

ASH TURNER

POEM AS SEXT

or something as transient. This buzz like
incense. Indiscretion is the ticket. Suspension

in the Ethernet. Yes, I'm talking of some kind of
intimate. Like wrestle, but solicited. Infinite organs of

orgasmic tenor. As some sort of litany, please see the burial of
your bodies. Screens shot & zipped, each bone bagged & drowned

in the Hudson, you were made manila & then hid. O, to know poetry as

a confident body. This doesn't mean much if you don't want. What moves the
murderous hand to string meat & cleave. Thinking not of marriage, but marrows.

Siphoned slivers of a silent umbrage. Cleaner ramekin mirrors cleaner reflection. O, this hour
of dozen, sung sweet like obsidian. . . Grains stuck in glass, I sand my nails for a softer grasp.

All I want is not wanting you back. As something I double-click that doesn't come just yet.