



Roomopolis

Birdsong, 11am, 5pm, 6pm - aluminum, crater, you remind me of someone I once was, you remind me of nothing.

Nothing works here, it's so feminine.

Laying awake on the other side of the planet, I cough until I crack a rib under my right arm.

I hear a succession of heavy bikes roll in. It's an egregious arrival and wraps me in dread. My driveway is wide enough for them all, but my hole is tiny.

There are no highways in a hollow town, just endless twilights and cranes blinking in a unified polyrhythm.

My perfect hole, a bespoke velvet indentation, gnawed into shape by my teeth. For each little black dress I adorn, I gnaw it wider. I'm wearing ten now, one for every year that you've loved me.

Under a sky in which we share no stars, yet somehow still suffocated and rearranged, I'm reminded that enclosure isn't a place but a state, fractal and irresolvable - only in their margins can I see, when the moon hits my eye.

Ask me softly, convince me, beg - all things expire and seep.

Overcome by a disembowelling feeling as I hear the music spilling from your hole... (it's just so contemporary) it jolts me to Anaheim, there and back just to mark my skin with the rust of 1000 settings... A beautiful feeling, one for the vitrine.

When I broke every bone in my body, and all that I could announce was blood and organ, there was a mood from the stone.

I crawl into a hole that is not mine and carefully pass you some water, my skinny wrists can see the driver in your eyes. I ride shotgun but I do not shut the fuck up.