



**WASH SEA OUT OF
HAIR AND DRIVE**

sevi giovanni xcetera



chapter 1

~~you'd think we'd find more
human teeth
on the street sometimes
the way every person loses so many~~

What Kind of Body

i told you

hackberry

is my favorite

you bit into it said

there is no flesh on this fruit

that was never the point

Understory or A Pre-Surgical Examination Beneath Mesquite Archway

my footprints muted by dampened soil
fallen colors caught on leaves
and adjacent grass blades
i stop to push rocks and sticks aside
 the ground
expose a piece of mud i scratch a square
only then can i remember earth
and the ability to hold
only then can i remember space
and taking it

in absence and erasure
cottonwoods line banks
the disembodied speaker sounds
of wet slow shaking in a dance
with breeze

and in the distance even asters
hold umbels at stake
and odds with the wind
oh how that might feel
the blow of new wings

Anointed

sometimes with babies
no goodbyes from babies
closure terminal
porous vessel access sifter
holy and enclosure the queer
body holds babies but cannot hold
onto babies is not in spaces
is a childhood
far away from the gaying prayers
t h i s i s toy
so very toy the soft head
balcony is sky tower is sky above the crib
baby is sky and scrap er for city-baby
crying baby

feet too soft to walk away, baby
to cast the movie infant with cheeks
and how that infant's cheeks flushed
factory milk and breast-less hope
 sorry baby happy baby fat baby
not your baby

i Felt Your Distance i

looked up the definition
of extraneous
 but i meant
of extenuating
as in circumstance
 /validated excuse
this desert heat this harbor-less hole

four giant cinder cone anthills
mark my new street

that's how i know where to turn left
how to find my paint chipped casita
 paved over flowing washes
 re/named renamed

much much smaller ants
eat the compost pile by Theresa's
who leaves stickers on old fruit skin
in my garden now stunted by
 shade soon
 to be heatblown
 just like that
 last year no rain well

 hardly
and i watch the spaces
for distance-hangs shrink
 a n d shrink

sweat runs fast down
into my eyes all that salt
got confused for tears
we tear the calendar down

bullying

oh there's confinement greater

the anticipation is harrowing still

this is no ode to a nightingale

who singest of summer in full-throated ease*

the bird outside my window is obnoxious as a jay

entangled in grey cloudcover

re/covering from last summer

missing monsoon and we plus her

shake down the clock of a momentary spring

*Ode To A Nightingale -John Keats

We Make a Space Every Month

pressing the mesh of our flesh together
to make sure it still fits (we know it does)
i whisper many breaths into your ear
with the word cherish on it
we both remember that back and forth
is to sew

I Drew an Infinity Sign Where an Ex Should Be

ghost ship R.I.P.

to the charcoal
you blacken
a night too solvent

to the lost
bodies
however formerly questioning existence

Daybook

I. see the creosote generational
the stomata scented
when the sky is so warm it
smooths
you
spend all day trying
touch from earth

II. tomorrow's high
will be 109°
i'll leave to garden
the chocolate maker's house
i hand water seedlings

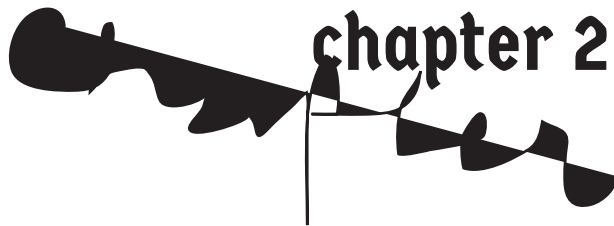
slow
the
transition into life
has a chance not to be consumed
/ drown
under mesquite tenants tend land
feeling the extents of the landlord's
investment
feeling the lack of care one places
on structure
rented

III. mom says
you are so damn negative
no one thanks (girls)
for being realists

over lipstick
i scribble cocktails and how to center clay
on the same blue-lined notecard
notice you free pouring green-eyed
talking through your hands unworded things

friday night there's a neon party
for those who think Tucson pride isn't dead
instead we play a death game
anti-survival around candle light i
am the big ex pro
wrestling with circumstance
finding patience and vice
of all the virtues one could choose
patience feels so
impractical
yes i know then this is the lesson

misgender cispeople
give the gift of humility
open carry



chapter 2



the virus is already
in us
and every
conversation

I. calling while trans

i say my name which is legally not
everything legal

dystopia too
is trending
i mean for real
how many apocalypse stories can i read
in a week

II. the C word

twice
the cringe
see you next tuesday
do not touch
yonic waves

i was masked i was matter
floating
contagion
tent in your backyard
the your is to uncomplicate confusion
nothing is yours really
let alone
community

III. allure

man and big truck
pull up
briefs sag blood-stained
and empty pocket dick
opens door to pick-up
package flung and turns to see
big grin

pressed foot
on break

IV. touching objects

neutral temp
stronger the bottom is bound tightly in straw
the top becomes disorder
brittle kinked so
 fragile
 unyielding

My Fake Friend Tommy

said hey there does touch
live inside you did you stay inside all day
 waiting of rust
socks dried a roommate's help a wet
 bleach rag a park stroll sit
another walk another walk 3 way friend
 video star remember thinking last
 week you were going to buy a re-
 cord player
or put a weird ad out for a trade proposi-
 tion about a record player
remember last week when people's fa-
 vorite thing to trade was money
remember this week when people's fa-
 vorite thing to trade is

still money
i have to drown people out
of my head in order
to write poetry now
how sick is that

Pothos Plant

they like you cause you're hard to die
and here i am

a house plant guy
pothos

i used to think
keeping plants confined / roots bound
out of sun's warmth
away from pollination
away from being a part of
something bigger
is a trapping a
self-serving domination
again

i sit next to you
my favorite event of the year is virtual
i am unready
to charge this year's passivity
solo / screened-in
unbecoming slideshow commemorates
adrenaline / mess / kiss
the rest-in-pieces
we
 haven't felt in so long

the adjacent heat of sweat
i have you not pothos
this is just where i'm at
like every other
basic office bitch

Distancing

i saw you today on social media
i saw you through a screen door
i saw you today as we drove by parked
empty streets bellowing loudly
exactly nothing either of us say

The Doves Throated Hum

seeps

under screen

true i too

don't know how to survive this place

without water

wind our

original pollinator

shape this

and every cliff's edge

awaiting scatter

a line already written

as poison offered freely to the hard hat

on man in crawl space withering on belly

mistaken serpent in day labor role

if i blow a dandelion your

general direction

who will shift the coffin to the left every spring

so weeds may too

refuge?

Can You Hear Me When You're Older?

of soaking glochids
from calloused palms
tending macrocosmos in tiny body form

emotionally themselves children
a felt and momentary constant

what are children to mourn but the
exact in front
you begged for a cookie to tears
took a bite lost interest what
is singular stability to a young
mind fed bigger as better
another full plate to the next

then i too vanish as you wish

the dog that barks at the blank canvas
sees blue in suspension
yes time who
moves both fast and slow
is ghost

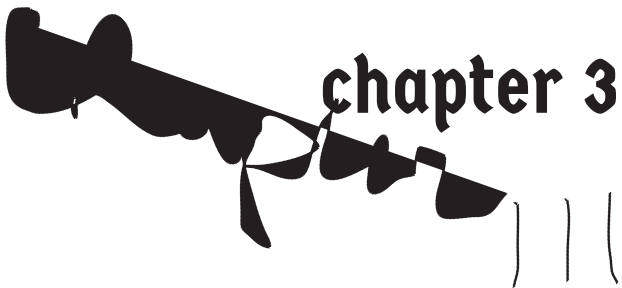
If Not You Then Who

is it cruel how trans people stay young
stay pubescent sometimes multiple times
and die instead of age
it's encapsulated youth
i feel you thinking about dying when i touch you
i'm fine with cruel being the wrong word
so tell me

A Space Between

your love
store bought broth
your stumble over names
of plants
of places
of me
imagine a mother
 not learning
 her own child's name

big voice high heat
you think bladderpod looks like
 a ballsack
you grimace imagine
being so long in this world held back
in fear of going forward
 in terror of opening
learning something
 or losing everything



in narrow beaks

i blew you up
you stayed squishy
the river's tide was the opposite direction
than any other day
you deflated again and cis people were there and the sky stayed grey
and instead of making out we paddled pink sandals
upstream

Wetlands off Pacific Coast Highway

the birds did make
 did those
 lines
in sandy muck mud under
 bridge we walk
the sky greys

 under clouds and a softness
this is one of your favorite spots near
the stolen land i grew to
leave sandpipers tip forward
a bow to
 creatures they nibble
 in narrow beaks

i had to take a call on the video phone
 by coastal sage brush

work and response
 everywhere you are
 oughta be working it feels
 to be valid
you fill in
 a place
important
enough to always be a visitor
 the video phone allows the disembod-
 ied distance
of visitation of importance
and never in full
context
of wetlands i
mourn this

We Met on Trucksluts

LDRs are falsely trending
we cracked the algorithm barely
fed a monstrous mouth of
an impersonal internet internal

you aglow and heart
an ode to hand holding and leftovers
standing in the web unwaiting
no one shouted i love gays no
 one knocked
about the takeout no one txted running
 late just you
you and me at cliff's edge over sea
hiding shy faces
momentarily saved
this once
plus

this
moment we sat in a river brief
and filled our backs with leeches
it is still unfortunate
there's not another name for birthdays
this unholy thing

Fever Dream

i awoke

to tiny footsteps pounding

a hard shelled beetle sitting upright in
the palm of my hand

made to safely fall
high terminal velocity

through all the angered emails
your name a punch

and still i wonder
say we never met?

a creature who survives ice ages
but cannot turn itself over
stays hidden in the pipes

play poly pretend parts private

play poly

pretend parts

private

Dry Mouth

underneath with you and plans
at your sleeping side
staying afloat and
sportblown
tubular/sticky
in the toss of you/r
wave-legs restless lay
lilies power-blooming on a lake still
this is our year
still all to shield behind
cocooned in softsweet solar flare tinsel
hanging interim
of all your room

dreams atrophy
brittle broom
lost magic
sunsucked and swept
in bright-heavy doom
fuse metal together
tiny black birds spitting the fuck up
setting down layers of a thing
only other no-birds call
nest i see us sleeping sure
here now i see
us merely aging
in the same bed

IRL

warmth from a trash fire
pretty pretty flames new
perfume on your nightgown
ablaze in silk smokey reds
those long tongues with terrible secrets
dropping lines in chat forums
we met on a platform
 then i bought platforms
 pink unexpected
 something
justborn and vulnerable
soft and without eyes

I. Rockdaisy Buds

that science in your stomach moon
peeking through night watch

this occupied land to camp between
us fresh aster blanketed re/ground

sprained hxstories our mourning
rockdaisy finally woke up finally

went outside and sees
the tall mushroom sculptures saved

from the trash said trash
is/always art i shit

outside because someone was busying
the bathroom and i blame it

on the dog

II. Rockdaisy Blooms

rockdaisy takes
a sudoku book from the dollar store
sits with tea and burnt toast
feels idleship like kid pictures on the fridge

rockdaisy finds a nail and hammers
a dime-sized mirror called 'couples'
on the pantry 5 packages
came to the doorstep 4 other people
and 3 breads popped up from the toaster
but 2 shared 1 slot

connecting sides still soft

a deck of cards sat loudly
rockdaisy you dog
you started to shuffle

III. Rockdaisy on Coast the seeding

vacationing in-
visible war zone is tricky
business for relaxing
beach views real
estate the very sky sleeping above
sea the ostensible
infinity lineless endings
there is a horizon rockdaisy imagines
feels slighted by the internet's
conviction
and way the ocean is so hopelessly
a scorpio in ether unrelenting
rockdaisy refuses to write
another poem about the sea
knows there is no way

to be in you
accept possible drowning
halophytic thirst rockdaisy
puts a fistfull of sand into drymouth
rockdaisy chew chew
had to write back
you about collision
the cleanup and slow peeling of flesh
sunbleached bones
exiting this life rockdaisy
said no.
for the first time
first time
saw sand chafing in eye sockets but
thought you might
finally stop and finally wanted that
tasted blood and salt like possibilities
rockdaisy finally wanted that

it's okay not to be working
all the time it's okay not
to be working all the time
it's okay not to be working
all the time

drink the nice wine first it's
okay not to be working all
the time it's

not to be

working

not to be
drink the nice wine first it's okay

not to be working

not to be working

not to be working

not to be working

not to be working

AND THE INSTRUCTIONS
~~WASH SEA OUT~~
~~OF HAIR AND~~
~~DRIVE AWAY~~



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