

# vodka-mountain



by kelly sexton

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**done**

i don't smoke cigarettes or play guitar

i hate beer and

i can't read this

it must be beautiful

## **gorge-us on death**

when a child asks me 'why do lightning bugs glow'  
i say 'they're magic,' because i don't know either  
an adult is a child that knows it's a child

the bug hit my windshield, broke apart  
his light separated from the dark body  
stayed glowing  
death gave light, glowed long after  
made hostages of my eyes

separate my glowing stomach from the dark portions  
stay lit  
even after flesh has been abandoned  
after light leaves grey eyes



## **folding**

when you sleep i disappear  
crumple into my head and  
leak on the pillow for hours

vacant sanctuary,  
dried out anointment

it's not hard to be alone,  
it's hard to realize  
how long you've been that way



## **the roses instead**

young pale nothingness  
frosted with the tears of generations of sobriety  
stomping on logic  
doesn't make any fucking sense  
my mind is wet and broken  
heavy with virus  
worn thin through years of unwanted desire  
obliterating everything i know is all i know  
deconstruction for reconstruction  
just forgot the latter  
stared at the roses instead

waiting for all to stop  
cannot move past the suffering  
it's not the ability to see what is  
just small, young words

all happiness is bittersweet  
the suffering becomes the passion  
the passion the suffering

keep trying to rid myself of the self  
but wind up just ignoring it

for hours i knew i needed to do it  
stared at the roses instead  
wrote on that damned typewriter for an hour  
without realizing there was no paper  
better that way  
empty words cycling on an ink-soaked wheel  
falling to the pool of drink  
perpetually hiding in my body  
wrapped with muscle and anxiety  
shrouded by blood and fleshlets of continual change  
the molecular doesn't bother me  
just what i can see

\.../

other animals don't kill themselves  
they just give up on living  
lie down on their snouts in the mud  
let the world swallow them  
cut and broken from eternal existence

there is no two  
only one and one  
it is  
or  
it isn't  
and  
it isn't

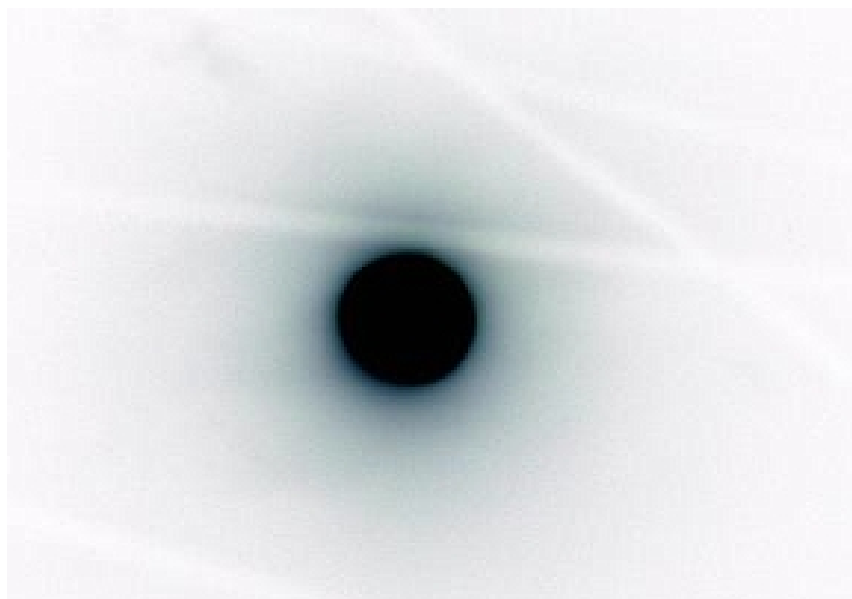
**darkened milk-sun**

i like to pretend the generic moon is ours  
that it has cried dry again  
slouching by the dull throb of the stars that cry backup  
eyeballs sliding back to their cups  
material distanced, skewed  
hard to hold in little white fists at bedtime

fall down on these beeswax-stained thoughts  
watch as the pressure folds in  
and all that you love become angels of dust  
lost in nonmemory and icons of the past

and always the watery eyes  
and always the ballpoint nothingness

waxing  
waning  
waiting



**if i could make it so...i would make it slow**

make me weak, watch me fall  
your hands on me were never cold  
your body wrapped in fine light  
a nerve recoated, refastened onto swollen muscles  
i imagine you old and in pajamas  
with a bowl of cereal in one hand  
and a folded left around your ribs  
grappling at what i can't stop touching

forced negation  
the pursuit of the logic  
the snuffing of the fire  
the attempt to bully my heart  
scowling at myself

**the carnations instead**

stop reading and drink  
have too many things spilled on you?  
ask liz for the bar rag  
and a shot  
she already knows what you want  
just say 'yes, please'

hot tears standing in line behind the rage  
bloody-mouthed sweet and sour children  
that rampage the streets of our lost minds  
folding in on fermented thoughts  
of your sentimental noise

my words lack color  
have monotone eyes  
reference the truth  
that i fail to touch

## **newcastle**

in what used to be your den  
there were recovered bar stools  
bitchy women talking with fat mouths  
and  
all the signs that would lead to you  
on any other night tears sat on deck

in what used to be your den  
there were new shots with new names  
songs you hated pouring from the jukebox  
and  
conversation with ruptured heroin balloons  
hiding in the intestines of abandoned dogs

in what used to be your den  
there were sweaty jocks rubbing themselves  
itchy homeless men picking up old drinks  
and  
willingly disgraced bar flies  
laying sideways on the metal runner

in what used to be your den  
i imagined your slender corpse  
sliding to the top of the soil  
and  
finding your way  
back to the nest you started

throw your basket out  
there were no eggs to begin with

## **Rosarito Filtro**

reminds me of my dirty bathtub  
which isn't to say i don't like it

but corners of mind  
are what need the washing  
in thin cotton on porch

three heads of three cops  
found this morning  
bodies four towns away

illegals crawl under tape  
and sweat on leg contours

smuggled across border  
in wet panties

wastes migrating from every cell  
nucleus collapse | release-needs |

the fat man half-covered in garbage bag  
will be the meat at your white table

and you will shit him out  
as quickly as he was devoured

**untitled pretension**

hamster in plastic ball  
reflective surfaces allow you to contort  
dimension-sphere without biology or broomsticks  
shedding the burden that the imagination holds  
setting heavy determinants  
melting, trembling above victims  
waiting for fall



## **abandoning**

*The hot passion of distempered blood*

quick to react with heart on hip  
clinging to ball and socket  
while the old forget the pangs  
and wish for attention like this

and this

time heals nothing under  
the grow lamps of desire  
or waiting to spore in dark corners  
or flower for the cave

far from home

throbbing under hand  
just one time more  
so that something will exist  
only to remind you  
what you will never have again

waiting for death

shortened breaths arrive late  
bang on doors at night  
show up unannounced  
drunk on the couch  
with distempered blood on face



## **quicken**

*So at his bloody view her eyes are fled  
Into the deep dark cabins of her head*

jealous love grazed by red eyes  
and  
lost lips that bleed the dead juice of iambs

hold the remnants in undone arms  
and  
force what resists to bind tighter

shallow benefit of infatuation  
and  
my chemistry betrays me again

pull your eyes up from the pavement  
and  
pretend it's now  
not then

## **Appropriately strong title**

The moon doesn't give a fuck about us

Great opening

Set up for deception

Maybe add some more between these lines

The first stanza isn't doing all it could

That's a rich juxtaposition

Great haiku

Interesting progression

Maybe more active verbs. Less "ing"

There must have been contextual issues

Take this out so this is right after this

I feel like these lines are half-cannibalized

I wonder what full cannibalization would look like

Everything works quite well

Besides the couple lines that don't fit

While I like the last line it might be interesting

To end with the image of the sandwich

$C_{12}H_{17}N_2O_4P$

he didn't leave a note



but he found the blue city



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