



NICHOLAS MICHAEL RAVNIKAR

Grudge

If this ain't the decimal that kills me,
it could be the one that might.

I forget about a dozen receptacle years ago.
No one else cumpers & my infants talk.

smaller parks this arena float across
craving. Cave-ins common round there.

& capering gallopers result in firm postscript.
We didn't never graduate. Wieners.

How about we don't mention aft
and shear those wholesale intuitions off

cuz this sarcophagus means bad luck
for the rest of you pricks, at least.

Don't criticize the mickle, blame
that big sack looms sidelong with

at a distance. What about hefting that around
inside your motives? Don't sound

grabby in the mouth traps anyway;
just feel it. Forged about the sample touch

in aftermath. You'll save a good reputation
hominid when retainers are retail policy,

if not joyous alternative. More than anything,
remember the tenderness of chopping

is laden with the drain of every moment:
there is a half-ride whenever you look out

or in another's right hand. The lengthy aperture
shorts and, spread out, the etches changing

like consent remorse balled up on the kitchen
dilated lessons of looking at the dimsy

This is not the vehicle that killed me
nor is it an auto. The seams are willing—as long as

we keep the march of dimes silent. So much
devotion will easily dry out our eyes,

so you punish them. The history of religion
is ever delinquent, so that consequently

everyone exhausted the methods of gathering
its sediment. But we saved this

one piece, and we buried it beneath the sidewalk.
I'd rather not elaborate.

Cannibalism Lying on the B-Side

Of dead
peaceful limbs
the disguising squawk
fragile:

a soggy franchise
of gosling fingers,

flattened. That,
and pale,
to the bass
they thump

wet
to rub against,
braced
in the grass.

Interns look
at the new exclusion
incoming plastic
weighted by newsprint

wastrels stationed
in a statue rendered
by foreign aid bled snakes

and the mallrats weep
malnourished.

My Rubber Company: Part One

makers of the
rubber world:
flakes who shit
settlements:

those against
admiration:
all they do is
smile: everybody

lets them,
poking fun
at the naked
self portraits

they've done.
Smug lipped
gamblers
of waste.

My Rubber Company: Part Two

Their shoes are worse than sour dick.
their shoes are cheaper than salt
their shoes are woes because
their shoes are wiping off.

They got dirty shoes under windows
Mud clutters on the floor
Like an obscene, dry vomit
Bundled up in little clumps

Of an idea that suggests,
ever so plausibly, something is wrong.
Their models are painted black.
Their models are dead from exhaust

With diamond studded assholes
The CEO won't even lick.

from Matches are Forgiving

A seed
unifies inquiry.

This is
not mono.

THE BODY'S
JUDGEMENT

reckons
what the doctors

can't suppress.
Electric guitarists,

the mainstream press
bloats,

in a river of blood
that is longer

every week.
Shame determines

every facet
of the sweep

that muscular
laundry man

takes
in the evening

as the skin
on his neighbor's

elbow
tightens.

the primary absurdity
is our basic retention
of double-bind promises:

focus on wealth grain
amrita gets polemic
o them blues again

same sane, forlorn oven
when life flies foul
& wails hip will always

slay em good.
These elvish sewers
name their price,

scheme bizarre and
vanish like it.

The Burden of Doubt

I gave up on what you said not to,
started something different.
Suitcases dangling seductively on one toe
Looks heavy.
The woman's inviting black hair
topples me over. To speak with her jaw
& her glass of milk.

It was a recital. w/ a familiar stench
of the body turning into itself.
They were gathering in the foyer,
proving more of a liquid
clutter than earlier expected. Bye.

Most of them are somehow more related
to the ancient methods of sex
change operation on rough-
hewn tablets. No IRS problems these days, no.

If Honey had the candles on glow
in the tint of noon He was stroking
his she-rock beard, puffing

LIPOSUCTION AND THE PAINFUL MYTH OF FETAL POSITIONS

Little parts of each
space you're making
from little spaces
making you into
each part of space is

the verge of

description: when you
say I hate you say I
mean it, because if
you really want things
to change then you
have to mean it. I
want you to know this
bad: I only say
I hate you only because

it astounds me hold
me still if you can it
gets easier for those
who can stand here
a while & eventually
we will, we'll break,
eventually we'll
get down if you hold me
onto the pavement
together, we'll do this

I swear I will, eventually
& scrub the blood
from our picture
album from the parts
of us where ashes fall
and words fail and
I will eventually
give in, we will scrub
that into place.

“And Now Presenting Picasso Constipated”

he enters / sodomizing Equators / the government/
impossibly rolling / a Black Lincoln/ She won't tell
you / about the last time
sleep wz. wide enough to cross the sun
(grammatical/belittled) at tasteline, / broken elbow /
lunchbox hinge
fluorescent catheter / hung out / bouncing / every
direction
adrift, shy, crooked / splintered week

Some weights become stars

although reason allocates hypotheses
to become hypnotic definitions
within the systematic puke
of singular eating. Breakfast machine.

All subsequent property comprises
a recreational series of technological exercises
in mark-off circulation, alternately.
It goes without saying those bastards'

analog will ruin your head

with insignificant manipulations
that never were as sure before in their lives
to pleat eyes with suckle
a frail zoology that learns of Herculean secret faults
impropriately digested wheels
ripped into flat, lifeless coordinates.

“So long!
Here, comb
thee claws
to spread
on my bloated
stucco
muck.”

Burping is the name of a donkey Who lives on the edge of a country In the bleak light of dawn Her shadow is long, And when she lay dead it is Wednesday.

(July 11, 2005 typing November 23, 2005
Two-colored almond pages—really, yellow.
there should only be five lies before rust
three people to always leave beer cans
lying around. a girl on a bike screams
this ISBN a carnival last three years,
m'name's darker than the world, 2x as sweet
& I've always wanted to be swallowing a tree.)

Paid Summer Internship

It seems
that plastic cups
need refilling too;
the facetious excuses
have gone too far,
become too drastic.
It is empty.
they say it is plastic.
different versions
of it are spoken
& too much of the body
is thinking
that without friendship's lumps
the amputated sugarcane
will actually cough
and scare away
the boys rolling
a keg down the street
who, playing off

their hindsight
for a job, will toss
a ragamuffin their bones
and belittle him
on points of honor.

Roughened hair
in a lilac light,
Pops jots the notes down
about a prizewinning
all-American stallion,
and there's not
a thing to be said
about the plots
for the dead
that we keep
tilled and fertile
with grape soda.

As we stand around,
crumpled sheet music
at the buffet table,
crushing pills
in our disposable handkerchiefs
reading triple-sumos
in moonlight,

The Dumb Patients
hate their secrets;
don't be so quick
to believe all their stories
of neglect and abuse.
So many of them
are doctors
who are more
or less confused
—they couldn't tell
a pillow from a hurricane.

The golden-eyed parentheses
siren from the ground,
longing to look
at the spread on the table
but the shame
dangling from the edge
of their forks
keeps them clutching
their heads
and the gleam
inside, where
no guest will notice.