



# NOV EL FOR MS

km.rowe

NO  
VEL  
FOR  
MS  
BO  
OK  
FIVE

start with expletive

like fuck or shit

or chinga tu madre, cabrón—sounds  
about right—she says—to  
get off on the right foot—an ode  
to the oddly shaped mouth of a poet—  
the thick skin of the payaso de rodeo—who  
knows best the horns of a bull—don't  
be a coward—she says—you got  
novel forms and you  
can take 'em too.

furthering empty dialogue where  
we prefer intercourse over marxist  
discourse—and we sparkle when naked—as  
we pomp the proletariat—sexual displays  
of the means of production sync with  
the psychoanalysis of poetry—where words  
once created vernacular worlds and proved  
the importance of peasantry and the golden  
sounds of those toppling governments—singing  
the songs of revolution—singing the songs  
of gallantry.

stop reading into things—i says—sometimes  
it's just  
    fucking poetry—  
and sometimes—she says—it's just  
    poetry to fuck to.

gem broke bruja—who  
got last cackle now?  
separate the yoke  
from the whites  
and discard the shell—it isn't  
a dress—a dress—addressed  
to you—and i no longer trust the  
mail anyway—so forget  
sage and forget lavender love—you  
forgot me—she says—i was dressed  
in black stuck in mycology all silly  
on mycelium maps drawn by  
dirt-born angels nakedly gnawing on  
the limbless and lifeless—the  
places we keep our desires in—all  
batten down the hatches!  
have i got an egg for you.

mudder and muddy  
and mystical money—the  
way fitness guru took from you—and  
all you got was a compliment on your ass—  
the way unwarranted and unwanted  
are often the same same thing.

apart from ageless—she says—you  
look nearly dead and i ain't going to breathe  
no air in your dumb mouth—so let the moths  
annoy at your dull-lit eyes—  
your so full of shit—she  
says—your eyes are turning brown—my eyes are  
brown—i says—exactly!—her volley—  
her bitter return—as she puts me in the ground.

make delicate

shapes with your hands—i says—a  
cup—a bird—and a heart—i touch  
myself—she says—each day a different saint—  
another place on my body—i touch myself  
saintly—i touch myself religiously—and one  
day i made the decision that you  
could touch me too.

we dress ourselves in other characters—not  
disguises but metamorphosis—wishful  
thinking—guy me or guide me—to ring  
made of water—fuck—she says—water doesn't  
fall, it flows—it tumbles—it trips—it rolls—but  
it is too graceful to fall—i'm not sure  
why, but i like it when you spit in my mouth.

bury me and bereave me—no  
grief no discomfort—just dig me a hole—and  
bury me—novel forms and gravestones—no  
don't mark where i lie—lifeless or less life—  
a rotting retrospect of a man i am—can't  
even get buried right—most folk don't  
even know my real nose—tympan skin—write  
me a letter—i says—even though nobody  
writes em anymore—novel forms and  
moveable type or the way words move  
through my mind—i got it—i says—bury  
me here—in the forest—in the moss—animal  
antler antics—butting heads—or just  
our privates—bury me here—between two  
trees—burn copal—lower my body—say  
goodbye—i'll be home tomorrow—she says—  
i can't dig much deeper.

don't move—softer and softer—gentle  
woman—can't bury me colibri—i am  
sent of honeysuckle—she says—i am barely  
bird the shape of flight—i am the words  
you describe me by—between the house  
and a honey hole we groom the valley  
floor—we move trees—we whisper twine  
and chainlink fence—it's not about control—she  
says—i'm not sure you know the difference  
between metaphor and metonymy—in fact,  
i don't even think you know if you know me.

english and granduer—la lengua es una pistola—  
i am caracola—she says—i says—i am  
tortoise—i am snake—we have taxonomy—  
shell be home—more taxes, less bread! she says—  
you mean the other way around—i says—but  
gluten is our enemy—she says—but on this day—  
in the philosophy of bread—we rise—i says—  
we rise!

novel forms as hills as breasts—bread drunk  
beasts—we heft—we heave—we mesh—we  
weave—we fuse—we coalesce—we are secrets  
in forgotten languages—naked atop yagul—fools  
burning under the sun—pulque wet kisses—  
valley whipped windswept cliffs—call me a cactus  
—she says—fruit of biznaga—agua de chilitos—  
red as blood—red as sex.

we ain't alone—we says—we are ferment—  
sugars  
under change—ephemeral and wet—we think  
—we sing and sin—i thought if  
you could put  
me to sleep—bury me in blankets—i thought  
if the night was the speed that caused the winds  
—i thought if i was buried  
in books or  
in shame—you  
would stay and remain—but we—we says—  
we burn ephemeral—bright at first—but  
even at night—not all stars are visible  
to the naked eye.

indigo or cochineal—  
we lose our footing—we lose ourselves  
we feed off parasitic love—the colour  
of cactus—whatever colour that might be—and  
we trouble to sound the purr of night—we  
walk like dead through the day.

colour me proprietary—iridescent  
and of kind—i ain't sure who owns  
this body—but surely they be blind.

oh gaudy gurus—self-help sultans—she  
won't buy you—i won't—she says—i  
for an i—zen monopoly—blighted  
by brighter gardens—and this coral  
is my grave—don't bury me—i says—  
drown me in blue—dressed in robes—  
the colour of god—whatever colour that  
is—and paint me the present—simply  
softer and softer—sell my hands—softer  
and softer—ego so big—i says—i lost her—  
i lost her!

desire or ire—plenty of protest  
and propagating the wrong man—those  
who find meaningful work—whatever  
that is—and whose hands aren't so  
soft—and shift me reality where  
gaussian soldiers inform me i am  
queer—or shop me a new one—she  
says—hand me your phone—too many  
photos—you are obviously blind to me—  
blind to reality—yet with hands so soft—  
i just wish you would touch me.

novel forms and those we  
shall take—and those we steal—  
and those we make—if identity is a shadow—  
she says—colour me between the lines—break me  
apart into tidy written lines—or i shall  
describe you—she says—with love  
or complaint—i'll bury you in memory  
as the walls we repaint—and here we are  
bundled up all a mess—no matter how  
much i get—i says—i wouldn't want  
more—and i wouldn't want less.

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