

Los

er

BAEVY



The Coolest

lemona

del

face

Punchlines of Depersonalization

The popcorn in this room smells like scratch-n-sniff;
the jasmine in the garden airs cheap perfume.

Life from the feedback view exists in Technicolor;
your yellow hair is melted plastic.

Violets and cherries watercolor my shoulder,
evidence my remember-your-memorizer.

The whites of my eyes could be peeled grapes;
your body steams when your hand has left me.

or nothing really.



**i
eat
spe-
cial
vita-
mins**

Picking

up

pregnant

t

women



i am gonna fuck you so hard
with my dick that is so long
it will anoint your baby boy's head
& he will be born a man.

now jump in my volvo
-the seats are real leather-

come back to my flat & i'll lay you down
the way you think a man would



fuck.

please

Jesus,

are you

listening?

Gills

I dangle on the railing,
looking out the marina.

I dangle

as a Madonna's earring, a studded cross,
dangling free until her head hits
the pillow.

As a bubble undersurface brought up
to popping,

I wave goodbye to crowds as I turn underneath
to palm the sandy bottom,

as I wave goodbye to the red
doughnut in the sky: the lifesaver
floating on the water's skin.



Suicide
pact???

Something- like-God

the W in his hairline signals word

his laugh divides rivers
to streams
to pool again
in the ocean

if i am still silent
i can hear his bellows ambrose

‘Baevy

the Moon
who wants to be the
Summer.

Never
will’

i can see why they call you father
having killed your only son



someone's
watching

**you can
tell me I am
terrible**

**but I
won't
believe you**

Use Sharpie

Next Time

You jump into the lake, a pencil in the air.
One who rewrites often and turns the eraser black,
leaving metal to scrape the tables' surface
in desperate attempts to unsay, undone, refilter
your salt-water sinking thoughts.

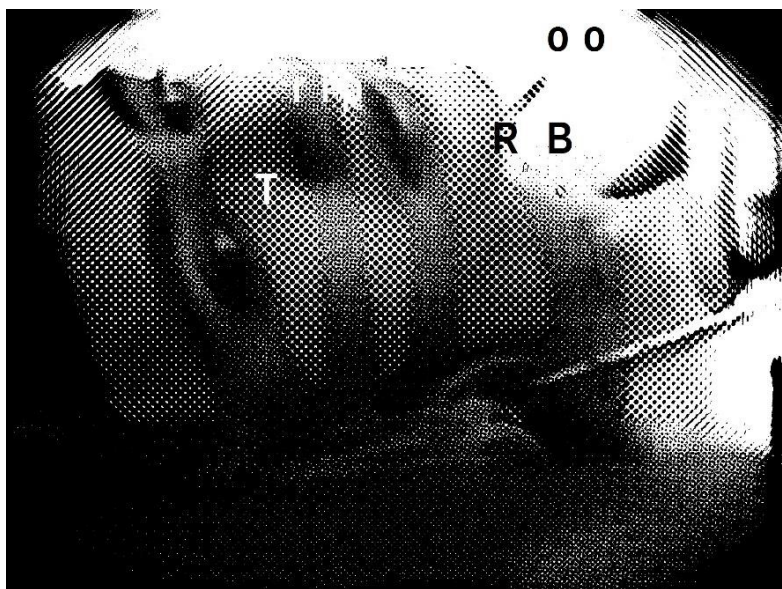
As you break the calm your hands rush up
to meet your face, to wipe the freshwater
from your eyes, to brush it through
your blackening-river curls.
Your arms extend out as the prime meridian
paddles you back to the ladder, ascending you
glistening.
Water pouts your lips, doe-s your eyes, and magnets
spandex
to your skin. Your nipples look biteable;
your breasts flush my cheeks *not-anymore*.

How many kaleidoscopic embers will burn
before the pencil turns again.
Will we dive into the water, watch the bubbles float
from our mouths,
one hand on your back, the other hanging in the blue,
strumming how weightless I am in your arms.

everything

will

be



fin...

Chok

you said **poets**

were just talentless musicians.

you say **my sister**

sings beautifully.

you say

but baby, you are better, you are the best.

you say more

but I don't hear

licorice jam

makes toast twice sincere



“slap me in the face. if you want too”

My arm crosses the white,
strikes no meat,
his back is a mountain
I lay across the way
and watch the sunrise from.

Crows caw & mourn the morning, I wait for him
to open his eyes. He looked as if

all his recesses he spent alone
twisting the Rubik cube, just to find
he couldn't solve it, now his eyes
were pools of water,
-I say 'were' correctly-

Looking at his story-face,
my body flushed the was-cycle,
running up dried mud.
Frayed blue wires sparked against the red's,
Fingers tighten the ruler into my hand:
a weapon to raise above my head
to crack, whip, red
that fat out, he hated himself for.

I searched my eyes for liquid
but there was not a drop.

So, we tongue the roofs of our mouths,
regretting drinking up half the other's body,

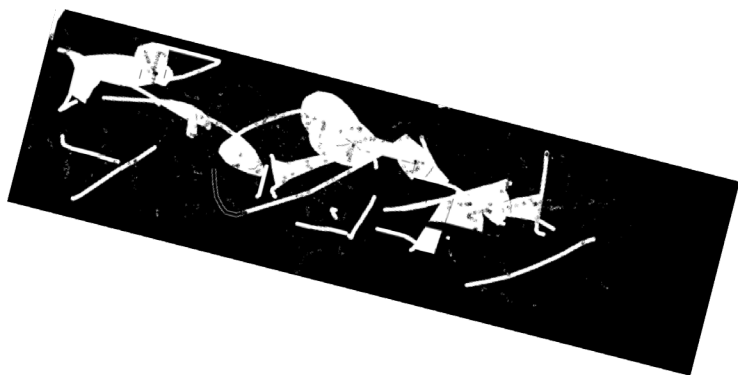
because we have no tears
to lament this fever.

what do you remember about me?



**mine or
YOURS?**

My alarm



is white

noise

me be

slug.

i am slug.
don't talk to me.
i be slug.

don't pet me with your salty fingers.
i don't want your vinegar chip.
i be slug. not dead slug.

i want to be more of a banana
that hangs from a warm leaf.
i don't want to leave my slime
like a wedding veil behind me.

i be slug.
don't talk to me.
slug is sleeping.

seriously now go.

**I Love You,
BAEVY
www.baevy.love
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