

## Los Angeles Poem

You & I are on the cliffs again  
& again you have to beg me  
not to drop my joint in the wine  
& again I don't feel clean enough  
behind my ears it's maybe because  
we've been eating chocolates  
b y h a n d I m e a n  
unwrapping them slow enough  
to watch each one *appear*

The sexiest thing about me  
is I always have questions  
The sexiest thing about me  
is my obliviousness to universal  
signs or maybe the way  
I just let my legs dangle  
instead of kick or maybe  
the weeks it took me to learn  
that when your fingers turned  
to pipe cleaners all tips & arch  
& scratch impatience on  
my shoulder I'd already lost you  
to long boards & vegan fare

Let's say this: when we stand  
together I'm almost never confused  
for your bodyguard even though  
you tell me I was at your side  
*so mad* you said in the dream  
where you fucked my tenth grade  
locker partner against number 114  
& left me to pop out the dents

The ocean is shades of pink here  
Pink like app store jewels  
Diamonds & all the rest

Do you think it means  
what I think it means  
when you are so quiet  
when you turn bottles on end  
picking cork bits from ash  
*I'm afraid it's inevitable*  
is what I'm afraid you'll say  
when we wake with the same  
old arms around us  
I don't know what you mean  
when you don't say  
what you don't say  
& again I ask *would you stop kicking*  
would you please just stop