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Application

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Application

For a man who only loves the torso this must be heaven Holy, the photograph's mad beheading

Lo, the framed anus
Lo, the catfish
Lo, the white man posing with the cat on his chest

Holy the shadow beard Holy the arm arched + tendered above the back Holy the trojan, the rightnow, the john23

O, the pictures we take of our simple sex lit + filtered cigarette

O, exile is a written language
+ its digital equivalent is drooling

Drive west a mile to be choked by a stranger Walk a block south to kneel on black + white linoleum North is money + a mouth to empty inside

Who better but all who want it, to host the host on their tongue

Glory, the new houses i've become a part of with a simple smear of semen below the couch Glory, the family portraits smiling as the husband drowns behind me Glory, the hole that opens + moves as i move

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sup / looking / you close
you swallow / you travel / you host
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Of course the greek root of icon is a god The plate of light i reach my hand through + feel it pulse Around my arm A message from john23—313 ft. away let me ruin your mouth + it's done. a man makes love To his machine + then becomes one