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I'M COMING

Adjusting type size may change line breaks. Landscape mode helps to preserve line breaks.

I AM ABOUT TO BE HAPPY

Can you feel it?

You are art and you are not art

Yesterday I thought it was good to be dead

I babbled, a wildwoman boiling your pelt

I wore you as my t-shirt and mouth

I said it was good for you to be art

Save me from death, let me rise from the dead

Today I bury your body

LUNAR SHATTERS

I came into the world a young man
Then I broke me off
Still the sea and clouds are pegasus colors
My heart is pegasus colors but to get there I must go back
Back to the time before I was a woman
Before I broke me off to make a flattened lap
And placed therein a young man
Where I myself could have dangled
And how I begged him enter there
My broken young man parts
And how I let the mystery collapse
With rugged young man puncture
And how I begged him turn me pegasus colors
And please to put a sunset there
And gone forever was my feeling snake
And its place dark letters
And me the softest of all
And me so skinless I could no longer be naked
And me I had to debanshee
And me I dressed myself
I made a poison suit
I darned it out of myths

Some of the myths were beautiful
Some turned ugly in the making
The myth of the slender girl
The myth of the fat one
The myth of rescue
The myth of young men
The myth of the hair in their eyes
The myth of how beauty would save them
The myth of me and who I must become
The myth of what I am not
And the horses who are no myth
How they do not need to turn pegasus
They are winged in their unmyth
They holy up the ground
I must holy up the ground
I sanctify the ground and say fuck it
I say fuck it in a way that does not invite death
I say fuck it and fall down no new holes
And I ride an unwinged horse
And I unbecome myself
And I strip my poison suit
And wear my crown of fuck its

MY OWN NOTHING

I went under my skin
Which was my old skin
And under the skin of my soul
Which was an old soul
Though new to me
There was so much silence
I was surprised to like it
I saw that all my wounds were only dust
And when I turned to dust they would be vanished
And saw that I would have to be the mother
I have to be the tit and friend and child
And stroke my hairs and say peace
The hairs on my head and the hairs on my soul
They are bulbing in the rain
They look like crops and I am scared of them
Because one day they will be dust
And silence knows they will be dust
But what will become of silence
When everything else dusts
I have to know the silence will hold on to me
Know it not by head or by reflection
But touch it in the emptiness beneath my dust

Already returning me to light

COSMIC DITCH

I can't believe how much the darkness
Light is all the time but I see wrong
Will you be ok? asks the old god
You will be ok, says the new god
O I've been so darkness since the old god left
I've been purple incense
This is the shittiest part of the universe
Maybe it's the best
Tell me how to feel and I will feel it
Make me into a socket
I want to bleed electricity on the shadow of the world
I want to be zero

KILLER RESCUE

I don't glow nothing enough for this life
Or I need to glow more than the other nothings
Or my holes are tombier and more instant
They resurrect starving with or without fuxx
I keep eating opals trying to get over
The opals look like lost light but they only spook my holes
Send in a moon drone to whisk my whole thing off
Take me to sky castle

GLOWING LOSER

Neon coming from outside me cursed be
Light from the most high I want you
Ditches in my head I fall in every dawn
The bad soldiers in there want me corpsed
I am sorry soldiers
Get on your knees and become women
Become my women
Worship light and in doing so transform
Do not ask me how
Something has to do it for you
Something higher or other
An inner other
A sky in there
The good sky
Fall on your swords
Don't die
Become other
See you as the sky sees you
See me that way too

BONE ROOMS

Ladder to the genitals of god
You never go high enough
I guess the skull must have its purpose
Mine might even give me silence
Mostly I am full of names
Demetrius and Christopher and Daniel and John
Cemeteries built around those letters
I dig the dead boys up and try to dance
In my bedroom I am dancing with skeletons
A cotillion of cartilage and the meat of my life
I will let the meat rot for a pile of teeth
The world should forget me I am animating clavicles
Now I'm in the kitchen brining hip bones
There are femurs insulating all the walls
I am ribbing up the windows of the real
I am never getting over my mind

IN WANT OF RESCUE FROM THE REAL

My mindfriends went
They offed themselves
I made new mindfriends fast and wet
But they kept dying dry
Fantasies die so dry
Still I held on
Because the real is arctic
And I am without womb
And the char of inner Earth
Will ash my bones sometime
Then they all began to die
Before they even breathed
And I could see their corpses
Before I saw their eyes
And a thousand past-life deaths
Tore the mask off my mind
And I am scared of death
And I am scared of life

NECRO GLOW

Wreck my temporary wrists in the white of the sun
The sun says it is happiness but I get colder
And everything becomes a stairway to a hospital
And I from self to nature back to self
And dark is the dark of having to be a body
Daylife in the boneyard not my own
The cruel of the mind in the sack of the having to die
The sunlight laughing in my face because it knows
And everything goes tone-deaf when it is born
Deaf to the howls of the other side
Blind to the sane of the dead and dying
Sand on the mirror from my last life
Go there honey go under the ground
I who never wished to be free
I see freedom and I am mourning
The shadows of boys in the sun
They are forever and I am melting
Maybe I can be here just this once
Maybe I can eat the part that is dying
Maybe I'll shit out the minutes
I have been waiting to be split open
I wait for words from the other side

Wings should reveal themselves big and kind

Everyone is crying really hard

MAN'S SEARCH FOR MEANING

There is a lot of love and then there isn't
Then there is
I look to the shitdoors for love
Because they glitter
O the glittery shit
So much more magnetic than what
I have inside me
Inside me is more shit
But not glittery
Though below the shit is maybe a fucking temple
And when one shitdoor closes
You must build another shitdoor
From the dregs of reality and shitmind
O bless those dregs
With fantasy and therein
Lies your glitter
Yes, bless that glittery shitdoor
So much like the first door
But this door will be different really
Infinite shitdoors if you want them really
I want them

WHAT WE LOVE MOST IS DEFINITELY GOING TO KILL US HALLELUJAH

Wade in the water

Wade in the goddamn water

I have been wading

I wade and wade and don't even know

The water dissolves me

The soothing water

The water as mother

The water is burning

I am ready to burn

I am burning me up

Every day I burn and burn

Every day I lose the wade

I listen for the water

I cannot tell me the water

Words never in or of the water

They are dancing around it

They are pointing to the water

I am pointing to the water

I say *look look water!*

I say *where?*

TEARDROP PERFUME

Definitely puke my heart up on the green grass

The whole ground lifts and flips me into you, but you're not there

Men without homes are farting behind me

The grass is their home, why can't I be them?

There is a kind of love contingent upon nothing

I'm afraid to be serene for it

I'm still hooked on plastic clocks

Make them disappear

AMERICANS

Clocks are all that are coming to me
Better laugh back into childhood feeling
Before it is too gone
Yes I see a pink ocean overtake the clocks
Yes it is only a hallucination
And I don't know if the ocean has feelings for me
But the shadow of a boy keeps me safe
From me
Though the shadow
Is actually me
And when a warplane flies over the waves
I don't remember god
And when my childhood feeling surfaces
I kiss the shadow of my boyself
And eat sand

BIRTH CURTAIN

I am such a cut cock
Bless your mother never cutting your cock
You are what it looks like to be real
What did I look like when I was real?
I vow to never go there again
To the land of the silent faeries
They were singing but I couldn't hear
I'm unreal now but still can't hear
The faeries judge me for my fantasies
They should have saved me from the real
I see other people's trashdreams
My fantasies are so pure
Once I never kissed an uncut cock before
Now I see yours flying around the room
You should uncut vomit for me
I want to touch your back and feel you burping
Fly around the room on your uncut puke
The room is black and in my ears
Faeries keep calling me
I can be deaf and they're still here

LIKE A REAL FLAME

I want the hole in my ear to be quiet
And inside the hole in my ear to be quiet
And I want it to tell me what to do
Or I will go to my lover's mouth
And say *oh my quiet*
I am coming
And tell the quiet how its kingdom should be made
Though the quiet has already eaten me
Because the quiet loves me
But does the lover love me
And why must the quiet be so quiet
And why can't the quiet have a cock
And where is its violet mouth
Its ten fingers with which to fix me
And where is its belly breathing
And O I want to be fixed
But I am already fixed
Why don't I feel it

BORING ANGEL

Now I know the trick is fantasy
I always knew it
But I didn't know the problem of bodies
Or I didn't know it entirely
How you must abandon the bones of the real
No angel wings projected on the ribcage
I had bloodstained sheets and I could not let go
I noosed myself on them in the woods
And hung there for eighteen days
Until I myself became an angel
Now I make love with no body
I do it with my halo chanting
Set me alive and fucking
A boy attached to no reality
He who needs no milk or punishing
He who will never abandon
How I love my celestial being
He who will never corpse
We are only air my seraphboy and me
Fucking with no eyes and flying

I LOVE WRONG

I am a monster with zeros in his gut
Who wants a doll made of flesh
To hold between two claws
And stroke its body, become a vow
A vow to the flesh of the doll
Never to myself or god
Or monster mother watching over
How easy making vows to a doll
So easy to see it as holy
Through my sad monster eyes
That no one likes the look of
I have always wanted something holy
To vanish the buzz in my forehead
My skull has silence but never enough
The world has never provided
I project a spirit in the doll
It speaks a great silence
It speaks my childhood dreams
I write them for its tongue
I write myself a new end
Where I am buried by the doll
And candles lit around my grave

As though I had actually lived

CESAREAN

At dawn they slit the nerve
Which connects me to a perfect place of darkness
Inside a giant husk
And they take me to its thighs
And lay me on the wintery thigh of this giant husk
Where inside it was summer
And all day long I beg to be let back in
I do this by living
I grow a rash of blood
And see things with my eyes
I see a flag on the thigh of the husk
It says *quicks and painless*
I see an ocean almost like my husk
But it is not the same
My husk had a mellow sea
This one is frozen all the time
Even when the winter sun is blazing hot
They dress me up in beautiful robes
And quiet me up with cocks
And teach me how to vomit
Until I go mistaking pleasure for joy
And forget the husk completely

LIVING VOMIT

Sick people find each other and it is not a good thing

Sometimes it is a great thing

Every person is a sick person

Is that even true?

I lap your milk of illness up

It nurtures my dying

How bad am I doctor?

Very fatal, getting final

SAFE BLADE

In my sickness I was whole tit
Now I must suck ether
Which is the stars and where I am meant
I never knew I'd miss the flesh
And do I miss the flesh or the fake heat
That glinted off the sword I gripped
Which kept me safe from me and my disease of more
Though sword and heat were also the disease
The sword I slung at man's plasmic heaven
Applauded by the hands of dead but not their spirits
Spirits are you with me now although I cannot see
Sickly still in my lust for ashes

INNOCENT GROUND

Smeared in violent lipstick

A day with no boy in it

I don't touch reality

But I'm on the map of want

And here I am here I am

Jewbag plus some evil

And I dream you and I dream you

Eyefucks in the blanket

SKELETON GLITTER

The creepers are of the brain variety

The creepers are all me

Creep on me

Hello god

Why can't I be good

Shadow of the baby

Redemption of the soft friend

She said she would never

Leaving me

I walk through the wrong door

Pressed head and nothing is enough

I am looking for ways to get out

I am investigating

And I do remember the sky

I remember living up

If only I was blanked

The ground would give me a hug

Come in and wolf me

Enter the chambers and be them

Shipwreck and bathe in blank

We are talking serious baptism

And I know where not to go

And I know where not to go

And I run right to that place

And it's gleaming

INSTANT RAIN

Fall in all the wells at the same time

Yes I think I am having a human experience

I died in the mind

I died today

The blue sun in the blue sky like my face

My face could never hide anything

I went under my face and found curtains

I played a girl

LIQUID END

What you get is emptier
What you do is throw it all away
The lamb's blood on the door
Pestilence summer
Still your fingers smell of darkness
The darkness opens new holes
Let there be ditches
Let you die in ditches and never use again the body of another
The bruises you shall take with you and heal next life
Last life you were a locust
Last life you were a person
Ghosts of make-believe gods hanging around the television
No housecats
Jew of the salt and salty tastebuds
When your mother's hair falls out you will know
Roses weep for your future knowing
Find bones beneath the poolhouse of the world
The poolhouse indicates the pool is elsewhere
It is nearby but not on this planet
The bones are of god's dreampeople
The dreampeople are us
We are the ones who are supposed to be better

Something broke inside

Something was broken at conception

Now god fills with guilt

Now god cries for all of us

There is no punishment

Just the mother of suicide child

God wants to throw the stars back in the cauldron

Put down the receiver and start again

THE VANISHING WOMAN

I was afraid to become nothing
When all I ever wanted was vanishing
You can really be anything
Especially dead, which is a prayer
Though I do not know my soul yet
I think it is made of medicine
I have to believe my soul is everything
And all on Earth is just a mood
And now I am a woman who is helping me
And now I am the ocean hallucinating me
Face of blinks and grave of flesh
My soul just floating around them

SALT

How can you go swimming in another human being?
I am swimming and asking for light
Once I paddled into dust and fucking
And the horsemen and ruin
And the poisonous hollows of a projected blue eye
And cracked my skull on all and caught more disease
In my already dreadmind and entered the medicines
Of no human power, the forests of disappearing moans
Which were rich in sap but lacked dissolve
Fertilized against my own swimming nature, Aleph
I am swimming for you now and I don't care
When you leave the forest you do not become the ocean
And I have become the desert trying to swim in the ocean
And knowing this, carrying the forest floor in a sweet wood coffin
And the blackbrush and rocks, the yucca and cacti of receded oceans
Which were never oceans at all or there would have been shells on the sand
They only looked like oceans in my thirst, I cut the old horizon
With a sword you have given and I gut the heavens
And bleed their light and swim in that

SENSATION OF IS

Horses in the night take me away from me and I am glad
In the morning my demon kingdom come again
Demon me demon head demon not enough and never enough
The trauma of this living is that it is real
Oh and then my casket lowers into the ground
And after that a navy sky and me alone in it
Me alone again with the stars
Me back to the blaze of ink the first one
Me just a tadpole and also made of everything
Like in the beginning and I remember all of it
The first forgetting how at birth they took me far from me
And how I was not glad to be taken
And I am told to stop thinking about dying
Ok fine then nothing

MOLD HEAD

Pray to me from inside the blister, which is your own blister
Your personal hood of hell and everybody's
I believe we eat the same fruit, ultimately
Though when we see our own reflections in the water of our blisters
We pull the skin up over our eyes and say *aren't I different*
Aren't I different aren't I
But the water is the same
And the gaze is the same
If you know how to look through the all-seeing eye
Have you gone down to the sperm code?
Have you licked up your mammal sauce?
It is in the rabbis' sways
And in the priests it fires incense
Glitter of the infinite to choke you in a blissful way
Eternal silence, my little blood cerebrum
Millions of mouths flap to someday fuck the quiet
I have no time to pray

DUST MOAN

A love that should not exist on earth
I am in the wrong love or on the wrong planet
I am already heaven or maybe illusion
Can people tell how mirage I am?
How is love supposed to look and feel?
I half-ask god but am scared to hear
Hide the seams of prism children I am
So I do not have to kill them all

SPACE ORPHAN

When I get the shakes they spell M-O-T-H-E-R
I fill the world with blank vomit that I spew in blank
Sorry for the first tit in my mouth that didn't milk
Sorry I'm not yet the stars and in skin
A slum until the end I call it body
When ruin comes I'll hug me briefly
Then I'll dance around an astral fire in my skull
Then my bones will turn to silence I can't wait

ARE WE FEAR

The sky told me nothing about myself
The stars told me nothing about myself
Jupiter gave me zero
Except that I am dust
Which is a lot to go on
But not enough to stop the death
Where are we going to live?
I said to my unknown self
When one of us is dead
She did not say
But opened up a curtain
Where her silence lived
And I went behind the curtain
And laid my skeleton down
I lay in silence as she stroked my tired head
And then I heard a roaring crowd
And knew that I had been onstage
And knew that I was good

BROKEN OCEAN

But then the water grows dark and recedes

I guess it is self-protection

To imagine the part where the water grows dark and recedes

As everything grows dark and recedes

I guess

I need a jumping-off point to this image

Love is the jumping-off point to this image

But love isn't even the water

Real love is the light

Don't you know that yet?

The water is something else

As anything that grows dark and recedes

Is something else not love

Fine then I don't want love

Fine then I don't want love

I want the water

TASTE TOMBS

My death is god's, how will it salt me?
Final sunburn or the gag of candy
My hair is god's and when it goes to dust
The worms will bone their ghostdicks in my scalp
And I've been told I have bats in my throat
Get ready for the night shriek when I puke them up
Another kind of death more spiral than the dust
An ego death where I should start my life
But I don't want any deaths
And I don't want any lives
I want to hunt phantasms in the smeared skies
Give Orion my thighs
Give my blood to the light
Never having been
And so forever born in cosmic leaves

SOURCES OF LIGHT

And the women continued to bleed
They bled what looked like shards of chicken skin
Out their holes
And the men fucked the holes
The good men licked them
It was hard to say who was good
Sometimes when the good men licked
They thought about the next
Bloody hole they would be licking
It was hard to say
But one woman felt sure
The licking of the blood
Meant a man was good
No matter what
So she bound herself to him
And drank of his light
Though there was light in other men
And shining from all kinds of places
Mountains and palm trees and ancient words
Water and sea vegetables
Infinite sources of light
Wherever you turned your eyes it was

If you knew how to see it
And feel it
She felt it
In the mouth of this licking man
Sleep in my light he said
She did
Her blood on his face
Her blood in his light
Pink and then
The vanishing
He had to disappear
As those we make saints of on earth must do
And the light was still inside her
And the light was all around her
But she felt the light go with him
And she prayed she would go too

BIG TIDE

Nothing was made for me

I have to keep making it

Everything was made for me

The ocean, though I didn't know it till I murdered

What evil did I murder that I finally knew the ocean?

No evil no evil I simply saw the ocean

I saw the ocean for the first time

After having seen it for 2000 years

And when I finally saw the ocean

It murdered evil for me

You ask me to define evil

I don't know I can't

I can only say there are things that stand

In the way of other things

And the ocean murders all of them

CADAVER LAMB

When there is no one left

When it is just me and god

What do I say?

I say *help*

I say *freezing*

I say *I am wrong*

But god you never made me feel that way

Humans speak god

I am one of those humans

Many ugly things

Blood head skull hole

Milk mouth teeth rot

Sun hair dick suck

Mother water egg eye

Ugly and real

Ugly and real

I don't want to share

My life with anything real

God is real

I am trying to get better

What does that mean?

WIDE SIGH

I thought that there were two
The good voice
And my voice
I thought the good voice was buried
And I would have to dig
Under my voice
Which is glittery and cold
To get there
Then I heard them
A drumbeat and hawks
Also snakes
Many wild voices
Heartbeats
Big beats
One beat
All over
Do you hear it?
I hear it now
Speeding up
Taking me up

HE SHE

We were kissing in the pigs and fucking in the pigs

My god said it was not love

But my other god said it was

My god just wants me to be happy

And my other god wants me to be happy

And the women have not stopped crying

Throughout history

So I said kill me with your arrow cock

And I will cry too

Only later

LUNAR WIDOW

You will never be a centaur without me
But you will be a gypsy
The stars don't give a shit
We should be under one piece of cloth
Maybe sleep on my hair across the continent
Watch me go up in the sky I do
Now I'm falling into the ocean
You gave me only drops of what I want
I wanted to haul
I wanted to harbor your wreck
Stop not blowing the conch
Be a childhood ok?
The heart so ready before it existed
My mouth on your silence
The dark of not getting what I want
The dark of getting it
Holes forever and ever
Shoes of the father so stepped on
The belly of our thing I don't know what it is
But I know something slit it
Call me a jellyfish
In the evening my body grows a penis

I want you in my odor

And I don't give a shit about the stars

I want your skin for a screen

I can project a cemetery

You can smoke all you want

Welcome to the coffin

AMARANTHINIA

Hi dumb dry memory
You keep hurting my awe
I can hold back till infinity
Then I get to hump the light
I will be so good at infinity
No grey room to frighten me
Only the end of all the stale colors
Everything become all the colors
I used to think I would not live long
Now I think I have my music
And I will become a song when I die
So that even if I die today there is an awesome mercy
Watch me fucking the light
Me licking light from every finger
Me with the light in my ass
Me saying *more* and the light saying *yes*
Me finding out what I always knew
Which is what I know now but cannot remember
I will show the old animals how to be young
This will be my deathless offering

MOON VIOLENCE

The peace I will not pray for
Silence I won't sit in
Zero surrender
The manbaby splayed for my affection
I say no
I ride an animal along the shore
Any animal
I have my knife and money
A throat
I am a woman and no woman at all
The honey drips I taste myself
I eat me in an arc on the water
Dig out my third eye
The hole I fill with sickness this time
Every time
This is what I do with love

REKILLING

Mother nature will forgive me of my killing ways when she forgives me
Mother nature will forgive me of my killing ways when she kills me
And I don't know if mother nature loves her killings
As I have tried to love my killings
Or if they make her happy
As none have made me happy
Or if the things she kills are beauty
As I kill only beautiful things
Myself mostly
And cruel are the angels who have rescued me
Only to never get inside me
And cruel is the grace that always lived inside me too quietly
Cruel eye that brought me to ruin overdosed on humans
Cruel beautiful humans who made the silence seem so empty
Both cruel and uncruel is the mystery
So I have had to kill the mystery
I stuffed the mystery up with gyrating statues
Let's lead a spontaneous prayer for the mystery
Please be no void O gyrating mystery
Invoke me and no end of days please mystery
Love me with immaculate feeling zero body

LIQUID ARROWS

Let me give you the gift of dinner
The dinner is mine and it is not mine
It is our dinner and everybody's dinner
There are infinite dinners and there is only one dinner
I will give you the one
I ate at feasts with Bacchus
I ate wild boar and citrons
Brains in rose patina
Cherries, lambs, suckling pig, blood sausages and quinces
The water was cold and the wine seemed nice
Wine was going to be nice for a very long time
Then it would not be nice
I was nine, eleven, thirteen
My breasts came in and there were seven pubic hairs on my mound
Bacchus came and laced my cup with serum
A sleeping serum?
No a vomiting serum
In the field I felt that I would vomit
Bacchus sat me on his lap facing the sunset
My legs straddled his knee
The pressure of his knee and the pleasure of the coming vomit
My seven pubic hairs

The hands of Bacchus clasped around my stomach
My stomach fat but Bacchus didn't care
So my stomach thin
Bacchus put his fingers down my throat to help the vomit come
I burped and burped but nothing came
I burped like the ocean
I burped like quicksand
Bacchus gave me water to make the vomit come
When I vomited up the water he kept his hand in my mouth
The vomit went down his arm in a waterfall
The vomit bathed his body
I vomited down his arm all night
The vomit smelled like dead boar
It smelled like brains
It smelled like coins, gladiolus petals, mother's milk and cloudborn
Bacchus said he wanted to hear my stomach scream
I screamed and screamed until I had no more screams
Then I began singing
This was joy

HONEY FIELD

I am an animal outside the church
No I am in the church being good
Incense makes me deep
Like the scorpion under jealousy
Fuck what they say
I can find goodness in a church
I can find it anywhere
So much of my brain is scorching
I have had to learn to find it everywhere
My brain is a jet and purple scorpion
Pacing outside the church
And my heart is the church
It has its bound spire
You know it has its bells and walls
Its plastic love contingency
But in the end dissolve
Like everything infinity

LITTER

My feelings were dogs
With no master left to tend them
But the dogs stayed alive
And discovered they could feed themselves
And I must really love my dogs
Or else I would have stabbed them
So as never to mistake again
A deadbolt for an opening
Because I am a dead girl
And I want to be alive
Though the things that look like life to me
Are somehow a killing
But one day I may get a death
The coming of a kind
That seeks no other death to love
And I'm so scared of choking

DRY FUXX

I dreamt nothing of you tonight because I did not sleep

You were under your hat and I was in my head

I want to be in your head

I am already over

I am widow corpse while soft girls pump wells

They are already over

What if nobody is over?

What if nobody has to end?

I could spit the rain

I could bring the flood

I could say *water water*

I could say this into the nothing

SOFT PALATE

Hear the voice of my hungry bloodhound ghost
She thinks she is a wolf
So full of zeros
Hungry zeros in the hungry bloodhound ghost
Her mother the queen cut out her teeth
To keep her from imaginary destruction
And the hunger ran down her throat
And made an ocean of zeros
But she is tired of that story
Sucking the teeth of other doggies
Damming the ocean with bones
And glittery mirrors and minigods
She goes to the big god
And god is in the ocean
God says *don't drown*
She says *float me*
All the crystals
Of how life is
Some of them
Just look like rocks

ALONG

From the bottom of the ocean come the figures

They are also in the air

Every body we have ever been

Rodents and cheetahs and snakes

You don't have to be anything ever again

You can just be the air

How does it feel with your body gone

Narcissus weeping but the stars like yeah

DOGS

What if the dogs got quiet
And their fur was my hair
And they licked my face
But it was me licking my own face
Also my heart
And the licking built a new kingdom
But the kingdom wasn't in the sky
It was in my hands and on my face
Also in my heart
And I let me be the kindly dogs
And I saw the dogs were always kind
They had only been disguised
Or maybe they were kind and horrible both
Roaming the woods in circles
Until one day they simply walked
Out of the woods
The woods so full of knots
The knots possessing water
The dogs needing every lick of that water
Until they were ready to leave the woods
And when they were finally ready
There was still time

It wasn't sundown

And the dogs looked at the sun

And the sun didn't burn their eyes

And the water in their bellies

And everything outside them

Was all

I RUN RIGHT THROUGH MYSELF AND DON'T CRACK

The ground under me is nothing

My tendons are nothing

The dick in my palace is nothing

My ancestors eaten by flames are nothing

The flames themselves are something

All my holes are something

Universe universe tell me my secret

The wind in your thoughts and the perfume in your heart

FORGOTTEN SOUND

I pretended the lust was voices
And I wrote down the voices
And sometimes the voices spoke as I had written them
To confirm what I already knew
Which is that I am a child and ready for petting
And sometimes the voices said nothing
To confirm what I already knew
Which is that I am filled with holes
And sometimes the voices said strange words
To confirm what I did not know
Which is that I am a ghost
And the men are real
And going on without me

INSIDE WORLD

Slices of paradise cut in because
Paradise demands our attention
My paradise is a coma I think
It hurts so much to keep walking
Sometimes comas brush against my feet
But I still love on Earth
And will maybe stay alive
Without everything I think I need
The angels are singing me to sleep
The dream of being alive gets born
I get scared and redream it
And everything I touch on Earth
Resembling angels
I try to eat

MAGIC ISN'T DEAD

All the seers predicted who I am
They said *she is a waiting room for bones*
Still I am after some non-predictable end
Where I go beyond skin and hair
I am a fuck demon in a fuck castle
Also electricity and no dust
And I am coming for you spirit
I am avenging everything
The gravestone they tried to make you in the rain
I will make the rain stop
Or I will make it rain animal bodies
And you will see your face in the lions

CHROME COUNTRY

And when you believe you are good
After you have felt wrong for a very long time
The angels come find you and blow in your eyes
And you become a glowing fish
And all of your tears turn to ocean
And the iron world rolls backward
And there in space you are saved
From yourself and also the future
And a quiet voice is all that there is
There in space and floating above it
There in your gills and also your lungs
A quiet voice is all that there is

PROBLEM AREAS

Just don't let me drink from the white tower
Or the grey sane or the black linear
Only the red river
No one knows any more than me
And I am going to have to stay alive
In the mouth of civilization
I ask god to send a swordsman
And god says *look at your hands*
I smell horses on the wind
They are galloping out of my hot lips

LAST SEXT

Am I crying on coal mountain
The sky is a funnel I want it
I want to be sucked by the moon
Or needled into the night
Or into the eye of a cock
Of a boy with a mouth like mine
And together we enter a door in the sky
Which is one door
But all doors
And the breath there is his but mine
And the truth in the door is many
As the truth on coal mountain is many
But also one truth alone
A truth I have felt since always
Before the time of the cock
Do I point to it from my sickbowl
Perched high atop coal mountain
And I can never say its name
As I gape into the dark
And see the jaw of a boy
Reflected in my sickbowl
My bowl of gristle and blood

My thoughts of bellies and scythes
And how to cut me out of me
The vine of the mind and the heart and its sword
And the smoke of the coals in the dark
And his hands on my dress and his mouth on my death
And the bites of want in the dawn
When the boy disappears with the sun
How his body becomes a soot
And his semen dissolves in the wind
But his shadow remains on coal mountain
Am I mine

MERCY FUXX

God wants me to have a lemon tree
Or else I wouldn't have it
And now the horses must come rescue me
Or if no horses, you
Please bring on a stampede
Bring on the fake salvation faster than I could
And I would sodomize with you all evening if I could
Though in the dark
You looked so human in your skin
That I called you human in my head
And did not want you then
And felt relieved

ALONE

I heard the bubblings of a liquid inside
Not plasma or pus or sex wet
An unearthly liquid, so other
And I was told to keep it inside till forever
Now I cry astral tears for all the fake holies
This is how you alchemize you cry
I can teach you alchemy if you lick my astral tears
Or maybe just watch me

LONG TOMB

My pussy tastes like rain to you

I will not make this a romantic poem

Poems are made of mistakes

Poems about poetry are mistakes

I look to mistakes and say *am I ok?*

I look to mistakes and say *make me ok*

My pussy tastes like pussy

And I have been scared since the day I was born

HOW I GET OVER MY LIFE

I turn my mind to bread and feed it to dogs
The dogs are good of stars and never devils
They eat me into something better maybe a door
They eat me to a sky until I'm gone from me
They swallow all my voices cold and drill
They hollow me out for all the good secrets
The secrets give me third eye until sunrise
I shut my mouth the whole time

LAST TERROR

What kind of thing would orphan a mind
Was it the abyss
With its infinite carves
Or the everywhere of graves
That said I was alone
My darling piggie
Darling piggie orphan of my mind
I will unearth you to the snouts of your tribe
Even if we have to leave the Earth
I will find you a home
And forgive you in your slops
Even as you eat my head and hair and heart

I'M COMING

The people talked to me of god
Then god talked to me of god
God said *do not move*
I said *I know*
And then got very still and knew that I was not
And saw our shadows in the room
Two wild and kindly dogs
Leaking light from out their wet jaws
The good of breath from where we all began
Though our minds try to tell a different story
A tale of man and his machete
Murder of our dogs when we fake being men
Or live a lifetime in the human codes
Fierce we cut the shadows with our seeing-eye bones
Gently then we dress the wounds
In nothing
That will lead us back to Earth

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PRAISE FOR MELISSA BRODER

“Broder manages to conjure a psychic realm best described as one part twisted funhouse and two parts Catholic school, heavy on libido and with a dash of magick. This gritty, cherry soda–black book ... is bizarrely sexy in its monstrosity.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

“I don’t know what a book is if not a latch to elsewhere, and *Scarecrone* has pressed its skull against the hidden door. It is neither drunk nor ecstatic to be here—it is a state unto itself.”

—*VICE*

“Lushly dark and infused with references to black magic, Broder’s work often feels less like a book and more like a mystical text.”

—*PAPER*

“Out to ‘crucify boredom,’ her poems show us how any relationship with the divine is no less at risk of engendering grotesque lust ... What makes Broder such a pleasure on the page is her insistence that these dramas play out on a workaday stage infused with surreal Pop and imaginative muscle ...”

—*Publishers Weekly*

“With a title recalling Yeats ... Broder risks the divine in her second book ... shrewd, funny, twisted, sad poems.”

—*The Chicago Tribune*

“*Meat Heart* ... is unbelievable and overwhelming for its imaginative power alone, but if you listen past the weird you can hear all sorts of things: sadness,

seriousness, life, death, and a whole lot of laughter.... Broder is a tremendous talent.”

—*Flavorwire*

“*Meat Heart* embodies that strain of sustenance, that sort of psychosomatic excitement most valiant art more or less tries to pull off ... Her poems don’t bore or bear down. They beam oracle energy. They pump a music of visions for the life-lusty death dance.”

—*BOMB*

“Broder’s insight and honesty will make your brain light up and your hair stand on end.”

—*The San Francisco Examiner*



MELISSA BRODER is the author of three previous poetry collections, most recently *Scarecrone*. She is also the author of the essay collection, *So Sad Today*. Her poems have appeared in *POETRY*, the *Iowa Review*, *Tin House*, *Guernica*, *Fence*, the *Missouri Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Washington Square Review*, *Redivider*, *Court Green*, *The Awl*, *Drunken Boat*, et al. She lives in Venice, California.

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