

from Juked #7, Spring 2010

SEAN KILPATRICK

Thank You, Steel China: Chapter Two

BORN AFTER DEATH

I was over her as I was over being alive.
I thought for years something else would happen
Then I sat up. It took one week to stop loving her.
It was a comfortable week that never came.
I thought she couldn't menstruate without me.
I was trying to put her to sleep
with all the things she promised not to do in my absence.
I wanted to replace the walls with photographs
of different walls she hadn't leaned on.
I threw all her dreams on the floor and called them
ugly pop culture lubrication.
I spray painted my face to kill nutrition.
I still had her goose bumps taped to my goose bumps.
I was called bitch in a chorus of hyenas
when the heads on my wall ran out of ideas of what to be.
No wonder they never bothered learning anyone's name.
They built this museum in imitation of sweatpants.
I mean ribcages. They built this museum
in praise of looking down.

GHETTOS ARRANGED TO STAY GHETTOS

Steel China agglomerates money from the blood of her citizens.
I sold my crying for the names of people
that were killed in search of who I loved.
Trumpets filled with steak sounded off inside the mass grave.
Paintings of I'm Sorry were shot from cannons twenty-four hours a
day.
The celebration, the middling meat, the sperm of those who
loved her from better angles, crowded as the street two blocks
away
where animals sold the hide fresh off their backs.
I squeezed the seller's gums until the seller was me.
Different species said that I smelled like a tumor of constant bitch.
I began to hate anyone who looked different.

Toward a megaphone her voice held warm confetti.
I'm Sorry bestrode a lawn chair above the roofs
bathed in money and looking down.
I was below the point of talking but could enlist.
They gave her her own army when she developed breasts.
I demanded to be its general and was cleaning toilets by sunrise.
From the tickle her presence waved
through boot camp, I knew where to kill.
After graduation, the vents were clogged with so much confetti
three janitors died.

VOICEMAIL MESSAGES FOR I'M SORRY

I dialed I'm Sorry so much her secretary died:

My dreams are having rigor mortis without you in them.

Please save me from being saved.

I miss you at variable ratios.

How I miss you involves my extinction and so much less.

If I saw more of the world with your money

I could make you love me back for at least ten minutes.

Please get hypodermic on my shift again.

I need to watch you pale or the moon gets it.

Alright. Your name is stupid. I say it all day.

I miss you more than childhood.

I can contract just as good a case of tuberculosis as any boy.

I didn't think you knew I raped you until you woke up saying
father.

Why are you with other people when I'm leaving such good
messages?

I will give you a list of reasons why you are coming back.

I know, if I really loved you the world would stop existing.

I'm working on it.

If you love me back I will stop the world from happening.

Promise.

When I call again I will be the man your life grew up around.

You will mail me a plane and all your blankets will be outdated.

JUST TO BE ASSHOLES

In Paraguay, our clits grew to the size of motor oil
and I remembered my parents. We bit a woman until her husband
laid down with us and we stopped having relatives.
We were chased by a pack of slave labor Walt Disney drawings.
We helped change the jaws of the babies of Paraguay.
Before we got there they had never suffered any Lugar Automatic
Pistol damage.
Even our own t-shirts wouldn't support the revolution.
I told Pico that war is heck. "My name is not Pico," Pico said.
Pico mailed I'm Sorry all his mosquito bites and was given the
Purple Heart.
We took turns stuffing him up the entire woods.
Our gunpowder mixed with heroin was wearing off
which meant bullets could touch us
and that rich people weren't our friends.
We disconnected all the doorbells in Paraguay.
When our supplies ran out, we were sent lip gloss and cell phone
batteries.
We were sent screen pics of pre-packaged meals.
Our fleas began to starve.
There were rumors I started that I'm Sorry never existed,
that we fought for a machine, that only I could speak machine, or
love.
Just to be assholes, we threw a parade.

MARCHING FOR A CAUSE SONG # 903

I've come to lick the airport out of your hair.
I've come to play Spades in your eyelid.
I've come to teach you how prisoners dance.

You will cry before the museum closes.
Your tears will smell like carpentry.
Thanks.

I've come to scream in your pocket.
I've come to swim on your doorstep.
I've come to build a statue of your arms.

You will play jump rope with my DNA.
Your head will stink like grinning.
I only touch cancer patients.

I've come to come on your light bulb.
I've come to whistle in your sister.
I've come to perform because I hate you.

You will drive a car more expensive than my life.
Your motor will be a groin of baptisms.
Arrested for honking at yourself.

I've come to extract the prayer from your corneas.
I've come to sing about the glory of Kmart.
I've come to shotgun the couples.

You will crack me open like a pale vice.
Your tongue will send roses.

SEAN KILPATRICK

Roses of please die.
I've come to bury you in piss mold.
I've come with my hospital beard.
I've come to shed at you.

You will fake a bowel movement for Jesus.
Your pseudo-Jewish hat will never be funny.
Don't live in my direction.

I've come to won't in your haven't done.
I've come to disturb contemporary vaccines with culture.
I've come to sin in your face-water.

ANTI-PROCREATION SQUAD

I was flown to South America to poke fun at natives.
I arrived with a suitcase of giant foam hands.
I painted the hands black because black people's hands are funnier
than mine.
I was tied to a tree and high-five'd all day.
I told the kids erotic tales about birth control.
They cut me down and I slapped everyone with both foam hands.
I chased them into the same hut and yelled about anal sex.
I replaced their gods, one by one, with my giant hands.
In the dark, I built a fire and put my hands in.
They became stiff long fingers that drew a clock
in the dirt and we wound it back to stop our births.

We shared some corporate AIDS and went nice.
We became pregnant and starving. Our stomachs balanced out.
We wrote hamburger poems in an empty television.
We sang around the fire. We sang on purpose.
We rhymed by accident. We hated signing.
When we sang, we covered each other's ears.

We were raped by soldiers until we choked up
all the cardboard we had ever eaten.

Then a moralist photographer arrived and conducted
vital research while raping adolescent bullet wounds
in the name of courage.

"Give me 'Squiggling Botulism Pussy'
for the cover of *Time*. 'Loud Mom Face.'
Give me all your 'This Is Wrong.'"