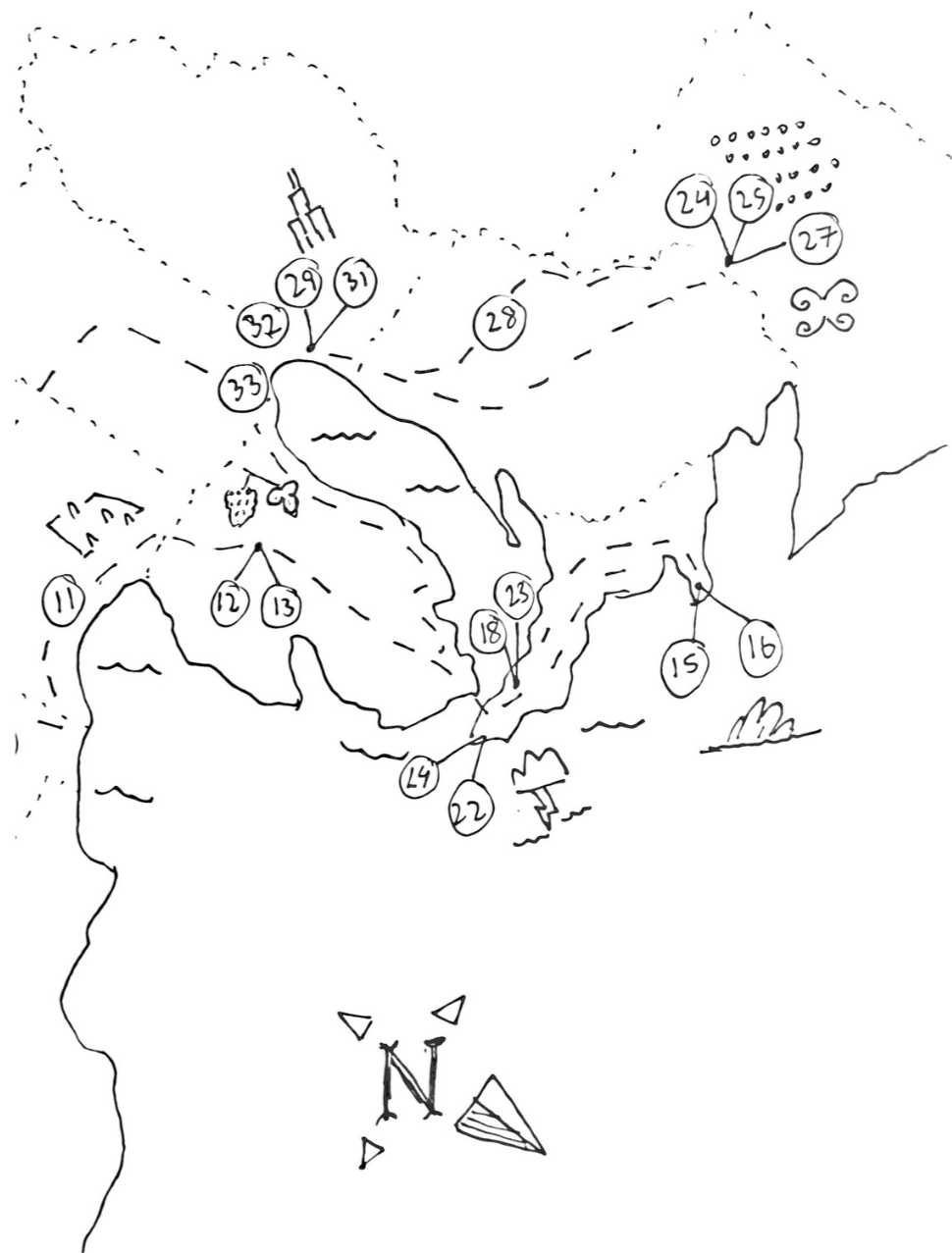
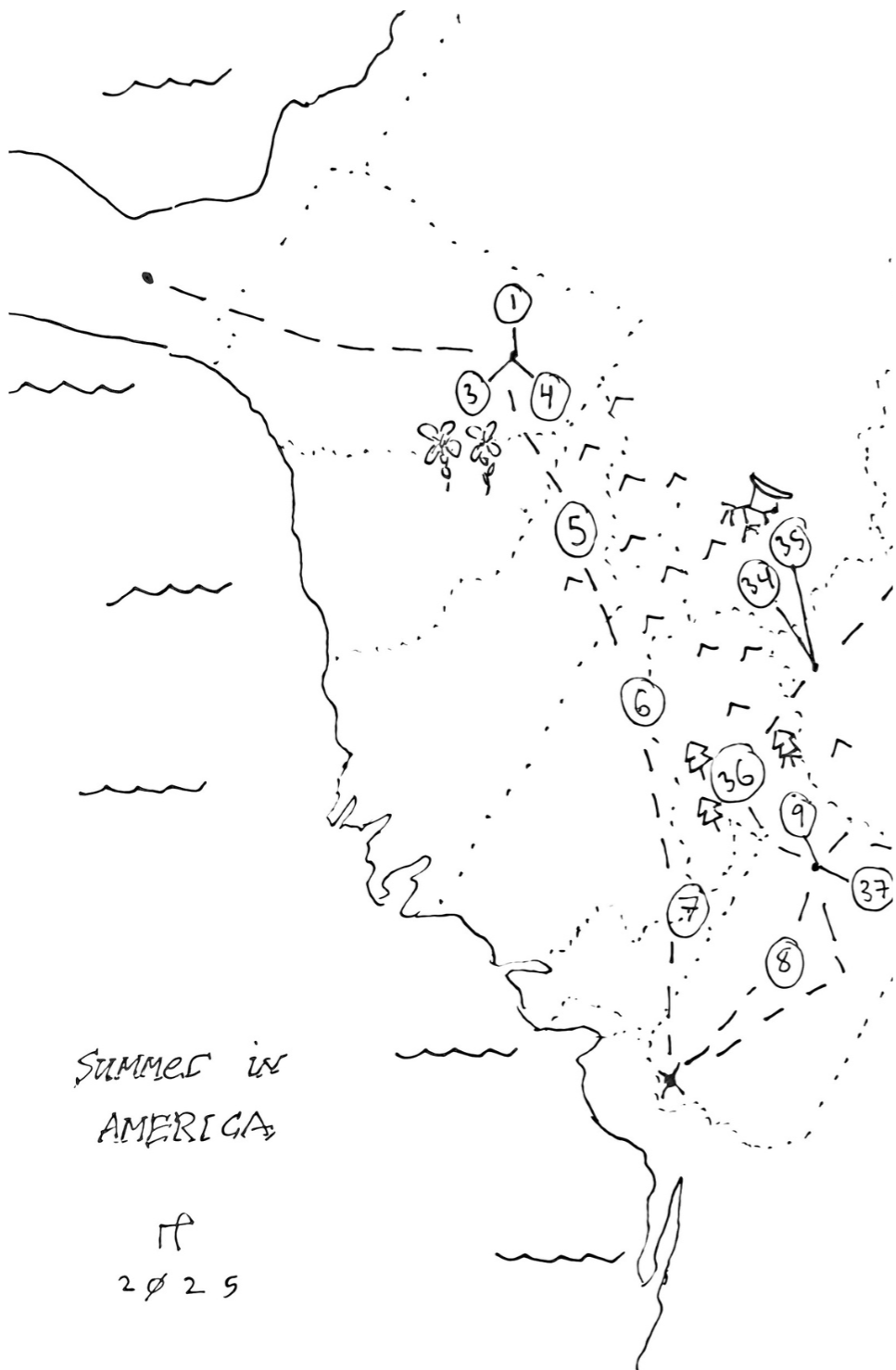




summer in america

2025



today's the day
the beginning of a journey through
 AMERICA
not any old AMERICA, nor the old AMERICA

 i left behind, taken apart in maps and
systematics and
 running its trail of deference
 to colony and botany, artifactual geography
and catalogued obsessively to understand

and find, in archaeological terms, nothing.
i set my sight on every new AMERICA
 the one found with no why
is everywhere and everywhen all at once

 already happened, never happened, where
time has its reign over becoming, an
 AMERICAN hypervolume, in which is trapped
all sex and gender, race and space

into a lumpy has-become
 too massive but to be itself
 and exponentiating, this a sign
deferred to null

my first day in AMERICA
the sun was heaving in the tent
next to mine. old he was,
he stumbled towards the lake

and plopped among the shortleaf pines.
"that damned AMERICA," waving his fist
at willow oaks and hickories and squirrels
and me,

"he always throws his goddamn cigarettes
no matter where, and now he got the whole of canada
burnt up in forest fires." leaving his orange rant,
i asked myself what the AMERICA was he saw in me.

diamorpha on a monadnock

not dead nor dying but
spending its time dead-passing: seeds
suspended on the edge becoming: leads
onward until it teems with life
and, crisp in summer, "dies"

(AMERICA
screaming and shitting in the parking lot,
deathless as he may be, cannot
understand why he can't become)

moving

to B and J

i just like any moving box
dream at the footfalls at the door
which is AMERICA's abode,

collection to a bigger sum of you,
that sings to you with things
that glimpse of other fantasies.

i am the ordinary time of coffee mugs,
the lipped promise of sensuality.

i am the comfort of the mattress, where you go
to dream of things beyond AMERICA.

i am the music, bookcase, pens, and desk,
that bring you closer to his edge.

laurel tunnel vision

and this is how the other lives?
hemmed in a fabric of roaring creeks,
magnolias, mountain maple, laurel shade
and shale and zeal?

i stumbled in a local dive
beneath the waterfalls, where swallowtails
were sipping puddles in a huddle. i sat with one
and peppered him with thoughts:

- how does the wind bellow through meadow grass?
- what is this amorous geography?
- what is the shape of suns and loves?
- you live like this?

he takes my hand so lovingly and coos,
"you sweet green child,
AMERICA has gotten in your head
but there is something past"

he whisks me to his laurel palace, full
of dizzy white-mouth flowers like waking up,
rubbing my eyes. he finds a soft spot under boughs
and strokes my own soft spots.

"love in these parts," he begins,
"is found the same way as you're
surrounded by your house at home,
and that is everywhere."

people can live enshrouded, clad, in evening glow
arriving always to the end of their desire
what do they do once they know?
what will i do if i'll arrive?

salem presbyterian

a white-washed church
tucked in the bosom of AMERICA
the colored stained glass story time of god
now reflects rolling hills with broken barns

in black-tint windows full of christian graves,
where faith is cradled or
entombed in lichen-crust ed obelisks,
the prayer on the stone grown over

with pastoral inventions, narratives
and concepts that resound throughout each holler.
AMERICAN dreams of 40 acres and a mule,
thousands asleep per capita.

growing out of brotherhood

tiny duets of toes and shoes
through snow and brooklyn roads,
liminal paths of movement lost
to spaces opened in AMERICA

the nuclear family strong, even when the queerest atom
splits.
adult some other molecule: tiny two-pronged nation of
brother and was-brother-less-sibling-now-sib
engenders if not civic pride than duties like

building a mainstays shoe rack and
teaching the art of mopping hardwood floors,
caring for kuyas speaking foreign languages
interior semiotic loves i can't decode.

i ask you while we build the rack:
do you still dream of 50th and 12th?
those days our first steps in AMERICA
the path behind backfilled with snow

i salamander in my sleeping bag
huddle in holes, dreaming of the Big Night
frolicking with frogs bound for the moon
sticky with our warm rains

pittsburgh

—

there is a sweet smell to the soil of this place
upon whose crust the wind moves like
sun billowing across a nude boy's chest.
intently i rehearse his and my name:

post-america:

—

in early summertime
he opened up his homes
and led me hand in hand through doors,
pittsburgh's unruly streets, the rain
in quickstep streams down hills,
dark alleys, bars with checks for coats.

we went to one:
having no coat we checked
our old bodies. we ask ourselves:
here are we boys or just AMERICA? the room was full
of bodies throbbing pop and dance
a man-bug's probosces in my mouth, but all
i thought about was this
speculative aubade, stanzas pierced
the dark ephemera with dicks
and pecs and beer-dissolved walls
appearing next to, with
the only body in the room i need.

—

catalpa season! deep

in one another's corollic whorls
sniffing and growling, pawing at
our purple landing strips for bees
and coming up for air
with pollen on our cheeks.

—

after making out, we ran
out through the back door, rain,
leaving that old AMERICA at check.
a mess of new desires signified
in clothes around our knees

—

i look out at this forest of catalpa grown
so quickly in his room, the trees more beautiful
than in AMERICA, because

we are what we admire:
two damp and shining lunar amorosities.

struggling to sleep,
for the aubade welling inside of me,
i wonder what this could defer to. yet

if solely queerness consummates this nocturne, then
is there an edge to queer?

— les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir

alone at day on presque isle, i asked myself
if you remembered how my flowers smelled.
we were twice soaked with rain, and yet
i yearn for you through ear and nose
i turn our name like sounds and scents
a vision for a post-america.

westwood cemetery

before it disappears:

the burial of history was fresh enough
they hadn't put away the spade
or raked the earth, so when it rained
the wonder pooled in tiny ponds

so many people dead to make a place
that fades so easily to corn and soy
and cloudy skies and mud, mischievous
rock and clay digging hand into

to find the names that make this place unique.
i asked the volunteer at monroe house
if anyone had died of note in woodland's graves
"in potter's field," she said, "every unknown baby
boy"

a mulberry is growing in the field
and i am eating berries from the chests
of mrs. acton, mr abamcik, mr adams, infant alds,
andy alexander, AMERICA

and i am watching st andrew who
in looking into fog
is tired on his cross
is tired of his trod

into AMERICA

lansing

uniformly hypercube consumes everything touched
transforming land to property
and time to labor. infinitely featured entity
yet easily reduced to one component:
the money virus, salivating numbers like
inches, obsessed with bigness, expanse,
the flattening of qualities,
a flow to what will multiply itself;
and what deserts it leaves:

i walked around the city admiring the absence
of money virus, brownfields redeveloped by
the eager oxeye daisy, puddled silphiums

Sears kit homes, decades to a century lived
that no one wants, granite abandoned on Lake Michigan.
i slide my finger along lansing's microgeology.

even the streets are only murmuring. gays don't go out
but to each other for fondness. lansing is a city
where queerness lives in homes and gardens.

(the money virus (which calls itself AMERICA)
leaves pits and deserts where there's nothing to
extract
so things are left to grow.)

summertime sin,
guilty with mulberry!
scent it like purple hope
and promises of sweat

hot flashes of being

a thunderstorm asea
streams gay fantasy
of one post-america
in its murky midst.
most capsize 'neath
their hope, but two
stay buoyant washed
ashore bottled with
speculative dreams.

i read one fantasy:
pj8knkpilgrw57fegij
another soundlessly
qsy2i2wgved0u80wd06

how long will it be
before i see my own
becoming fantasies?

if i can write my poetry,
maybe i'll be.

growing masc like successional ecology

dew hairs sprouting from you in pores
where god-drool pools, all across
your lithe basaltic prominence.
bent in the lake to sip:
you straighten up, blushed with self-directed lust
a scraggly lip and dust on legs
of strawberries, blueberries, cinquefoil,
and juniper snaking up your foot

i lie on you to tally your pubescences.
i plunge into that frigid sea
to feel your sun-warmed skin more vibrantly.

process of inquiry into a rock

"please respect the past.
historic places hold clues
to what life was like here
not so long ago."
- a sign at the quincy ruins

the sweet remains
of different inquiries, this time a bog or fen:
trappings of lakes, swallowed spruce and tamarack,
myself swallowed in the keeweenaw palimpsest
decades of humus underfoot, collapsed into a moment.

i excavated from the next formation, a
geology of plywood board negating windowpanes
and new skies open through the roof
a gape in earth catheterized by the poem of History
and kept alive by processes like Name, Map, Omit.

(once omitted:
lupines and vicias and lathryus scrambling on rocks,
in acting scramble settler claims to territory soil
layers of anti-monuments to History
among neo-ecologies of decomposing tires)

(twice buried: death monument to union activists:
another era of AMERICA, when-in
bosses controlled being with measurements of time.
bodies leviathan-consumed, with now
none left to take.)

named: AMERICA's map
in hearing pleas of dying pasts,
the book proscribes the narrative
and drills basalt into its shape,

like stamp sands bleeding into superior.

dalinda causley speaks

—

"i was locked in a closet... i had peed my pants, i
was whipped..."
claire, speaking about an unknown catholic boarding
school.

there is a difference between
the US and AMERICA

the US chokes beneath its weight
the bloody stones it milked run dry,

the people starved on diets of ideas, land
pumped full with chemicals and insurance.

that is, emptied out.
AMERICA lives on

in numbers creeping west
and north and up. ideologies

of futures hustled out of "grit"
and bootstrapped god-made property in deeds

that we all buy, if but because
there's nothing else to be believed.

—

"as anishinaabe people we grew up with a fear of
thinking too much of ourselves" -dalinda causley

this is a language we call home.

we cherish poems in this virus, talk

desires, hopes, in ways reminding us
of what we couldn't tell

in homes they ripped us from, dancing in
their square and crying in anonymous mute shoulders,
for

the Things We Couldn't Say
if we had even wanted to.

when i was five, in a two-faced act
of love and self-effacement,

my mother bleached my skin with eskinol
an alcoholic burning baptism. "look at all the dirt,"

she said, showing me the darkened cotton balls.
and now, i write in english, just how

dalinda causley speaks,

—

and i can't hear her, because the white
baby is crying. "the philippines

tastes bad!" they cry. the white mom clots
the tv-speech-font where dalinda speaks.

"oh sweet AMERICA" she coos,
"you try ohgeebwaywocky" the baby chews and gnaws

and spits out michigan.
and starts to cry again

for more and more and more.

i find the white queers' wolf cut looks like

the hair they left dalinda with
before she disappeared for boarding school.

did they appropriate her look
given to her unwillingly like fry bread? we

went willingly to school, me and her,
albeit for a different reason.

she wants a better life away from home
and comes back knowing how to seize

what had been ripped from her. with family off the
boat,
i lost when i was born

so school's the only thing that i had left,
a gift so given by AMERICA.

—

"we didn't know that things could be different"
- dalinda causley

at that point in her history, i knew
AMERICA had won, checkmate, time up,

chain and ball in his court. now it's his book, his
clock,
his school, his faces on our cash,

his dick thrust endlessly into our dreams.
i used to dream of things i'd like to do

but now i pray to money as
the effigy of action, wants

directed anxiously at things, instead of you:
everything but our arts our bodies love and fantasy.

AMERICA touches me and i like it, just because
there's nothing left to like,

(

but i'd like you

you who intimates me to the dream
that things could change. that

even if i do nothing in my life but trip
and flop and founder clumsily, i still dance
with the profound weight in my chest

of all the people i could love, even if
i don't love right now, desire lasts
much longer than ideas ever could,
encumbered by their words. AMERICA

leaves holes in me that make me crave,
depositing little AMERICAs in the cavities
that unchecked, grow into my cancerous intimates.
before i cave, before collapse, i fill myself urgently
with you, amalgamating post-american

bodily potency, murmuring potential words like force

(

an ode to all i hardly know

i'm hopeless! that
in scrambling up your shape i might begin to
comprehend.
alas - over your shapely rocks i collapse like
lake huron's mulish waves, scraped in brains mere
nanometers of veneer,
a casting of your shape with creeping juniper.

despite my ignorance
you still resplend in every light.
i gather smallest yous
to dip into the sun.

how did i ever hope to press
instants from processes,
as gracefully as rock?
i am as dumb as water, dogged in its refusal to
gather its shape into a History.

AMERICA was gone tonight,
so i absconded with the upper peninsula.
huron was in my bed,
horny at evening
and shut the door to keep
out all the flies and gnats
in all the moment amorous,
pressed on like alvar ground:
rock hard.

the storm had brought the fortune: he
is spooning me, grappling me with all his weight
remaining stiff against my back.
craving the potency
i sit deep onto him.

reflecting in grand rapids, i
am recreating sounds in blurry lightning pics,
piecing together poems left in fragments from
the moment fortune of the lake.

growing into platonic loving

at last outgrowing brotherhood
engendered from leftover AMERICAN
conceptions of a gender joy;
collecting and cleaning up the bits
cluttering the enjoyment of your home
and how we as friends do nest in it.
i do it not because i love, but because
i have no art with which to love but this.
you're far more talented at stoking friends.

in return
i love you how my parents tried to love me, and that's
vegetable stir fry in the fridge
so you can reminisce my care
even when i am gone,
even if only till it's gone.

4 paj ntaubs

—

snails must ascend the steps
to get back to their mountain snail house
hemmed by lacy fence
swampy languidity, in whose fog snail man
tells snail child "gather greens"
minding the elephant and his footprints.

—

in weaves and weeds a qeej may bellow out
but falls to no ear. there was no time
to save the qeej, families packing its dreams instead.
a bloody post-gun pool colors the mekong, the families
grasping the bamboo poles through which the water
bellows out
in dreams and riverine hopes

—

some Hmong are dead and some AMERICAN
twirled in the tongue of cia director helms,
general vang pao's promises - of what?
snail house safety? freedom picket fence
and cheaper promises, like ideology
spread widely, cheaply, eagerly.
what was the deal?

— two purchases

i bought a story quilt today
of birds and tigers, elephants and sheep
the art of anonymous Hmong women Histories.

i bought a box of shelling beans in saint paul
that whispered Hmong women and girls
tall in their fields of peas, onions, scapes

hustles as old as art itself.

responding to Andy Seymour's "Summer"

i dream like this.

 i dream like
this i dream
like this i
dream like

scattered and hurled
into the spring arise
like hyperspectral oil in sea
these pieces of myself
are a dimension and intensity
flattened onto a plane!
my parts we're sipping summer through a straw
there's eyes in every organ
a stream of data left to read
a beat beat by the organ heart
the organ skin carving crystal salts.

somewhere in summer, organ hand
will finally learn to walk with words
reaching for (in disconcert
with their sibling suns)
and climatically, seized
the other organ wills
to do

this i dream like this.

church of corn, church of soy

"700 Sac Indians, 1200 Soldiers followed this ridge
west into Vernon County over this ground" - a trail
marker in Rising Sun, WI

temporal competition: how does winning look?
contenders on the block:
the mouth of pesticides,
the lutherans on the pulpit at
the endless church of corn and soy
the olden amish discourse of
the god-potential of an artificial intelligence
 (is god a technics? whispered fearfully, horse
 and buggy rattling towards the finish line)

close: god is anti-composition, is
AMERICA, who in producing time-flows is
deleting others, anti-tradition but for what
it captures in the History (the amish as
a fossil, like an old-growth forest left alive
while choked on glyphosate and berry canes)

there once were bones, before becoming roads
two native skeletons had won the contest, where
winning appears like dying, quick escape
from ruthless deterritory. the others, lucky still
were never found by History, so kept their time
at heart, escaped with it in hand, before
AMERICA bonelessly marched across wisconsin. when

historians dug again, they found another bone:
a middle finger for AMERICA.

chicago

—

chicago is a city made of culture hills. queers
climb up the prominence to kiss,
a liplocked polycule each quarter mile
like grocery stores and transit stops.

planning-built faggot urbanization. gravities
and local maxima in verrucose objective-function space
AMERICA unravels-- one would think
queers find our safety on these hills,

but there we find the same old shit:
a vintage store, coffee shop, crunchy dive
things you can buy to make you stylishly queer.
99 grindr faggots looking at their camera, not at you.

—

i lie
in lincoln park
designing how
the sun could cast
this truth i want
like rippling lats
shadows on chests,
distilling queer
to touching arms
and light-warmed thighs,
dappled in elms'
delicate forms.

one day
i will rise up

from myself to
let me be drawn
into my hopes.

95th/Dan Ryan

AMERICA erect for architecture, monuments
like New York Life, Marina City, Wrigley, Sears.
he forced his men to fashion phalluses
of glass and steel, in the hopes of feeling strength
in his impotency. the dicks are full of holes
of crevices and rooms where people sleep
some dreaming wages, paychecks, others love
that grows the holes that pit in dicks.

we ride the Red Line through the South,
the body oil turning money motors towards
disequilibrium, holes and broken bricks
and contradictions fabricating little bits
of lots of anger, executed on their friends
and family, and not AMERICA
who's nodded off at History
(languidly straying, stayed no more,
but faster with its bettered hopes and dreams)
the phallus softens, buckles in his pants
and drool is dribbling down his side.
the concept hardly long for becomings like this.

i wake him up at 95th/Dan Ryan for
our walk through his remains

calumet harbor

financial soil chemistry, ecology,
desideratology of money - wrong !
money is but its ouroboros. whirring through
the screens in hopes of exponentiating, strikes
the ground and steals the earth, replacing it
with buildings, skyscrapers, grain elevators, penises
popping about the corpse, thirsting for
a watery mouth, a port, harbors to dredge, fresh pussy
meat.

the money earth mimics masturbation, anuses
and penises about the inscribed body, in and out
and through and back and in and out and swelling up.

AMERICA gets old:

his craved body is horizontal: flattened lands
like runways, distribution centers, suburbs,
interstates.
he can't climb stairs like in his youth,
and now the only movement's in his car, his boat,
which hardly leaves the ground. instead of building
up,
in olden age AMERICA builds out, builds flat -
the failing graining elevators testify.
by his deterritorializing muse, he makes the world
as flat and smooth, digestible as possible,
to his ouroboric anus mouth, such that
when there is nothing left to strike,
the empty soil e.g., nothing to find or take,
that entropy moves fast on flattened surfaces,
like slipping on a tile floor he paved.
moving so fast he's weightless, without mass,
a zero stretched about the heat-deathed earth,
with nothing left to move.

city methodist

no trees in town,
the sun shines bright on gary's white cement
so hot the bricks explode in fire.
the steel mill burns and whites go running. in the
midsts
with hot wind cracking lips, the toughest came to
rest,
gazing on porches in their rocking chairs.
no finance left to prop up old brick buildings. but

AMERICA is heating up, red and burnt,
sweat salt stained polo shirt.
no drink for viral concepts at the corner store.
we opt for church, rusted holy water at the door,
the sun is pouring in through glass
imaginaries, roofs of sky, the gospel raining down.
AMERICA's dehydrated on the altar, hearing sounds
of gary's incantations, wet with flame
like nineteen sixty eight was yesterday
AMERICA was at the pulpit, thumping out
revival on the bible, hope for blackness formed of
peace
and resolution: music to the pistol at king's ears.

AMERICA sold a product, but now
there's nothing left to buy,
nothing with which to buy.
our throats are craving water, so we scream
today, AMERICA is thirsty. we pour sun from scars
on his old body from the pews.

it was a loving accident:

i killed AMERICA.
he leapt in front of me
as i was driving US 50. he screamed:
"it's finally my time!" but yet
you had no time, you took it all from us
and morphed it into labor, took our hopes
and turned them into value.

yet
in looking at your mangled corpse
i can't but help imagine you
look just like me, the same scared skin
and panicked eyes, always searching for
a something you could never get.
yet you were so much more than me
destroyed much more, spoiled hearts
and minds and marked our bodies, all for what?

when i am dragging all your gore
to this night's world-edge, i think
of how i'll look post-you.
will i be full of stars?
will i be brown? will i be queer?
will i become? do? that time
flows easy now, that becoming something new,
something more me, less you.

night in these hills

pushed past the corn and soy and fled
up basswood hills into the sky.
look! i see nothing anywhere but up.

here i can show my post-america
the hope suspended like
smoke in a windless night.

dolly sods

—

we didn't need to hide
and yet we did so that
the world could be much bigger and
in searching for our size
we'd find each other.

—

when we had sunk down to our knees
i didn't realize it would be into each other's grasp.
that you could be a grove of pines
in which to find a restful dell.
and when i walk in dreams you brush against my thighs
and now, fuck,
i'm sinking smiling into you.

oh sun-face
i'm happy waking up to you
to grapple with your warmth
and be so boldly us
where queer is meaningless
with only us. picked fresh each day:
berries, mouth-sweetness, you

in mountain views, i'm glad it's you
i scrambled up the boulders to.
you saw me brim with glee, it was to
be seated by you, small against you.
my afternoon affection clouds enveloped you.

you are a big nude river in whom i swim:
drowning we kiss.

we snuck
a kiss
beneath a panel of a zine
unsheathed it from our lips
and marvelled, how
by looking in the kiss
we see the echo of

i want to show the world this post-america
how gay it shines, we are, how
we step into the river gleam
to feel our shoulders glow.

"what is the glow?" the readers ask?
we flip the zine - in the page
the boys have wings and laurel blooms
arrived like butterflies to their desires.

we live like this.

thus

ba	rho	yuo
sl	dos	uoy