

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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