

### **superposition**

Morning light makes the skin a circuit tense with current. Teeth ache, hairy with sleep. The body watches shadows slide over the floor.

A slam gives the body movement, starting at the toes. A jolt, and then the legs swing over the edge of the bed. The body lights a cigarette.

Shower. A second cigarette. The body stands in the kitchen, exactly 2 inches to the left of the soul.

Then, fried eggs, lots of butter. Broken yoke. Burnt toast.

A coffee grinder squeals. The smell of wet earth. The body pours, watches coffee foam and bloom, waits, does it again. I drink. I am my throat, my guts.

### **bilateral split**

The soul is pinched in the space between atoms. Feet are not where they should be. Loose-fitting. The soul is exactly 3 inches right of the body at all times.

A craving burrows holes through the gut. The soul wants to want, desires the shape of desire, so the soul fills itself with smoke.

Cold water. Drain. Lungs. Pursued lips. Hardwood floor. The yelp of a dog on the street.

Then, the soul masticates, swallows scabs and wet wads of paper.

Heartbeat shakes the soul. It watches the body watch. The soul drips through the filter, and I drink. I am my throat, my guts.

The body unclogs itself from the sheets. Soon, it will forget how it removed itself. On the corner of a mattress, it lights a cigarette. Jaw pain like an arc of electricity. It stands naked, smoking out the window, forgets.

The body does not brush its hair or teeth before it leaves the building. The body sells used clothes for 7.5 hours, including the unpaid lunch. The body rolls a joint in the break room. The body is a list of things and parts, lined up into time like animation frames.

The body sits in a public park and lights the joint, stubby, fat, uneven. Inhale. The smoke rests inside the mouth. Inhale again. The throat, the lungs. The shape of people talking. A breeze. Spanish moss in fir trees.

I feel the lawn in my fingers fingers, leaves like razors or tongues or tongues. Can I witness anything but metaphors? The world is a harsh a harsh light I can't look at directly. Maybe it's Plato's shadows, an extended, focused daydream, extended, focused. The sky is blue—blue like blue. Wisps of fog like rising dust.

The soul shakes, the soul goes in and out of sleep. What's the difference between constant motion and rest? The soul goes in and out of desire. The soul cannot sleep. The soul has no eyelids to close. The soul does not leave the bed. The soul is the bed. The soul is smoke. The soul is inanimate.

The soul is concrete. The soul feels feet of hundreds of people. Sharp hit of heels, wet slap of rubber. The soul is smothered in cigarette butts. The pads of dog's feet. Human shit and spit. The soul is stiff. The fog clears, and the soul takes the heat of sunlight into itself.

Inhale. Getting darker now. Inhale.

I feel the street on my soles soles, stone like a weapon a weapon or a tongue. Can I witness anything but metaphors? The world is a harsh a harsh light I can't look at directly. Maybe it's Plato's shadows, an extended, focused daydream, extended, focused. The sky is blue—blue like blue. Wisps of fog like rising dust.

Another cigarette in bed. Is it shame that makes the body so heavy?

The room is seasick. The body shuts its eyes and mouth. The cherry of the still-lit cigarette burns a hole in a sheet. A dream, sparks, fragments of things: a corner store, 40 oz of pure piss-beer. Long car rides, loud music. My teeth are cracking open, falling onto my tongue. My gums are a paste.

I brush the ash off my chest. Missed call from Mother. I write down the dream and call her. She sounds tired. Tells me the old cat will be put down this weekend.

The soul lights a cigarette, looks out the window. It feels skin, warm with life. People worm across the cement. Inhale. The soul feels dizzy. Exhale.

The soul is overripe. The soul is falling off the bone. The soul stinks. A still-lit cigarette burns the soul into smoke.

The soul is like sparks in the wind of the open window. The soul is a list of memories and desires. It tells me: quash this loneliness. My teeth are cracking open, falling onto my tongue.

I wake up. Missed call from Mother. I write down the dream and call her. She sounds tired. Tells me the old cat will be put down this weekend.

My room is a collection of abstract shapes. The ceiling, a flat plane. Anxiety so constant it feels like rest. The body whimpers. A clog, a cradle. The body is a limp and fragile organ. The body lies still and lets flies on its skin.

There is TV static in its toes. The body shakes without moving. The body lets mold creep into its dark places. The body breaks down. The body's skin becomes mossy with mold. Green, white, gray.

A slam of the door. Voices. Decay is light, hot. The body feels a roommate creak over floorboards.

The apartment is a womb, reabsorbing the body. Pumps push blood in the walls. Out, in, oxygenated, inoxygenated. The body blinks, falls in and out of sleep.

Sunday morning rots into Sunday night. The body wishes it were a container, so it could empty itself.

The soul toasts bread, smears it with butter and jam. All the soul can taste is the smoke in its mouth.

The soul gets on a train and watches graffiti and litter. The soul floats less than an inch off the seat. The soul exists independent of my being. The body exists independent of my being. How do I find myself, lost between the two?

The doors slide open. The summer heat is sour—the soul is heat, light. The soul walks with its alien legs, and soon, it is where it is supposed to be.

Mother's house is the same as it ever was, except that everything has all been moved two inches in the wrong direction.

The soul has been so good. Why does no one recognize it is an incomplete, incapable thing, or that it is a thing at all? Mother makes it a cup of coffee, does not hug or hold it. Everything about Mother is the same, except all her features have moved half an inch in the wrong direction.