

Brandon Shimoda

Without reserve there is no love
Opposition a glorious gift

Return to the year broken free

the necessary thorn
of breath and heat
In place of a life once considered

Damned Return to the year
Broken free
insidious heat
and harvest

Softly I bite into the stone fruit of human ruin

freezing my tongue
I graze
my face
All tastes of the stone fruit of human ruin
A pomegranate breaking on a foot
bridge of freshly laundered skulls
etymologically strong-

Hold in the air of beheading

tastes at all as I want
To taste
A stone fruit of human ruin wipes
plasma
down off the cross

The being of a reject is
the remnants not of love
But essence
by omission
exemplary

Courage of reckless confession
 there is
No tradition beginning
Contrary to deliberating
 guns never miss the target
Thinking
 by love
Thinking love returns

To the year broken free
 of negligible survival
My name a nagging emetic

Outpacing the howling unease
 in the sheets

I end each day in the arms of a python
 breathing loudly its scales
Through the mattress baby nazareth
 trollops
 the market
Tramples those who cannot
Love as blades
Slice the air flesh juices flesh
Drums armored fruit
 as a gift you promise to spread

To say we will be hungry
For a few months just
Might return us to our bonny forms
The grand days of the Occident
Bent at the windows in our underwear
 in fact no stranger
 to any
 of the figures you made
 me watch. Who knew
A leg could bend
Around the come-on of an axe
 like that

... bad faith

Responses to ingenuous questions

We walk
The waterworks. Pet the rabid
lamb. The fatherland of hell

The things we want
to leave the works
The fire in unique denominations
between
Caress and devotion
is why I want
To remove myself
Deal only in delicious joy
Freed from myself is success