

## THE CLOUDS CAN'T HOLD SHIT

I understand forgiveness, but I have no current desire. When I'm at home, I sleep in the same bed since I was 8. Same fibers in the mattress. I can't smell her, she came before my parents bought the bed, princess beds, as they were advertised.

If you lift the body or liberate the body, it don't matter if you think about their product, the product of them, if you think about them in terms of multiplication & residual, what's left over from their last time touched, by whom.

The grass on our front lawn is brown as I but we still get it cut. I heard there's a drought, but I haven't seen any dead, so we won't do anything in the remembrance of anything.

Dream the worst ends in that bed. A white guy in a wool coat in the summer shoots me in the kidneys, that kind of thing,

where everyone in my dream is actually me. On occasion, I text older men that wanting me isn't embarrassing, it's a choice  
& we all choose even

what she did to me back in the day, & we choose & we are cruel & stupid but when I wake up in the morning, there's a sun & a ritual I didn't lose anything. Everyone was alive.