

# ME LIES

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“I am hungry like a motherfuck.  
Someone convince me out of world  
destruction...?” Over poker scene.



# MEET A BODY

See me  
see you  
comin' over the water  
that I've built for us.

and this sky that I've breathed  
only for the path of us gypsies  
that cry for rain  
and smile for grey.

We feel in tendrils  
of life and despondency  
and only crown during the high hours  
amongst our adios motherfuckers.

Feel me  
feel you  
comin' over the edge  
that you've worked for us.

and this wind that you've moaned  
only for the mirth of us dreamers  
that fuck for manna  
and churn for stagnation.



We see in contours  
of drink and drug  
and only fall during the church bells  
amongst our fellow Dodge Neons.



# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Supercharged fingertips  
Contribute only to this superimposed image  
Of a perfect sensuality.

Darkroom bloodstains  
Of floor-trodden ecstasy  
And carpeted oxygen.

You remind me of an  
Incomplete bildungsroman,  
The diary of the stillborn.

Push and pull mornings  
Sigh and die evenings  
Laced with salty guilt.

Persian nursery born.  
Obsterics and asterisks.  
We share our mother's health.



# PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE

**Him:**

Your kiss is sharp  
Like augmented stringnotes  
Entwining weightless – orchestral.

**Her:**

Lukewarm feelings  
In the present tense imperative  
Indicat(iv)e de quoi?

**Him:**

Your avoidance is – what –  
Like diminished thirds(?)  
Falling heavy to pavement.

**Her:**

Tepid nothings  
In the past tense genitive  
Of – who else – of moi?

**Him:**

Your face is dull  
Like parallel fifths  
Marching endlessly into monophony.



**Her:**

Bitter frothings

In the future tense accusative

Left for dead pour toi.



# EMPIRE

I am imperial thrust  
eunuch breathe  
in huang land  
we crust and bellow  
only to turn yellow  
in a scarlet fever land.

We fall  
warring period children  
bloodied born  
bloodied  
amniotic yellow  
mellow yellow war.

Streak in the sky  
brushstroke cirrus  
inkblot cumulus  
and ancestral whirr.  
Filial atmosphere blur.

Chinois visage  
slantface sorrow.  
Dirge resonates  
to cross our river.  
Sifting silt.  
Shifting silt.



## HOSPITAL FOR GHOSTS

I'll live in a conch of a world. Sit on the beach naked, save stilettos. Lulled to sleep by stolen Chardonnay and gossip hiss of waves. They'll speak of the secrets of the sea, but I won't have ears to listen. I'll be intoxicated, bloated, silly giggling, and hiding in the details. And I will find you in the water. You will be naked, save your leg warmers, tangled with seaweed. You'll be hiding, aquatic camouflage. God willn't have given you a name yet. I'll be meaning to save you, but I want to see you work for it; struggle belly-up to the shore like the primordial things and learn to speak/fuck/tie your shoes/learn your ABCs. But I will pluck you from the water, I will be the way you breathe. I will recreate you: sand for flesh and bone, with the sea in your blood. I will blow the sun direct into your navel, a molten-glass ball of soul. Nails and teeth of bird-ravaged, wave-crash smoothed shell. Your eyes will never move, never blink, made of jellyfish hearts, always receptive: a one way mirror. I'll light a fire in your lips and in between thighs.

But we will be different. I came to being in a hospital for ghosts, and you in a sea of your own. You will be imperfect, organic, molded by naked hands. I, molded by divine hands of experience.

You will be a cheap imitation of beauty. But you will be mine, and you will never die.



# GUMMO

Orange peel pallor people.  
We shape like time  
And move like quanta.

Fuck fuck fuck  
Says the beequeen mothergod.  
A ladyspooned fellow.

Ridiculous raucous riots  
Says the chief of police  
As he peels his skin.

Bacon taped to my wall  
With a poignant fish  
To remind me of my trashbag home  
With a mother doing tap.



# EZRA AND THE SEA

## ONE: THIS SEA OF MY OWN

My world is muffled  
and its walls bend and conform;  
my calm far from storm.  
It's mindless, but it can breathe  
and feed from life just for me.

Marrow ancestry.  
Twilight in the medulla.  
Deriving patterns.  
I am never blind-sighted  
but, still, all things are hidden.

My angel – sea green.  
Her eyes, for me, are sunspots.  
Faux-mother fingers  
soft prod into cavity  
to bless my crown and free me.

I blink into it,  
this utopic state of mind  
that still swims upstream.  
But I am integrated  
and I finger my pink scales.



My fingers curl weak  
into a supple rose-palm  
of hand-crafted skin.  
She stands up the hair that still  
lies there waiting, sub-surface.

How drowsy-headed am I.  
Send me to sleep now.  
Eyelids close.

## TWO: THIS SEA THAT WE SHARE

Silence is color.  
Lethargic love-thoughts in mind.  
I've been all alone.

Withered to a stem.  
Faded green in loneliness.  
Bent against the sun.

Grass depressed under footfall.  
Hide ivory toes.  
Opaque girl.

She cries more than I.  
She wishes she could have more.  
More than I could give.



Peruse the thoughts in your eyes.  
Aquamarine tears;  
collect them.  
Collect them and pray  
for the life you couldn't bear.

Glistening tearstains.  
They read of a future hope.  
Serenity soars.  
And then so does she;  
womb grows to accommodate.

The new one announced:  
“My name is Ezra. I'm here.”  
I gazed in ardor.

Possesses a charm.  
Iris from her fingertips.  
Her dirge resonates.  
I catch it in my jam jar,  
use it as my lullaby.

Soaked in chastity,  
she bathes in purest waters.  
Enlightenment – hers.  
We squat on our knees and talk  
about the world as it was.



Naming every star,  
we count our gardened footsteps  
and inhale dewdrops.  
The dawn, it is our solace  
and our path, our way back home.

Her bamboo fingers  
curl like wisps around my neck.  
Blacken my white eyes.  
She is the savior of me.  
She granted sight in my death.

### THREE: THIS FLOODED, MOURNING SEA

Fragrant blossoms rise.  
Wading knee-deep in your past.  
Nostalgia settles.

The sad thought of us...  
it brings her closer to death,  
closer to us both.

And I've had much time  
underneath the dirt (my home)  
that tastes of sisters  
and mothers and the fresh rain  
from the god we don't know of.



My tears taste bitter next to rainwater.  
Her tears taste bitter next to mine.  
The tears of god are sweet as mother's.  
She was a god that we knew of.

Undo dying soul.  
Unravel the rouged life-strand.  
Entwined strings of love  
are the roots of our fingers  
that created destruction.

Her name was Ezra.  
My name was lost in her sea  
that was poured on us  
and seeped into our soil.  
The salt dissolved into dawn.



# GENDERQUEER

Broken  
boygirl faced  
slim and rouged.  
Boyboyboy  
Girlgirlgirl  
of nothing-but-trouble  
and ne'er-do-well fantasies.

It's all me 'n you  
peaches 'n cream  
in a frothy  
pithy  
multiverse.

We are gut symmetries  
and navel/gazing abnormalities  
electroweak my noun  
verb my head  
and carry me home.



# THE DOPPELGÄNGER

Crackling speakers and a bass pulsing in my chest and navel and I know my boy is in the room from the temperature drop. My boy, the energy sink. He flushes blue under an artificial, primordial sun, and it pulses with us, the impassioned poets, musicians, artists, and me, the numbed-phalanges, moderately inspired bottom feeder.

My boy, the mental-hormonal jumpstart.

One thing we share, these fluid beings and myself, is our state of nonbeing and conformity. We conform with masks of one another, façades and horror masks of geniality.

“We live in an age of disillusionment,” I speak at him through the lips of my neighbor. I nourish him vicariously with my heat. “We dance with drink and drugs, immerse ourselves in anti-culture, apathy, and jazz. We stand on the shoulders of giants just to catch a glimpse of our face in a mirror. Someone else’s face in a mirror.

“We exist in a roaring not-twenties,” I am saying to him through the gritted teeth of an artist, “a roaring time of androgyny and crossing boundaries and are



you gonna drink that, thank you?” Eyes locked as I down my fifth glass of I don’t know what. And he looks me in the eye and finds my source of anger with the same precision he employs to extract the essence of all these subterranean beings and use them as building blocks. He finds it and with his fingers slips off my face like a contact lens and places it on his own. I look with empty eyes as the multitudes of faces gravitate to him. He catches them on his tongue like something holy. And then he leaves me-us with my sixth glass of something and with the frozen, bitter memory of ourselves.



# SAUT DANS LE VIDE

she.

standing at the edge of something greater than  
herself. a greater nothingness that froths, a black  
pitch of zen, of hope.

she.

who is strong inside me alone, and all alone is a  
human standing at the brink.

she.

standing chest out, belly in, arms outstretched –  
embracing the atmosphere.

she.

who is faded, raw, incomplete against a wall of rain.  
a dissolved girl.

she.

standing as a blur in a sharp reality, a smear from the  
pen that created her.



she.

who is marred by the prospect of the other side,  
ruined by the blank stare of the void.

she.

jumping

Into

the

void.

she who is whole.





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