

futon:

flat, lumpy mattress, pressed over metal bars,

*"you've never had a kind touch,"* HE

tastes like blueberry Hooka     where is the smoke? why

can't i breathe? my lungs —i can't

the TV's on in our garage; the Donnie Darko rabbit

watches me, watches HIS pelvis beat on top of me

close my eyes no-

body will notice the salt on my face, in my mouth,

my wet moans —screams? —cries over the surround

sound     of a ringtone? of my mom's Baptist advice that pleads

*"all men are Vikings,"* SHE

left seven voicemails begging me to go to church *first* —then re-

turn home where Jesus loves me? where

i'm welcome to my childhood bunk

bed:

firm, even mattress, raised high on screeching springs,

*"i never asked to be born,"* i whisper

into the pillows kissed     with blood-and-drool-and-shame-

and-dandruff-and-

how many dead cells do we lie with?

how

many     cells

do we lie

with

dead

—where am i?

floor:

a hard, often dirty surface, no bias for carpet or wood or tile, and i wake up

*"are you okay?"* THEY ask