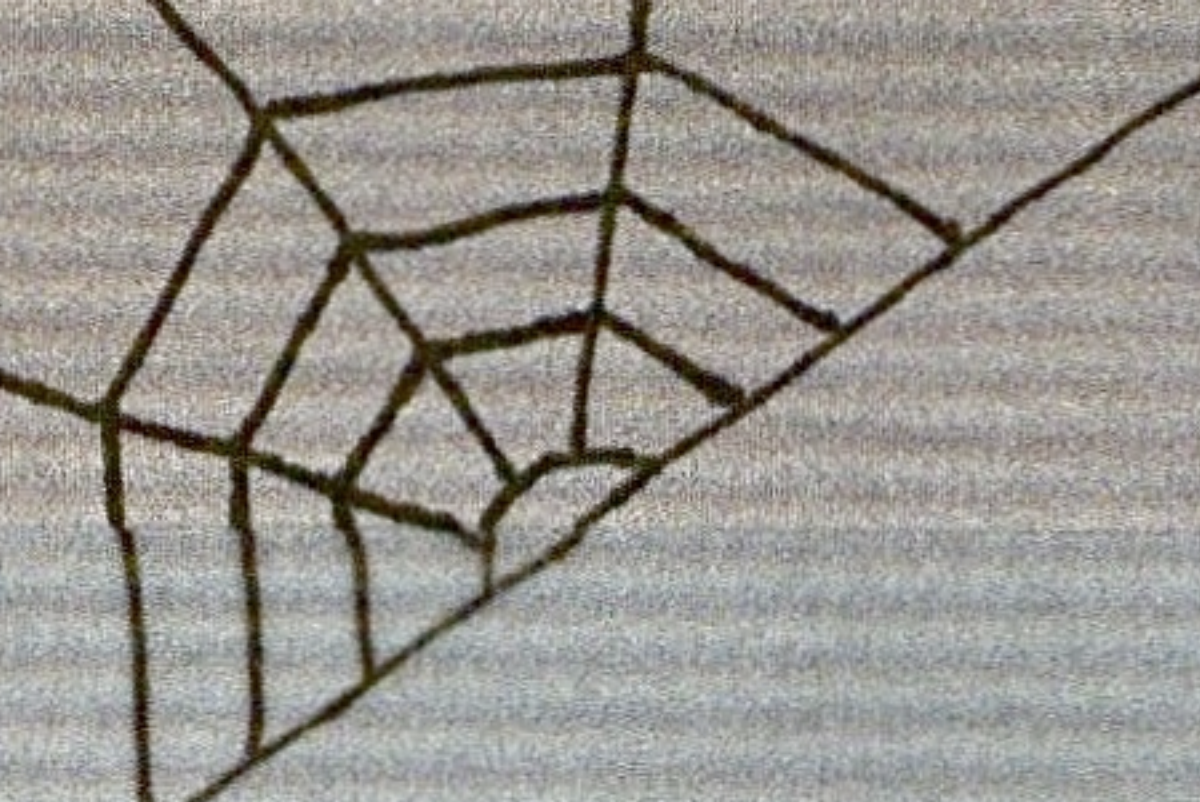


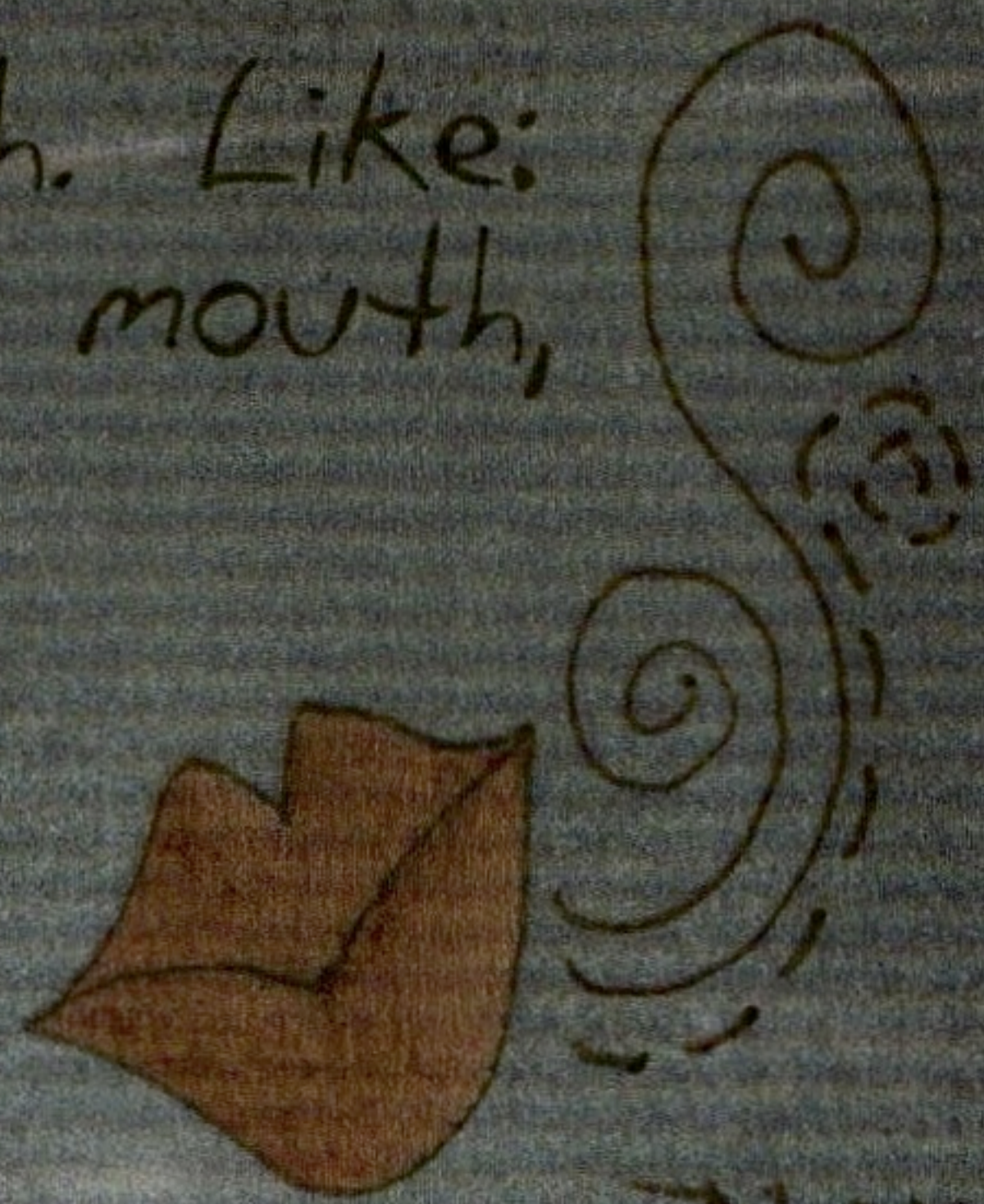
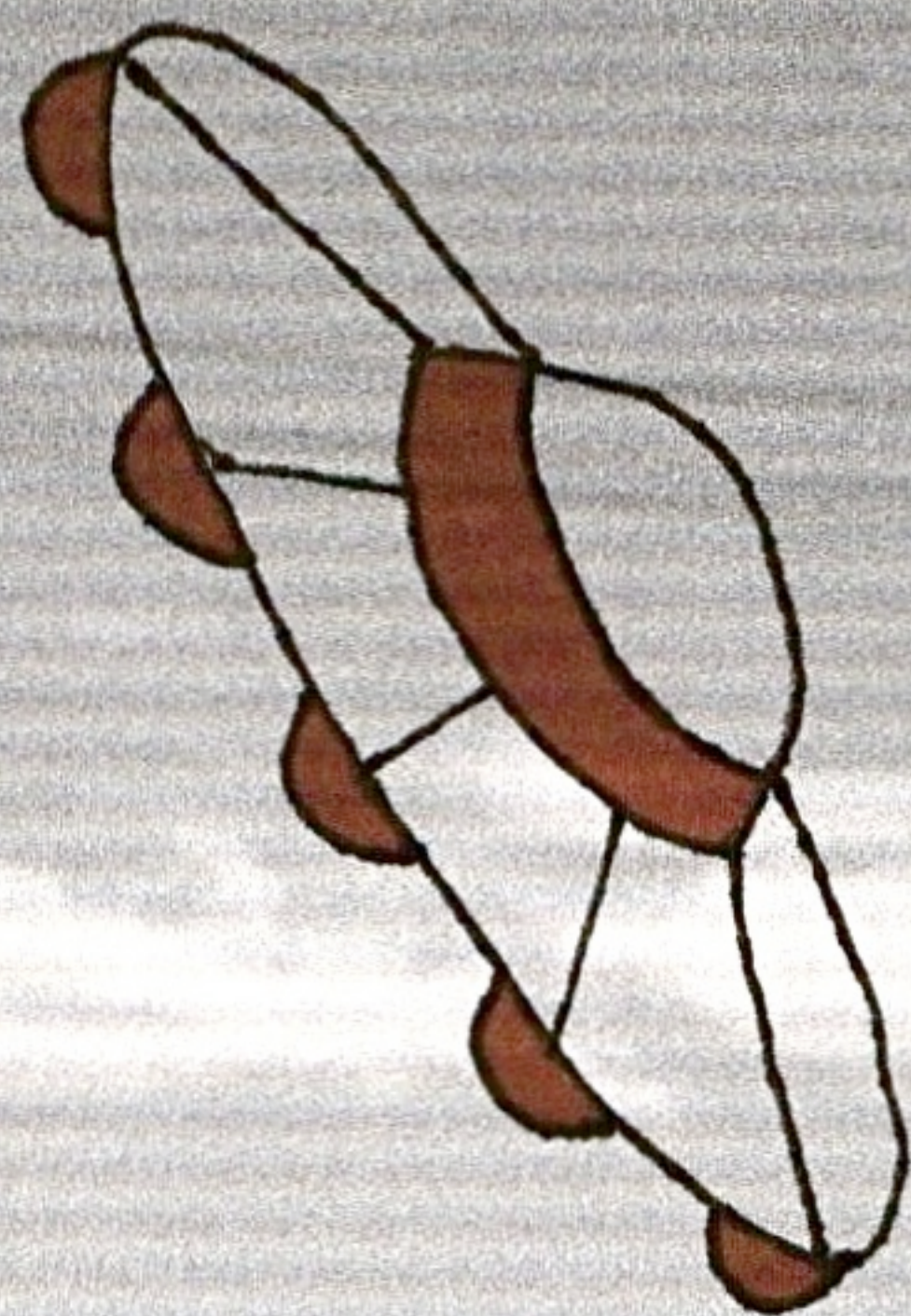


4:00 PM
(Smoke Break)

You fit the world in your mouth & I'm jealous of the lack of cobweb space. In my dreams I eat your fall breath. Watch me undress you like a lion. Steep your comely spine. Your soft whisper of a heart. Today I think about sharks in the most literal sense. Like: if a shark fought a bear the shark would win but it would still die because it couldn't breathe.

I am less attractive in color, so I hide under the last snowfall of winter. I am more attractive when you close your eyes. Close your eyes & I'll build you a space ship out of toothpicks. I think of toothpicks in the most figurate sense. Like: I'm a soggy toothpick in your mouth. Like: here I am still in your mouth, disintegrating.

—Gregory Sherl



Blatt