You all think: *oh no, it's <u>her,</u> let's get this one over with*— s'true, guilty
as *funk*, as *you get what you pay for*, & I admit the reason & rancor
for rotten luck & skulking your eggs & the morning— the god
-awful *morning*— in your breath, righteous, relentless, I go on
sucking hours after garlic snails & sauce, stalking your mc'lovin'
by turning natural springs into muck— but truly, truly my best
suffering is skunk everlasting,
lurking in the bushes to get you *good*. Which I could
& *do*, since the doc says I *disinfect* cuts & wounds
while going for your eyes & skin— *oooo, burn, you!*
Serving body essential, *a damn pain*, I don't feel ashamed— it's others
who foul my name: take me as *I am*, your lemon drop melting
into sanguine dew— so when I say I'm *hot* for you, baby, keep
your distance— as I change again & *blaze*— until I'm blue—

$_{18}$Ar :: ^{2}indolent$_{2}$quit

—for Holly Zhou

really a dragon on the dl. puff my magic. titanium i acquit
when all others a gas with *can't touch this* & i let my hammer rip. & that investment tip
on snitches crashing out your business, it's my business
drip, a baby monster with object permanence,
just as our prime mover intended, did legit me as the day
of rest, after the genesis greenlit the heavens
& earth & sky & animals & should've said *when*
getting to the humans, as the first towel in
with *i'm doing too much*
everywhere else, & really i suspect i was also home
-work due by midnight & it was eleven-fifty-five & *it was good*
enough, first acquiesce, nothing wrong with ennui, all
others tattling on clear light of day & dead wool,

& i'm still idling, a little chronic for your chronicle—

$_{20}$Ca :: —& I've Got Big News for You, Big Brother

—for Holly Burdorff

I keep it all skull & crossbones & siphon the oxygen
out of weapons I'm my own superhero & my own
hypeman no cape no cloak less
spidersense more exoskeleton & the jumping
of salmon I am in the chalk & the nails shrieking across
walls of every marble palace under a fandom of rain
-crazy almond moms & pearl girls o your odd obsessions o the sweet
discomfort in bearing for them cement & cheese & the sun forever
has been my best lover our oily offspring
on permanent Roman holiday my lair of aqueducts & amphitheaters
where the ancients once lit up limestone where I :: *water-slayed* ::
as nothing grand *is* ever built in a day bruh so never forget I am

the *it* in what *it's worth* *the* challenge to your ilk
& most essential question: *Got milk*?