

The stars are dying

like always, and far away, like what you see looking up is a death knell  
from light, right? Light

years. But also close, like the sea stars on the Pacific coast. Their little  
arms lesion and knot and pull away

the insides spill into the ocean. Massive deaths. When I try to sleep I  
think about orange cliffs, bare of orange stars. Knotted, glut. Waves are  
clear. Anemones n shit. Sand crabs n shit. Fleas. There are seagulls  
overhead. Ugh I swore to myself I would never write a nature poem.

The sand is fine. They say it's not Fukushima. I feel fine, in the sense  
that I feel very thin—I been doin Tracy Anderson DVD workouts on  
YouTube, keeping my arms fit and strong. She says *reach, like you are  
being pulled apart*

I can't not spill. Sometimes it, sometimes . . . what you see is what you  
glut. There are sometimes insides.

I can't write a nature poem  
bc it's fodder for the noble savage  
narrative. I wd slap a tree across the face,  
I say to my audience.

Let's say I'm at a pizza parlor  
Let's say I'm having a slice at the bar this man walks in to pick up his  
to-go order  
Let's say his order isn't ready yet and he's chatty  
Let's say I'm in Portland bc ppl don't tawlk to me in NYC  
Let's say he's like, *meatballs are for the baby, pizza's for the little man,*  
*Caesar salad's for the wife and the beer* he points to the beer and then  
thumbs at himself, *the beer's for me.*

He has one of those cracked skin summer smiles

He keeps talking like I want to hear him  
Like he's so comfortable  
Like everybody owes him attention

I'm a weirdo NDN faggot

He puts his hands on the ribs of my chair asks do I want to go into the  
bathroom with him

Let's say it doesn't turn me on at all

Let's say I literally hate all men bc literally men are animals—

This is a kind of nature I would write a poem about.