

Please Psalm / Car Sickness

worsting again

the sound of this—

large hums destroying a room

long transatlantic moans that wend through the bank tonight I have
been learning the art of how to please

it involves taking my body apart

sitting uncomfortably “for the vibes” just beyond Hastings Station all the
skinny fingers reach a crooked upward — look!

the yawning palisades flash a smile and I hate to tell you this
before this flat land, her white winter frock now ruined

but if you touch me again I’m gonna throw up

consider my guts

the fluttering subway cars are bulls and tooth-gaps and curtains revealing in a
photoroman two lovers smush-nose diving

stills of them pressed together please

tell me love is like this too— running back and forth

over one side of your lower back with my thumb

conversations we gild with

“can I blow smoke up your ass?” and “yes please do”

the big grey teeth-bulls pass in a huff and the lovers dissolve off the slide show
everything passed and the breeze the train left behind passed sounds
dumbed down

a host of other fragile asks crumbled in our mouths like weetabix shook

any way we sang them

new road trip game; reverberate—

the presence of bodies take this in and
carry this year on horseback
scared and in jeans
until we turn on Macdonald again
make up for the meaning left sopping on the corner-street
don't apologize for the crux
okay new game ask toothsome piecemeal asks
kitchy embarrassing asks — be here for me?
ask for something you earnestly want
and see how our heads bow east on sharp turns
how the songs we put on dig holes in the air even with the windows down
underscoring / directing — sad songs to feel sad, sexy; sexy
every car trying to enter Holland Tunnel whispering “this too, this too”, failing to find

trying to speak against the band's lowlight jam
please— I want feel-you-talking-against-my-body close
I want enough shaking divinity to buzz my teeth to tuning forks searching for your note there
are these creaks and exhales deflating me into scrawling bodies between calls or it's like this—
peel me as you would a Cutie
my segmented pockets' pull-apart nature is asking for this
or that I'm a truck that shakes in the dark
not unlike the train-wake finger-branches, crooking sunward prayers out the
wazoo of it all
when these big vehicle noises explode our words like this
I want you to feel the please from my lips