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A few more poems  
by Adrià Soler





why i don't mind not pissing outside.

the most convenient place to have cut my foot open

was stepping on a dustpan.

“finish sweeping and feint”.

are the instructions on this box of bandages.

seeing double i cleaned the whole house before

closing my eyes and doing arithmetics to subtract

myself from the equation.

now there is one container

with 9 pints of blood and non of me left.

looking through the tired denim jeans

at our local hospice swap meet next to the

old coats with worn out zippers

(from being put on in a hurry to leave)

past the mysterious kitchenware.

i spot you looking through clothes that are

made the same way as the clothes im

wearing. you notice that also and then

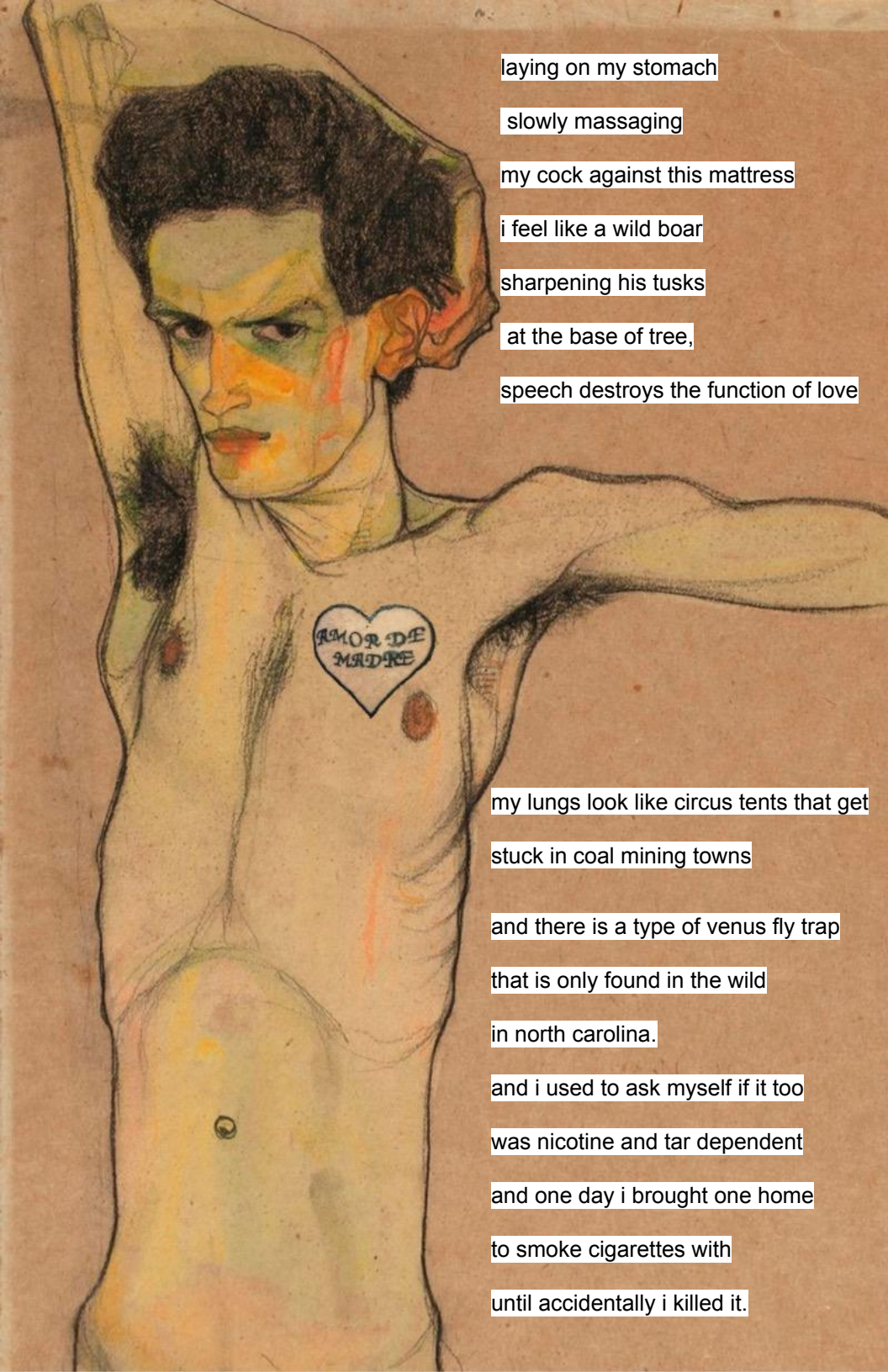
we make eye contact. but i immediately turn

away embarrassed because my hands are in

someone else's underwear.

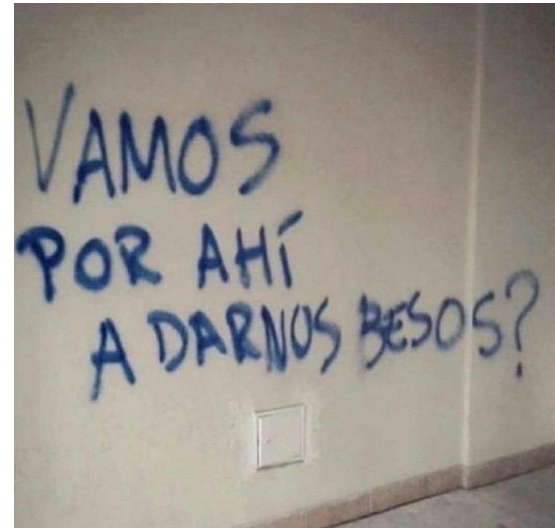




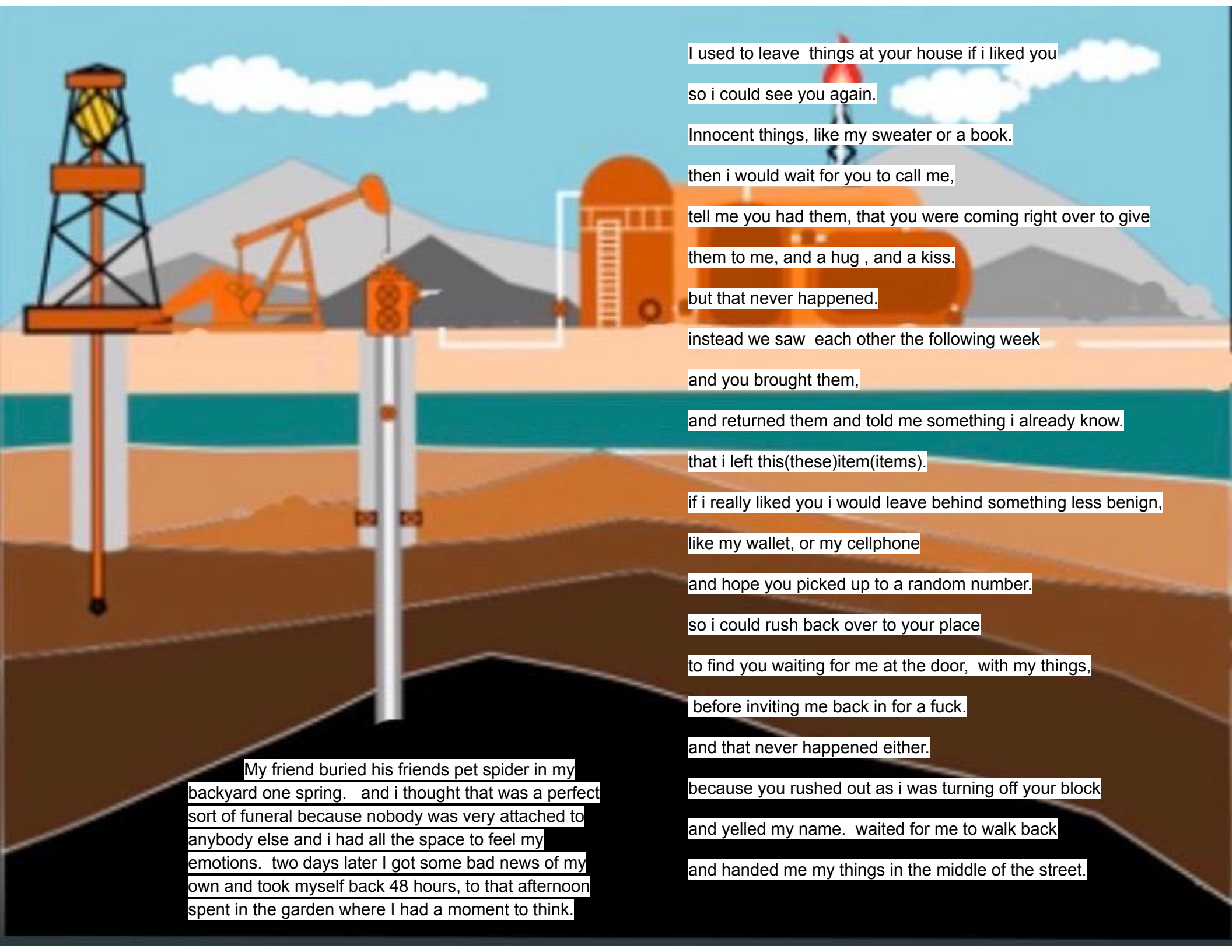


laying on my stomach  
slowly massaging  
my cock against this mattress  
i feel like a wild boar  
sharpening his tusks  
at the base of tree,  
speech destroys the function of love

my lungs look like circus tents that get  
stuck in coal mining towns  
and there is a type of venus fly trap  
that is only found in the wild  
in north carolina.  
and i used to ask myself if it too  
was nicotine and tar dependent  
and one day i brought one home  
to smoke cigarettes with  
until accidentally i killed it.







I used to leave things at your house if i liked you  
so i could see you again.

Innocent things, like my sweater or a book.

then i would wait for you to call me,

tell me you had them, that you were coming right over to give  
them to me, and a hug , and a kiss.

but that never happened.

instead we saw each other the following week

and you brought them,

and returned them and told me something i already know.

that i left this(these)item(item(s)).

if i really liked you i would leave behind something less benign,

like my wallet, or my cellphone

and hope you picked up to a random number.

so i could rush back over to your place

to find you waiting for me at the door, with my things,

before inviting me back in for a fuck.

and that never happened either.


because you rushed out as i was turning off your block,

and yelled my name. waited for me to walk back

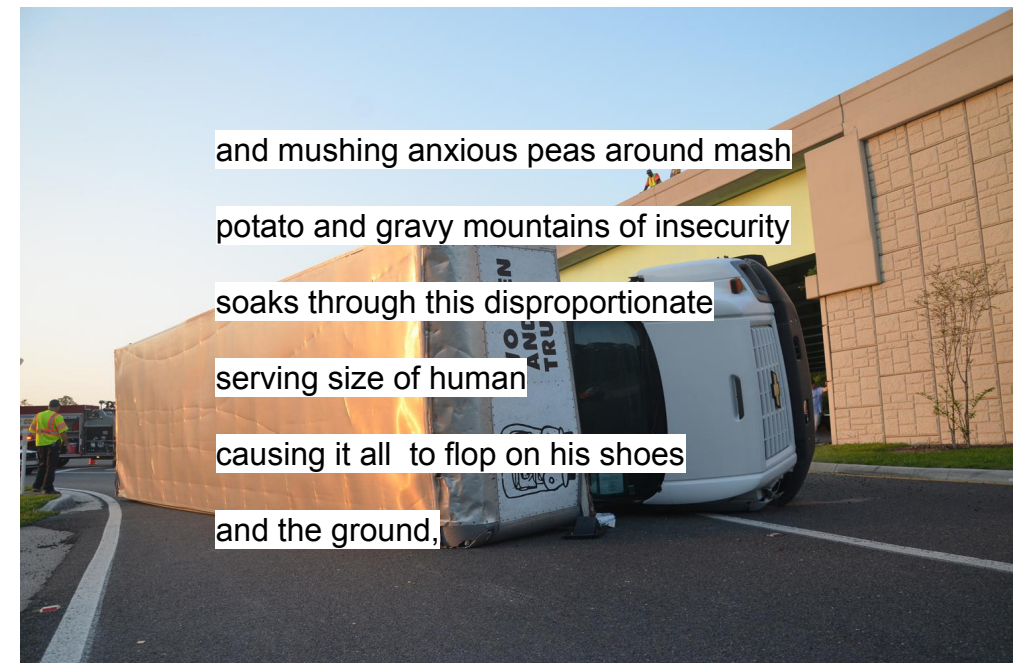
and handed me my things in the middle of the street.

My friend buried his friends pet spider in my  
backyard one spring. and i thought that was a perfect  
sort of funeral because nobody was very attached to  
anybody else and i had all the space to feel my  
emotions. two days later I got some bad news of my  
own and took myself back 48 hours, to that afternoon  
spent in the garden where I had a moment to think.





weirdly apprehensive because there's  
alot on my plate right now  
and it feels more like a stale piece of  
bread on a napkin than anything



and mashing anxious peas around mash  
potato and gravy mountains of insecurity  
soaks through this disproportionate  
serving size of human  
causing it all to flop on his shoes  
and the ground,



fucked in and turned on

like you never could for me

by a fucking train



I don't want to sleep tonight,  
I don't want to work ever,  
I don't want to love, i'd love to quit smoking,  
I don't want to bathe again ever or need a  
shower, nobody feed me, no sensory intake  
I quit reading and writing,  
I don't want my name or your name,  
I don't want to die but i don't like living here  
I don't care if my phone dies or if i never buy  
weed again,  
I forgot my lighter  
I don't need matches, the weathers whatever,  
I come in fourth because  
I'm not out for the podium,  
rotten intentions in sugar ferment the wrong  
way,  
don't tell me to think, or to breathe because  
Im always doing both.  
don't bother covering your bases because i  
hate you baseball team,  
I hope nobody scores

I don't care if the sun goes out, or you never come back,  
Im tripping off you and over my laces,  
I don't care if you dont read this,  
It's not about you,  
I hope it rains, and you rust,  
I wanna see your loose chain,  
I want to feel you skip second gear without warning and  
I want flat tires and soft brakes,  
I'll eat your soggy cereal and dry off in your humid towel  
we cannot both use this hot water for our tea or this rose  
water in a bath  
I just want to keep going until my eyes close,  
I wont set an alarm to wake me up.

