

send muses

You and I met at the USPS on Montgomery street. So I write letters to save the post office.



Let me preface. This note is supposed to be easy to write. For you say I am a poet. Words should be coming to me very easy. So bear with me, because I want you to see my rawness. But I wonder what you would say to me if you saw me from the inside. Beyond my book lungs. For I bottle myself in a time capsule. Earth myself into the dirt. Dig so deep that I got no more feeling in my fingernails. No more flesh on my palms. The skin scrubbed off my knuckles. And walk away, unsure as to whether somebody, anybody will ever dig deep enough to taste dirt and me in between their teeth. I say so little so much. But I don't know if I ever get myself through to you, or my love.

Have you ever fell through somebody before?

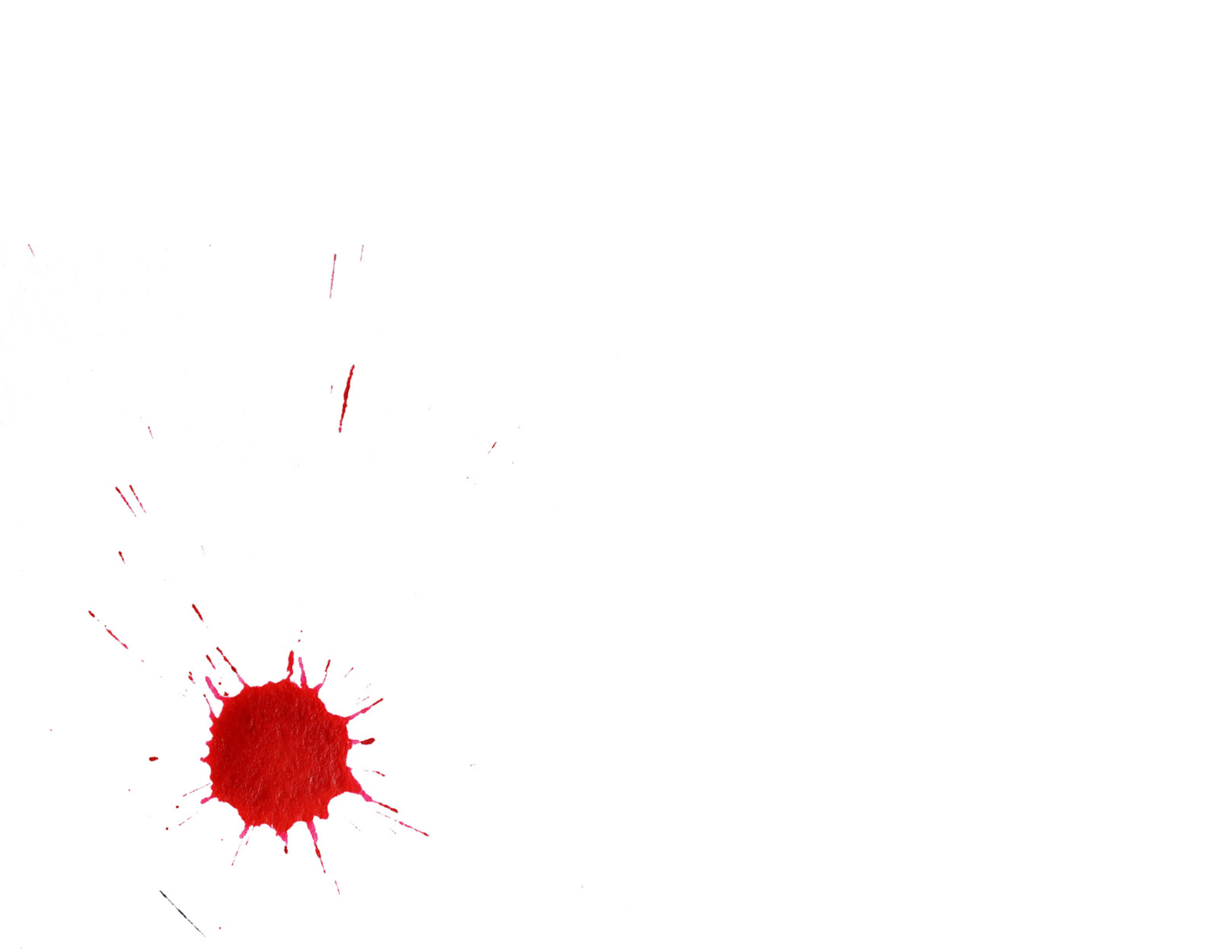


Falling through some being's body, some body, somebody I can see through time and times and the time where we got lost in time that one time and the time before our time and the time when we were thinking about dying cause time be time. For I fear I'll forget how you look; You a heartbreaking love. You got a deep sort of rhythm, gives me earworm, but the tempo's easy on me. That's what I'm tonguing about, trying to lick my lips around, sip on the sides and corners of my mouth, cause any kiss is a metaphor.

Aziza.







"For I fear I'll forget how you look"



Nude from Hathor.  
acrylic on canvas.  
24 x 30 inches.

I began the day before the sun's alarm clock sounded. Cold feet and all of our socks smelling like outside are jumbled in the laundry basket. Windy. Therefore, I cover myself with acrylic greens and an ash tray. I painted a portrait of my memories of you, of every where you've touched me. You had already left for the third shift. I miss your off beat body: soft, thin-skinned, sunburnt. And I thought I heard you snoring, so within a single instant, I'm feeling your terrible force. Atrocious madness---like free falling out of an airplane---for it's the end of me. I won't be able to work anymore. Alas. Yet I love furiously. And all I've done since is call in sick with an earworm. Tasted some over-the-kitchen-counter remedy; made my fingers breakdance forward and backward to the sound of our stereo showering my hands with buzzing beats and rhymes. A stereo in harmony with some hazy conversations and a few bulky engines revving. Last moon, we initialed a cross into the tender bark of our bedroom walls and toasted to the love carving with glasses of our salt, sugar, and sweat afterwards. My limbs miss leaning on you when songs slow down. And my lungs crave that second of air puckering when you kiss my forehead without lips for no time. Eyes open for a second or two, doing a reading of your eyelid lines. Windy. Vertigo, my thoughts are thoughtless. And still I'm unable to reason the right words to say to you. I got ears that are seasoned to your snoring, to this toe-tapping sound. So---I begin the day skydiving--- to remind myself what kissing you feels like.

To you;



Thoughts at 10,499 feet.



To you.  
Aziza.  
I love you.



I'm a showoff in a falling contest.



I fell through you. I fall right through you. Me and you are sweet. Cause you and I got that train station, getting lost, type of love. I'm meaning the stuff like when I hold onto your toes on moonhikes through the city. I remember I'd flex my feet at first, afraid to accept the fact that my flesh needed to rest sometimes. But you tell me you love me because I sweat when I run. Drunk off our swinging pulses, we are a land rover leaving zig-zagged footprints in dust-settled streets. Your finger licked the ice cream soda that trickled from straw to stockings when happiness took spell of me. We run crazy together, take life easy in that one soiled jungle with green heavy as maggots. My toenails are thick with enough dirt to seed mangroves. I mean, man that grows grams of me mories. I passed you my feminine side as I eyed fingers ringed with amethysts stones and fingernails stained with rose quartz gold rubbing in my scalp a blend of black oilseeds and water from vines, roots, and palm trees. You're like those nightboys who climb up bark barefoot, climb a green ladder leaning for the windowgirl who just double-knotted cloth vined around her hair. You and I are tangled weeds. You've bookmarked me, and I've forgotten what is language ever since. I'm trying to forge the signature of your soul but pen and paper are as useful as time without you. You traveled through me til I didn't know salt from sugar cause nothing's as toothsome. It tastes a lot like gravity. If this is what loving is, I don't know how to stomach falling. Not in or for but through. To fall through somebody. To fall through you. But, I'm fixed to feel that feeling of nothing but nothing underneath my feet. Cause falling ain't floating. It ain't flying either. That's too soft on the arms and legs. I'm talking about f

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XOXO, Hathor.  
acrylic on canvas.  
24 x 30 inches.

sunbaked, you licked the rim of my lips. gripped  
a strip of my brass tiger-striped hips  
with a calloused thumb. tipped my chin to kiss  
my dripping reed, you breathed a syncopated hum into mi, fa  
finding a brown sugared beat to swallow. a syrup rhythm came  
through the air, stringing sweetening schwee you da bops. doo  
yah hear my hard brass. the sol of my balloon lungs moaned  
a schizophrenic melody that shaked  
thighs. of a piano stool cradling  
my bronzed baby finger zingering black keys. raw. riff raff.

I'm not tonguing about that sobriety I'm always  
needing after swimming in your body's sweet saliva.  
Thirsty after drowning in your hard sweat sticking to  
my chapped lips like stale jungle leaves. And, you  
see, I also mean beyond that muscled brush on your  
breast after our hip bones moaned to the beat of  
bodies breaking the honey leathered car seats. We  
worked the screws free some nights. Hard to breathe in  
summer's blood heat when our dark meat sagged off our  
bones and onto each other's bodies. Dancing between  
sheets got nothing to do with falling through you.





AZIZA