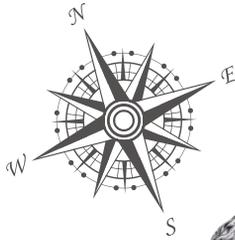


autogenic mapping & other transgressive cartographies

km.rowe







the din of nature
reminds me
that i am here

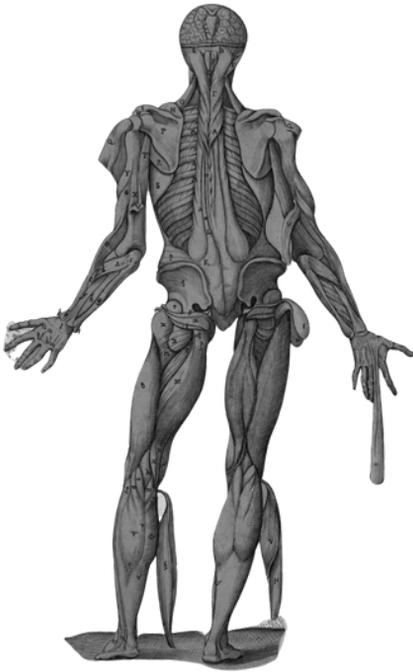
poise yourself
or so i am told
touching citrus
dimpled skin

banking on
memory to
lead me from
one body to
the next—

i am old
as the word or
as the books
that tumble
around in my
shaking life

i am only
as much as the
wobbly memories
that have led
me here

i am a map with
no lines—i am
a broken flesh tone
compass—a man or a
stonework mannequin.



we are just
fleshy bodies
with hands

dripping ripe
with cosmic
time—and
although we
are lost
we will find
our way—

sightless &
senseless our
feet square
against the
universe

drifting slow
in honeystuck
sugar—where
amber is the
sound of an
empty space

we unravel
at breakneck
speeds—darning
the holes we leave
behind with patterns
of red & blue thread
attached to me—
attached to you.

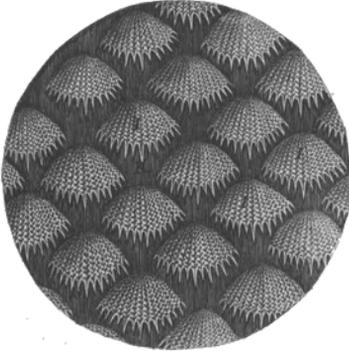
i see you
in me in you
in the fuzzy
glow of a
cell phone
screen—

this is just
a chapter
in our novel
we have only
made notes for

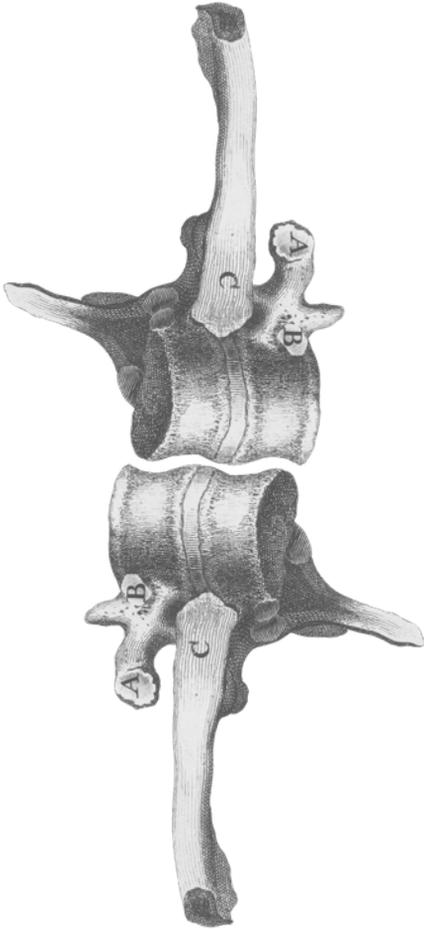
i can't say
i know your
phone number
by heart
but my
fingertips
won't lie

don't lie
but the truth
of the matter is
we are refrigerated
creatures creeping
forward—embedding
ourselves in each
other's lives

constantly complaining
technology—we
tend to forget our
touchy fleshy touchy bits.



i made a map
of the closet
we keep our
bones in and
aged it twenty-three



we cut a library
from popup books
propped up
like a ship at sea

and as we slept
the cosmos
passed us
dragged by
unknown currents
measured in
some form
of wattage

we waddle
our little
selves deeper
and deeper into
the void or
up the walls
we let our
art rot on and
that we
painted so to
keep the
attention of
the laziest of
our friends.



we call them
devices as if
they aren't
attached to us

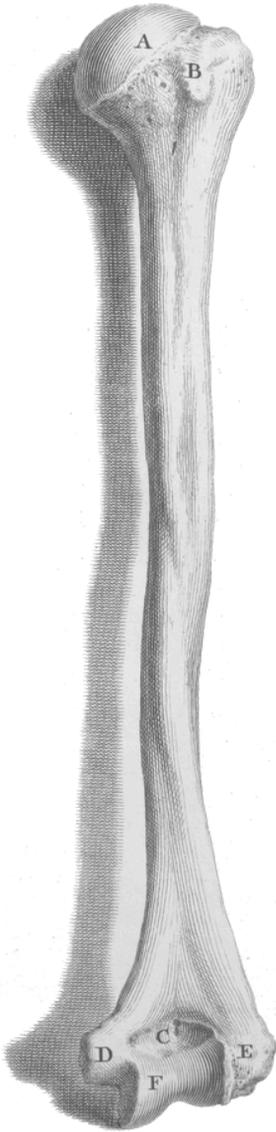
and when
the batteries
run low we

cartwheel
cartographies
cashing-in on
 cliché and

in this place
of loosened
and lucid
meaning

we give
directions
in acronyms
or novel anagrams
nonmoral ravages
poor mans
portmanteaus

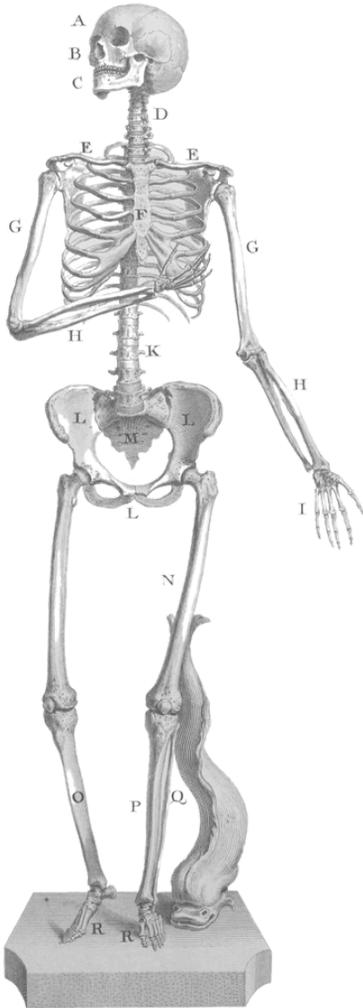
to keep
little pretty
kitty on her
itty-bitty
paws gently
pawing at
your tippy-toes.



folk play
for keeps—
they say,
i made this
i own this
it belongs
to me—en
all i got is
a collection
of rattletrap
bones barely
held together
with tawdry
tendons and
kept in place
neath frail flesh

ecstatic younglings
exporting exercise
or exorcisms that
promise personal
propriatorship
but let's put pause
to the myth—

you're just
borrowing
those molecules
and those maps
made'a string
err bound to
get ya lost.



fine, you
got some
books to
set on fire—

paper pyrotechnics
& i got my
buttless chapbooks
to read naked
after fucking you

but geometry
looks different
from the wrong
angles—where
books are bricks

to put through
the glass ceiling
of capitalism—
but we sell

ourselves limb
by limb & we
get lost in the
limbic cloud

of emotions
where we can
no longer
control the body

dictated poorly
a thalamussolini.

map me
maybe on
tuesday or
wednesday
or where we
make up
the middle



i am fleshy
thing
i am shiny
bit
of metal—
glint the sun
chrysin aurigans
scarab polymorph

glint of light
chirping the
wave at 515
nanometers

i am golden
compass or
the bell of
a trumpet

that calls
out again
and again
follow me

*follow me into
futures unknown.*



to break
my feet in
on your
grey ground

hardened
concrete
crisscrossing
your america

not ours
but yours—
the america
of exclusion

of tactless
theft and
open brazen
death—we

are lost here
on a continent
sized map—
composed of

dangerous lines
that you call
borders that
many cannot

cross—those
who bear the
burden of your
misanthrope.



we are
sharp instruments
with mouths
that cut through
the silence
of your trickery.



we are
children
of cartography

collapsing in
the sun we
followed

into this
desert of
destitution

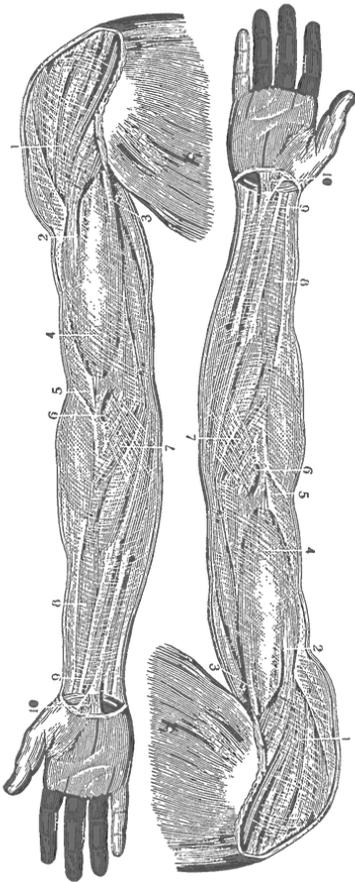
we map our
losses as if
they treasure

geographic
grifters we
twist and we

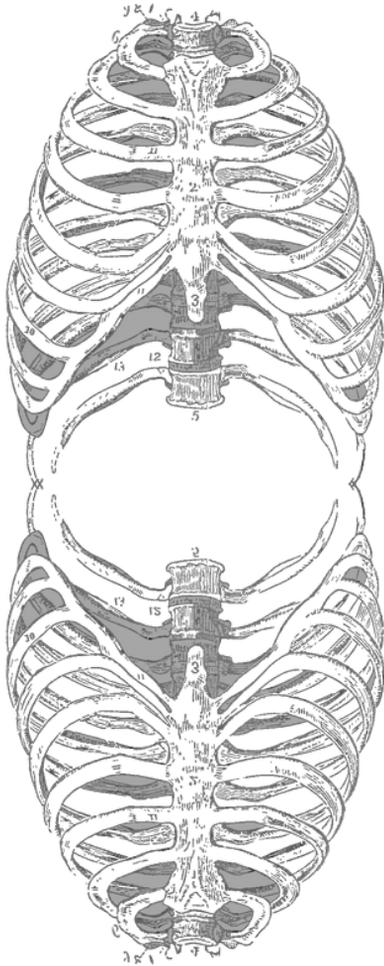
twinkle unlawful
displays & we
take we take

we take what
we can—what
we are left with

scraps just scraps.



i was
mixed by
hand—
angle
corner
cut and
fold—
quantum
as she does
it bois—
we call
it home
but really
we don't
know where
home is
unless
the cement
feels right
or where
the window
lets in
just the
right amount
of light in
and in
bed where
we mix
fluids or
just sleep
we extend
our jaws in
preparation
for the
coming day.



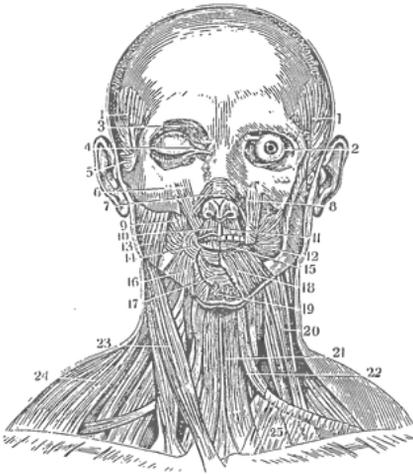
we found
a boat made
of bones lost
on an eerie lake
don't lust for
me—and i won't
tell the captain—
we set forth
regardless our
navigational
ineptitude
sordid and
sorry—captain
shows us his
squalor—i am
broken here
lost on this
lake with no
shores so show
me something
i haven't seen
like love or
lovers quarrel
but keep it
quiet or we
will have to
toss you
overboard—
show me scars
or show me
sympathy so
i won't not
forget.



useless atlas
nothing worth
knowing can
be taught and how
tawdry is forced
pedagogy—despotic
teachers—pirate
realtors—fucking
house flippers—we
are ripe for loss
so give us the
wrong recipes
and we will cook
up something
mediocre at best
gentrified and petrified
we are the children
of the children
of the children
of the lost generation
and we ain't found
ourselves yet and
we usedacoulda
cuddle with gals
with pierced noses
and lips and call
it an act of safe
revolution—but
teacher-preacher
says we ain't got
no salvation.

forget the mountains
unless they keep the
valley safe and in these
times of lightning n
thunder we take
cover in the uplifting
features of our
personal geography

*i wish i was a mole
in the ground—if i's
a mole in the ground
i'd root that mountain
down and i'd wish
i was a mole
in the ground*

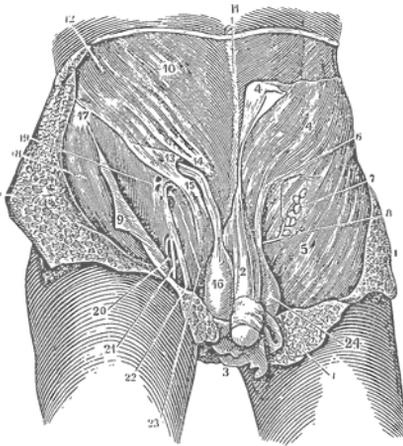


i ain't never been
in the bin with
rough n rowdy men
but if the chance
should come i'd
hope you'd sing
and sing me home
or sing me away

let's burn these
maps of false
topography and
hide in abandoned
mines and tell folk
to mine their own
business as we make
public displays of
indecenty

i was falling
from your
shores when
i came around

you have me
tangled and
i couldn't
feel freer—
on the other
side of the
river—a tree
i felled and the
shine of the
axe i threw
in the water
turned into
steelhead trout



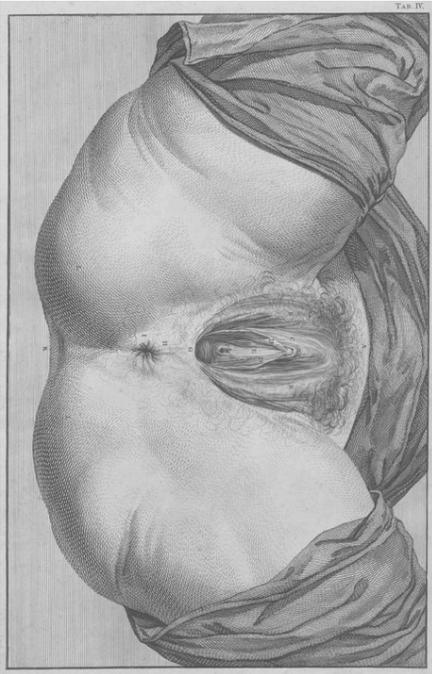
we put her on a leash
and she leads us
straight to the
sea—the place
where you thought
you lost me—but
we were just
playing fish scale
games like tiny
gems on the beach

i cooked up some
steamed crab—and
we embraced in the
scent of her broth.

three times
around the
map you
gifted me—

*what colour
is that—*
you ask of me—
i believe, but
don't quote
me—that
is the colour
of the softwater
sea where the
wind blows
gently for
you and briskly
for me

i drew some
things on my
skin to help
you find your way
and you trace
them with your
fingers when you
feel we are in love
scratching your
initials in—like
the trunk of
a tree—swing
low in the east
or we gone to glory
or just the west.





folk memories
for when we
feeling down—

broken cities
we left before

pins on a map
on the wall
and we ask:

*is this what home
costs?*

a bank and a job
and i ain't much
a jobbin' man

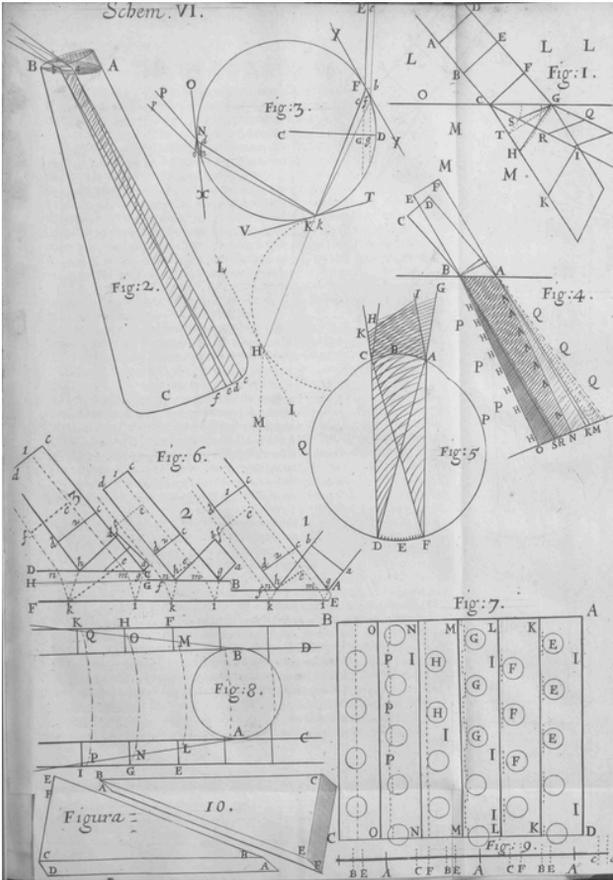
but folk tell
me i got a
talent for the word

but words
ought be free—
besides i often

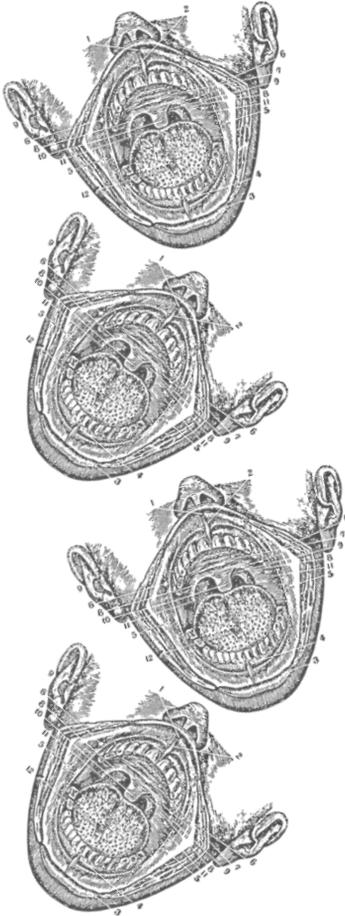
find myself lost
in 'em or at a
loss for them.



the prettiest
gal i ever did
see—died a
while from
now—she weren't
internet pretty
but she held
her own as
light filtered
through dust
and pine tree
she took my
hand en sed
follow me.



if there
is a map
for it—
you can
bet that
it was
stolen.



tucked in
neat in the
fat cheek swell
of my mouth

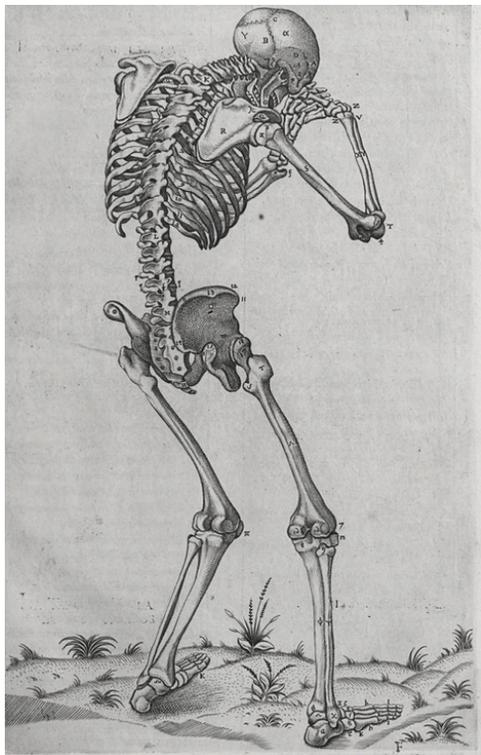
we fill it with
rainwater and
we drown in
my words

i forgot the
directions you
gave me in
the cacophony

of my phoniness
& i'd apologize,
but it should
be obvious that

i am talking
right this
instant—an ego
lost in his own

thought—thoroughly
describing the
places he has been
as if it mattered.



tickle me
tenderly and
tuck me in
at night

under pink moon
a song and a
soft kiss
but here we are

phonetically
energetic with
no time for sleep
we tie ourselves
to the new moon
to the new day
to a future
we drag
ourselves
into.



stagger-lead
and bring me
forward—
with or without
you—young
cartographer—
maker of maps
—body is atlas
and we draw
each other naked
in the bright
light of day—
honey drop
sun sticking
to the floor
keeping our
feet warm—we
are connected—
we are networked
flesh—bone—lungs—we are
shimmering
bodies putting the stars to shame—
properly proletariat we map our little
worlds—in story—in song—in the ways
we love and
the ways we get
along—along the
way it's certain
we will get lost
because an atlas—a
map only shows
us where we have
been—it won't tell
us where we are
going.

invisible city press