs of mountains nailed to the walls. It has doors that lead to hallways and doors the lead to stairs. It has cupboards, computers and mugs with coffee stains stuck to the bottom.

In the office, everyone works. They check their email and talk on the phone. They write in yellow notepads and chew on their pens. They break for lunch around noon.

Everyone in the office is working on a big project and that project is a vagina. It sounds shocking but it's not. It's a job, like any other. The break room is the clitoris. The elevators are the labia. The conference room is the urethral opening. It's not that complicated.

The vagina is different form the penis, which is The National Monument. That's not to put down the National Monument, a national symbol respected by all. It's just that the vagina is different. It has politics. It has days off. It has happy hours that everyone loves and long meetings that everyone hates.

I work in an office. Actually, the office where I work is the vagina I've been talking about. When go to work, I laugh because the people in the office don't know they're in a vagina. They look at me and wonder what's so funny. I don't tell them what I discovered. It would ruin the surprise.

Directions to the Future

(Robert David Carey)

I want to hear your voice
on the phone because your breath is killing me.
Take a picture of my name so I know

it's real. Sex yourself in the mirror
every morning then sell the mirror on eBay.
Let jackhammers decide

the tub's shape, circular saws describe the hallway,
tear down our house and move to the country,
then tear down the country, we have to nip and tuck

reality if we've any chance at feeling
real. Put down that child
and pick up this baby book. Sometimes

I doubt your commitment to living in sin.
Oh, but how stupid I am to keep
a record of my body! When life gives you

picture frames, build coffins; meat is so
embarrassing. Our stupid kids will beget stupid kids
and the world swarms over like gnats

in the hair of a sleeping dog.
The endless multiplication of two mirrors sexing
each other in a lover's embrace,

sheets pulled up, alarms turned off,
calling in sick and abusing the mattress.

When We Stop Sitting Open-Legged
(Sadaat Mahmood)

Afghanistan gets its curricula Fahrenheit 451ed.

—

Motor cycles become chests: unshaved without a TelePrompTer.

—

Sepia copies of bodies turn into the burqa avenger.

—

I spring out of bed to put my blouse on,
Granny had already had the talk,
Spoon.

“Aaaaaaaa”

Crunch coco puffs,
Sip orange juice,

“Aaaaaaaa”

Ma cums on my legs

—

Run fo’ da ball,

Hah

Shower with ma’ friends,

I start to understand, as my shorts turn red,

Why “Ami bhalo ma na, Ami super-mom”

—

Let the gentlemen get the rubber;

This time—the only time,

I am allowed to—

When my underwear hits the floor,

As the Table lamp flashes dim.

—

Pohela Boisakh, which rubs the sun off its eyes, and sees Pakis in
Muhammed Ali’s bebop bull’s eye, can only reassert the Bangali Jati—
with CCTV.

—

I am on rickshaw, with a three piece on.

I am alone, or with a friend, preferably female.

The boy with his collar undone asks me in a tone befitting a saint to lift my orna from

the tires so that I am not misled into strangling myself, because he cannot bare the sight of my breasts.

Turtles

(Justin Braunagel)

A girl I know said she saw Prince
eating alone at an IHOP once.
He ordered 20 plates of food,
took one bite of everything,
and left without tipping.
She also used to dig holes out
in the woods whenever she
found a turtle, and bury it alive.
Now, I'm at a Waffle House
in Alabama waiting out
a tornado, trying to eat a
Bacon Texas Cheesesteak Melt,
and it's all I can think about.

homeless

(Lydia Hounat)

my body is that derelict mansion
that you used to love
if anyone knew me now they'd be disorientated
they'd swing their heads around
drag their swelling torsos to the door porch
and swear under their breath.
nobody could ever live here again.
my body is wall-less
it was formed from your bones
and somehow i wish it still was

look at me, disintegrating.

Satinic

(Robert David Carey)

Evil's always on
the menu. Eve'll
sing out *you were*

wrong, wrong.
I think my chest's
a bald eagle,

but I, too,
am a snack

to some greater God.

Satinic 2: Vagina Detrita

(Robert David Carey)

Don't hate
me 'cause
I'm dutiful

to fluoride
and fluorescence.
See me fluoresce

in a blue dress, so attired
ten thousand fathoms
below, pearl

divers
distressed, entrapped
by my maw,

the unsettling sunshine of
a bottom feeders crawl
agape but *not* agape.

Fever

(Lauren Milici)

it's the same dream where I
kiss you and go down
to a dark room at
the Chelsea Hotel.

I don't know if you smoke
but in my head
it's Marlboro Blacks and you
ash all over the carpet.
someone in the next room puts
on a record
that sounds like Jeff
Buckley, like sometimes a man
gets carried away...
and we are too stoned
to slow-
dance.

Cartoon Graveyard

(E. Martin Pedersen)

I can't tell this story. I don't know where to begin with cartoon characters; they're such a well-colored but unruly bunch. Plus, I have no idea what, if anything, they imply, so I'm stuck letting them speak for themselves.

My name is El. That's short for Elroy, a Texas name I never did take a liking to, but here in Britain, people think I'm saying Al, so finally I just give up and said, "To heck with it. You can call me Al."

An' my name is ... Ey, I ain't got no bloody name; I'm called The Girl With Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes. Don't ask us to spell that, love, 'cause I reckon Soles could be spelled s.o.l.e.s. or s.o.u.l.s. Dunno really. I ain't fookin' stupid, though. I know what I know.

When I first met Al (me long lost pal) we was both walkin' down the very same street together on the very same day. Not exactly a proper date like, but then we meets again in Hyde Park to feed the porcupine and the water weasels, joined on a long hickory bench by some lads named Bonedigger, Fat Charlie the Archangel, Betty (the human trampoline), Mr. Beerbelly and a former talk-show host. That bloke tells us all to look at our fingertips, but I never got why.

Howdy, El again. Like I said, you can call me Al. So when I saw Clifton Chenier King of the Bayou walk right by, it dawned on me that somehow we're all trapped inside a Paul Simon record. Hot dang! That's hard to take.

We'all discussed this at length—all very upset emotion-wise—, and we decided to go pay Mister Simon a courtesy visit. Apparently, he lives in New York City.

Well, we bought our tickets, got up to airport security, and they pulled us out of the queue. Told us we couldn't fly, being cartoons and all—

some new anti-terror regulation. Profiling, I say, a violation of our civil rights!

So then we had to row a big ol' hollowed-out birch-bark canoe across the whole Atlantic Ocean. It wasn't easy on the arms, let me tell you. Fat Charlie the Archangel and Clifton Chenier King of the Bayou sat on the port side, Bonedigger and me (Al) on the starboard side. Joseph the African steered, and The Girl With Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes beat on the kettle drum. Previously, Mr. Beerbelly and Betty had snuck off to a hotel in Kensington. The former talk-show host, a shifty character, had also vanished, and the Boy in the Bubble, obviously, did not come along.

We departed. It's difficult to gauge time when rowing a boat inside a Paul Simon album, but we made it rather quickly, I'd say, to New York Harbor.

Ey, love. The Girl With Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes again. I just wanted to say that when we got to New York, Mr. Paul Simon were waitin' on the pier for us, and I thought that's quite a lovely gesture, in't it? Bloody well appreciated it, I did. I heard a lot of shitty things about him on the trip over, and I just want to say for the record that he was very kind and courteous indeed. He even said he was sorry, though not in so many words.

Okay, thanks there, Girl With Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes. I, personally—and I know I speak for the other guys—was *not* so impressed with Mister Paul Simon. And we demanded loud and clear that he give us our souls back and get us out of his cartoon graveyard. He said he would think about it. Dang it all! What's there to think about?

Next thing, Paul "Fancypants" Simon took us to the last surviving automat in New York City. That's a kind of diner, in case you don't know, where you pay more than you ought to and get your food by opening little doors. Yeah. As if those little pigeon holes were not simply crawling with germs!

Anyhoo, we sat around a big ol' table eating automatic food with our big yellow fingers and drinking diet sodas through straws. We still have physiological necessities, even if we are figments of the imagination. In fact, Clifton Chenier King of the Bayou had the piles, so he was up and down a lot.

Paul "Bigshot" Simon paid for everything, which was the least he could do. He's stinking rich, by the way. And very short. Well, we ate too much and rather badly, like that piece of squirrel pie I had that tasted gamey. Fat Charlie ate a bowl of lugnuts that he said were too salty. But anyhoo ...

The Girl With Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes: I asked Mr. Simon what some of his more obscure songs really meant and which girlfriends he put in which love songs, but he completely changed the subject. Now that's fookin' rude, ain't it?

Paul Simon (wearing a baseball cap): Hey, everybody, I know. Let's make tableaux! C'mon, it'll be fun.

Al: We looked at each other.

Paul Simon: You know, *tableaux vivants*, *poses plastiques*, living statues. You know, magic lanterns, *Les enfants du paradis*. It'll be a blast!

Al: We looked at Paul Simon. None of us spoke Portuguese.

Then we'all bobbled over to Central Park. He got up right in the middle of the Strawberry Fields and showed us what the heck he meant. Like a theater performance without movement or speech. Bonedigger was particularly good at it.

Anyhoo, Paul Simon coaxed the rest of us up, and we did *Raising the Flag at Iwo Jima*, and we did *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, and we did *Saint Bernards Playing Poker* (my suggestion), and, of course,

we did *The Last Supper* with Mister Simon as Jesus (who else?). Fat Charlie played Garfunkel, the backstabber.

Then Paul “*Sophistique*” Simon wanted to do *Nymphs Bathing*, but The Girl With Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes said, “No fookin’ way, you wanker!” and we let it drop. Personally, I would have performed the nude *tableaux vivants*; ‘cause I ain’t got no inhibitions, especially around The Girl With Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes, who I’m getting a crazy love crush on ‘cause she cusses like a trucker (or lorry driver, that is).

Then Paul Simon made a hasty excuse, hosting Saturday Night Live again, and dashed off, while we continued searching for Graceland, Graceland. But what is it? A place? A name? A state? Maybe Mississippi. We were lost.

Before he left, Paul Simon had said we should do this again sometime. I’m not sure he meant that, but he seemed to feel a certain embarrassed responsibility regarding us. In the end, we had all greatly enjoyed the *tableaux vivants* to be honest, even with no one watching. Mister Simon had really had a wonderful idea for spending a pleasant afternoon in the park.

The Girl With Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes (breaking in): You’ve talked enough, love, let me tell the rest. We read in the Post that Paul Simon got arrested later that same day, but the charges was unclear. Criminal songwriting, I guess. I hope it weren’t our fault, y’know? I mean, who’s bloody next: Leonard Cohen? Randy Newman? Shite! Hope ‘tain’t Joni Mitchell.

In any case, Mr. Simon were summarily tried, found guilty as hell and put to death by a Utahan firing squad that same day—all very quick and hush-hush, y’know? I thought he’d leave us some final words of wisdom, maybe a jailcell ballad. Nothing.

Ey, they killed our creator! Now what? And we's still fookin' trapped in his fookin' record. And I got me knickers in a twist for not having no reg'lar name, I do.

Al: Well, don't cry baby. Don't cry.

All of us, that is, Bonedigger, Joseph the African, Fat Charlie the Archangel and Clifton Chenier King of the Bayou and The Girl With Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes and me, El (you can call me Al ... if you'll be my bodyguard) went out to the burial service, but we were the only ones there. They had sent us to the wrong cemetery.

We walked around some more looking for something in New York City, then went down into the subway underground and started to lose our walking blues. The acoustics were great down there with those tiled walls and the long dark tunnels. A group of about thirty South African diplomats and banking executives in dashikis and crocodile briefcases stopped to sing the choruses behind us.

And we sang: Homeless, homeless
Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake ...

from
HIPPODROME
(Kris Hall)

Was it the black
poplar and geese
Views of noon-time
daisies
On the frozen waters
of a snapshot lake.
Purpose dazzles.
Purpose circles
A risk of blindness
when I've stopped
wearing
Sunglasses on shiny
days
To put the Cool Guy
to death once-and-
for-all.

~

Other than that
The rest of your life
is a
rchitecturally
perfect.
The door makes
mountains
Out of faces
While you plunge
into the bath
Like a pained knife.
Submerged, you can
Focus on your own
breathing.

Is this schizophrenia
Or innovation?

~

The staff at PCC
Must think the worst
of me.
Asking for large
pizzas
When they only
come in one size.
Carbon copy
expeditions
For cider.
The meaning of the
button
Pinned to my collar,
"Ellipses, ellipses,
transaction
authorized."
Sparks buzz out of
my eyes
And it's only
Saturday.

~

Window-shopping
the glossy cubiform;
Integrative & hard-
to-miss.
My hair is a weird
science.
I've received
uncomfortable
reactions

When asking the
whereabouts of the
closest
Fax machine.
I'm as amazed as you
are.

~

The South Tower
Has a tremendous
view of Green Lake
& The Olympic
Mountains;
Of another complex
Resembling an early
edition
Bose speaker.
I could take the
elevator up to its
roof
#nofilter stupid
beautiful
Crepuscular rays.
Express how I've
taken advantage
Of all this free time
with a picture,
Sprinkle captions of
Armantrout.
But I don't want to
have to navigate,
Gage the most
indefinite
Hyphenated laughter
of the bro populous.
"desire is refracted."

So the Town Square Empties

(Owen Vince)

*“everything gazed at me with
mysterious, questioning eyes”*
- Giorgio de Chirico

by invitation of special ghosts, the town square
halves at its middle; blankness (by which i mean,
blind spots) are woven
into exquisitely, appearing [as] bodies - i think
about these as men and
women, dressed in silk stockings,
and too-heavy
lipstick like old
fashioned lipstick
in films that are not
old-fashioned, but
appear so. He Kisses
her, with his mouth closed.

Yes.

In the town square there is a manifold
pressure placed upon me to arrange
my experience of half-blindness or infection
in hospital wards
or violence
against my person as a poetics ; so,
there. Done. But
should

i be brought into meaning
i will surely fumble it
into the stars, and let them
decide how i will be spared ; not whether, but
“how”. i am selfish.

i do not self-govern
my fetish for acknowledgement
but let it spool like threading
paper, endlessly
between my fingers, until the rain,
the paper, the glue, become a papier
mache in which i build the head
of giorgio de chirico and ask him
about colour, namely; orange. And then
I burn my bridges. The countryside
will be laid to waste. By invitation
of my ghost, and his instructions
from myself (hand written) – they
say, “stand
still, until I ask you
to haunt me right back inside

Clementine (excerpt)

(Gabrielle Gilbert)

The ghost of an hour passes over, then two
And I get homesick for my body, for how
warm it used to be, for the mad sounds that
it would make, for jazz and wind and walking,
and I realize the only way to see myself is
folded in envelopes, never sorry but never sent

Rather be homesick for flies than this body - rather be
homesick for my mother, on airplanes and on couches and on sticks
- rather be homesick for the wild boys with their ignorance and
breathing love - rather for things lost in the back seat of cars -
rather for light reflected on ceilings, on floors, reaching out when I
squint - rather for dead dogs, all the dead dogs - rather for
kitchen tiles and my house - rather for milk teeth falling down the
sink, down the drain, choking fishes - rather for Reese's Pieces
Goldfish Cheetos - rather for the last hour we spent, for the quiet
that makes sense, the quiet that doesn't - rather for the Colosseum,
for being crushed, for being made into wine - rather for Inertia -
rather everything important, everything moving - rather for
porches sinking under my feet, sinking forever - rather for rope
swings snapping, secretly hoping for their snapping - rather
overflowing bathtubs - rather tremors - rather for the last \$25,
for the psychic, for crying on plastic - rather for the doctor's waiting
room - rather for falling asleep while talking - rather for
forgetting the conversation - rather for glass smashed - rather for
the books always started - always rather than Port Authority Bus
Terminal - always rather than pennies, blinking hazards, navy blue
bed sheets - always rather than quiet - rather I bleed easy, shit
easy, slobber down your shoulder - rather Yelling Maybes - rather
quick apologies and meaningless goodbyes - rather meaninglessness
- rather slaughter -

New Years Day at the 7-11 in Claresholm, AB
(Ted Stenson)

The line
Fourteen deep
Shuffles forward
Silent
Patient
While attendants organize slithering lotto tickets
Scratch-offs
And complex orders of chicken poppers

A hunched man
With serial killer hair
A frayed black parka
And complexion like a pepperoni stick
Looks over his shoulder suspiciously
Then spends \$137 on Number 7 Lights and Glosette Peanuts

Six different types of Pocky
And an assortment of Shrimp Crackers
Headline a display titled
“Snacks of the World”

Outside
Cars circle the pumps
And a clerk named Lorraine
Spends her smoke break
Thinking about the only basket she ever scored
As a high school basketball player

Confessional
(Emily Blair)

Saying *I sucked a lot of dick in my day*
is an unfortunate truth to tell
on a first date
with another woman.

She laughs. Replies, *We didn't all always know.*
I watch ice form on the parking lot,
the bridge across the railroad tracks likely impassible.

What's a date? Not this.

She makes coffee strong.
I tell her all my friends have gained winter weight.
I think it's just that you're shrinking
and noticing.

We stay tangled,
a state of disbelief that we might be beside one another.
I crawl into the bathtub to sweat vodka,
chug tea that she claims is calming.

Later tomorrow (today)
(liquid timelines
all uppers and downers)
we will avoid eye contact,
remembering how vulnerable
a body looks
in light's reflection off snow.

Whitman Visited

(Colin Dodds)

Walt Whitman visited last night
in a ballroom with pools
for swimming and pools for carp

He was a narrow-faced woman
with dark eyes and dirty blond hair
speaking low his lost poems

The crowd said she was an actress
but that seemed impossible—no eyes ever stared straighter
transmitting heart-wrought baubles
to forgetful heads

Then he finished vanished in applause
and I washed into that party of particulars
peering perfunctorily into pools
talking the tax deductions barnacled upon beauty
trafficking in traffic pondering parking

The conversation like the static
of losing sensation in a limb

confluence

(Kailey Alyssa)

scene one, take three: a dick is poised on soft spot
& you step into frame as filament bursts— you've done this
before
wedged yourself into side-swipe, counted purple bruises on inner
thigh.
what if you like it when your hair gets pulled.
when he cums on the small of your back
when he fucks you on the bathroom counter & your ass cheeks are
cold;

scene one, take four.

Souvenirs From My Incestuous Date Rape

(Samantha Lamph)

1. A crumpled piece of copy paper. A printout from MapQuest with directions to your show at the dive bar downtown where your (god awful) post-pop-punk band was playing.
2. The keys to my mom's new Sorrento. She let me borrow it for the night against her better judgment.
3. A receipt for three screwdrivers and a Blue Moon.
4. My new bubbler. A miniature squid made of rainbow glass. Passed around between all your friends sitting in foldout beach chairs in your dim garage.
5. A rusted baking pan, full of tater tots, Totino's pizza rolls, and DinoNuggets. Munchies from the 24-hour Walgreens across from your house.
6. A plastic drive-thru cup, the printed design faded beyond recognition. Water, a secret ingredient.
7. The blinking red colon on your digital clock stayed consistent, even as I transitioned between states of consciousness/you shifted my body into different positions, and the numbers on either side shifted unpredictably in those brief flashes of cognizance.

1:46.
2:21.
3:51.
8. My favorite black v-neck from the American Apparel in Claremont. I still remember that shopping trip with K. Lost in your room.

9. My Envy2. 17 missed calls from my sister. 5 missed texts from my parents.
10. The lime green canister holding exactly one nug from your stash. It felt like a bribe, so I ditched it in the women's bathroom at Barnes and Noble.
11. The red condom you were looking for when I woke up to you peering between my sprawled legs like my gynecologist: a buoy in our grandmother's guest bathroom toilet, two days later.

Goleta Butterfly Grove

(Prewitt Scott-Jackson)

The monarchs have returned to fuck,
to inaugurate the new generation

Brew mushroom tea in my house (on wheels)
parked off Ellwood Beach

Sober on the walk in but once we meet the Eucalyptus forest
a switch flips

Bark jumps off the trees
and

atop the canopy high above the mess of us
the leaves syncopate forming geometric patterns of sound and
movement

Coitus in the grove,
hikers nearby with their CamelBaks
suckling the teat of their BPA-free nozzles

The monarchs seem pleased with our display
Why wouldn't they be?

Twice a day the sun, moon and stars enjoy a threeway;
entangled, aligned...
the most stellar ménage à trois imaginable

Me, my lover, this pulsating Eucalypti:
humbled in its presence

Death will come,
it is certain
But while we are living,
so shall we

Netflix & Don't Fucking Touch Me Please

(Paul Asta)

"Come my lady, come come my lady, you're my butterfly, sugar baby" - CrazyTown - Butterfly

Baby, I just wanna love you all night.
I wanna love you like that first time

I saw you: face down, ass up, grinding
to those sweet alt rock hits. Not like recently,

where you have taken to snoring like the moose
in Ohio. I don't even know if they have moose

in Ohio, but I know you snore like there is no tomorrow.
Honey, remember that time when you took

that Sweet Baby Ray's BBQ Sauce and made a mess
of yourself? Damn. That was hot. No question.

And again, that time when you took those hot pockets,
ham and cheese, and wrapped them in your thongs

because you knew they were too hot for my hands.
Hot pockets in thongs. Sippin' on those Kool Aid

Jammers. Those are the summers I remember.
Tonight, let me be explicit. Let me be my bad self.

Just like you used to like it. I'll even take you out
for a nice dinner I can't afford. I am sorry

I didn't take out the trash or rub your feet,
but let me buy you a bag of starburst, pick out

all your favorite flavors and pop them in your mouth
one at a time --whisper something sexy, barely audible,

just so you have to work for it-- tell you that after
working all these extra hours at Foot Locker

I am too tired.