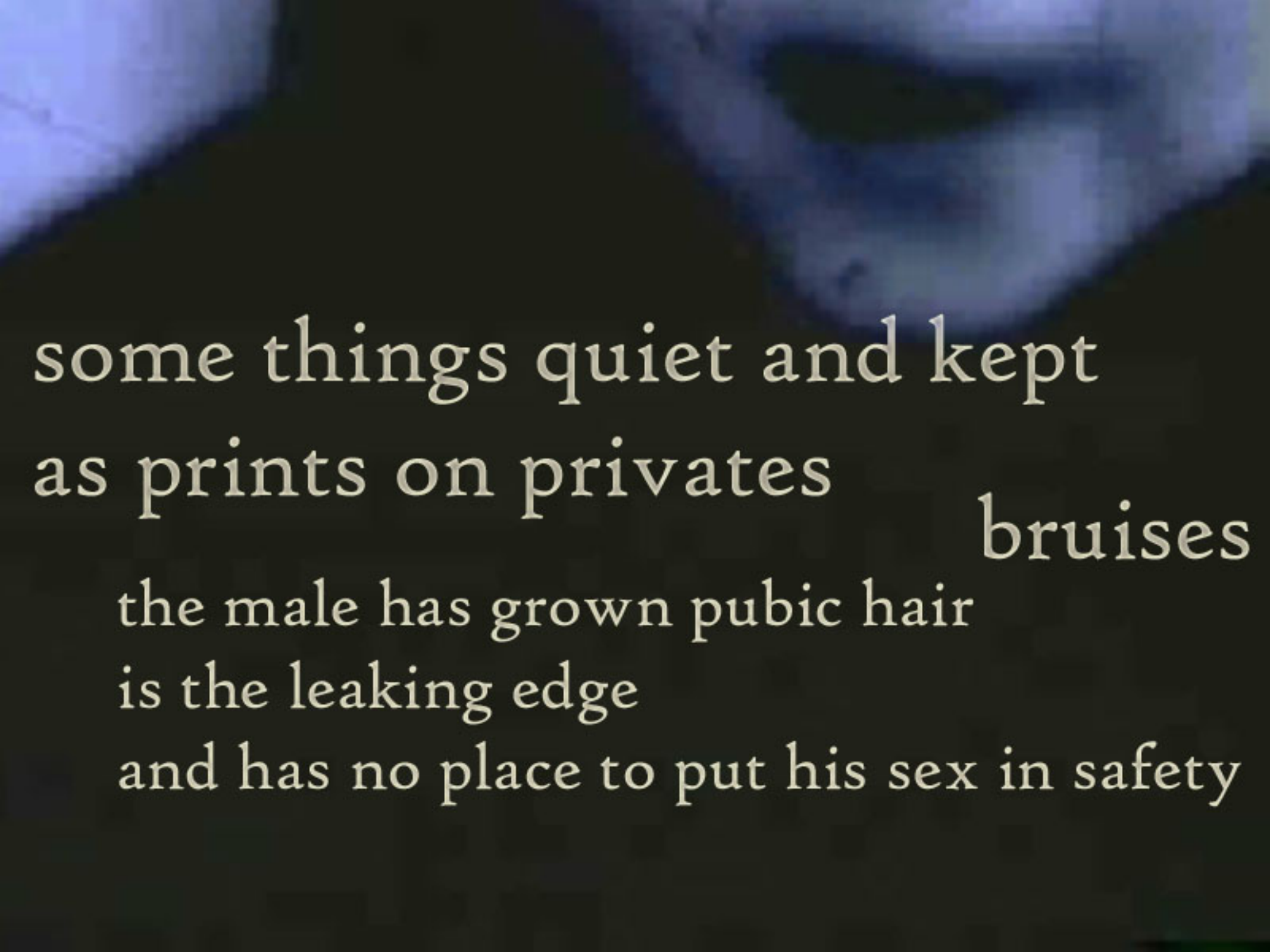




love and child is

always something new



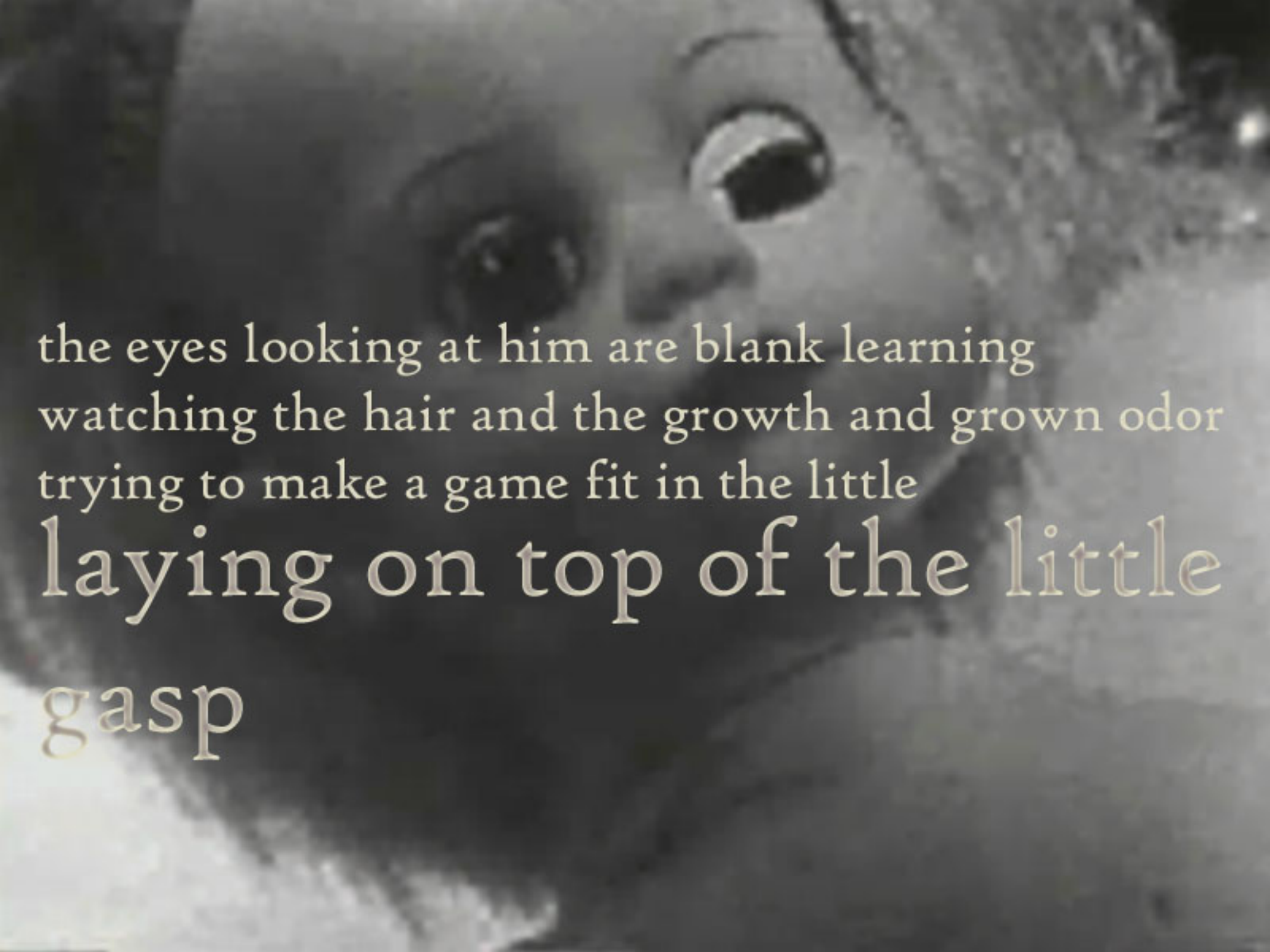
some things quiet and kept
as prints on privates

bruises

the male has grown pubic hair
is the leaking edge

and has no place to put his sex in safety

needing a person to surround completely
to study and find
holes



the eyes looking at him are blank learning
watching the hair and the growth and grown odor
trying to make a game fit in the little
laying on top of the little
gasp

and his hand covers

the cliché is

“our little secret”

no.

don't fit this way

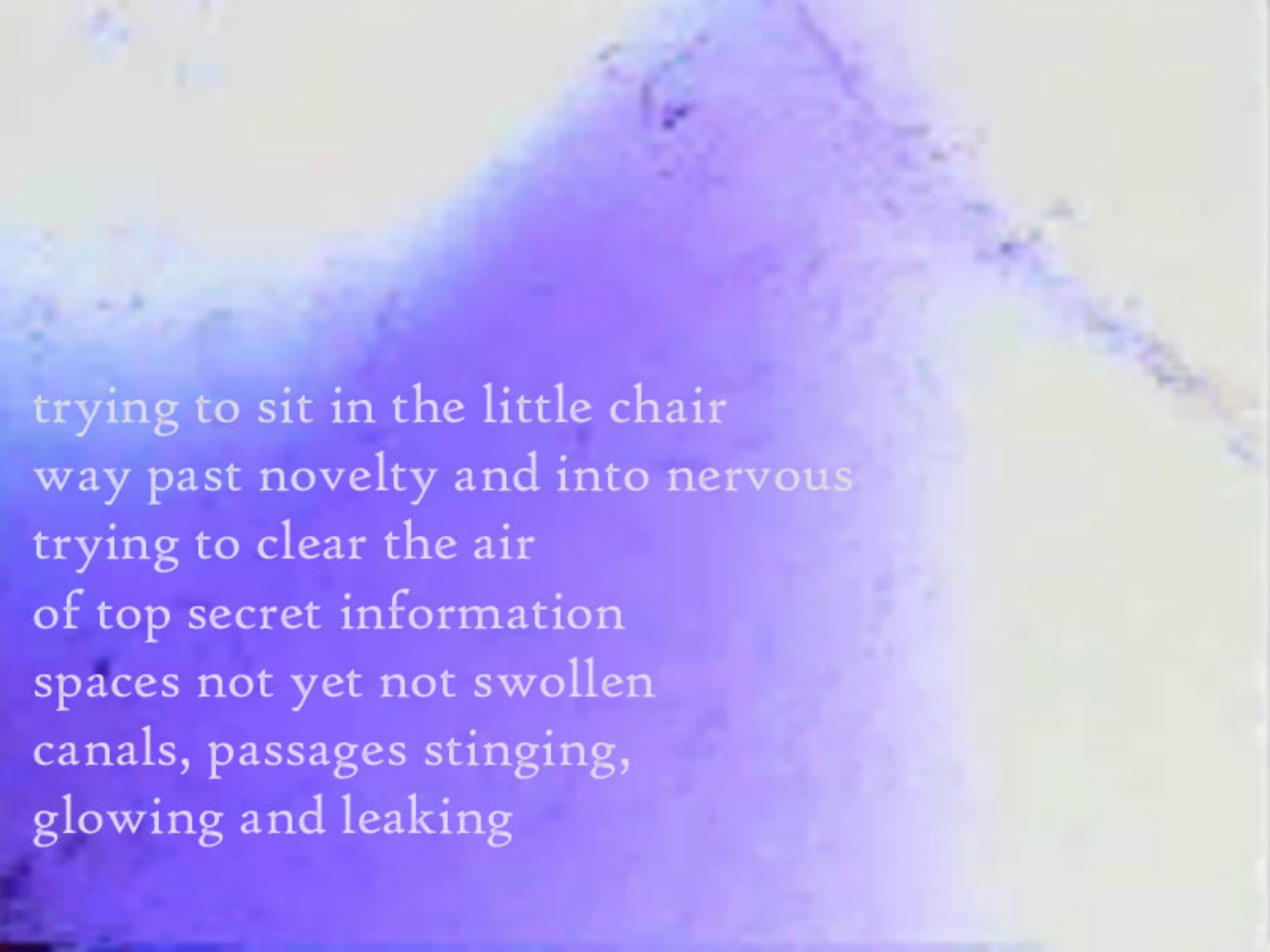
something is wrong

the giant has broken groaning

in.

chip off the old block

push and grind to dust



trying to sit in the little chair
way past novelty and into nervous
trying to clear the air
of top secret information
spaces not yet not swollen
canals, passages stinging,
glowing and leaking



gasp:

the teacups are plastic
cold and empty
the doll is another robot
she is sleepy



and he is going down the stairs

This selection, “incest,” comes from the chapbook *the adolescence of the cool* by Bryan Wilhite.

This chapbook is available in print for sale online at CaféPress.com.

This presentation is produced by Songhay System.

