PETER TWAL

WE SET CONTROLS FOR THE HEART

And Death in a pair skinny jodhpurs waits off screen, its riding
crop, skeletal closeness, leather crackle
tickling my ear
I am a memory framed through boney fingers You, an abundance of red, overexposed eye A text from across the room

Again When I shear my hair, I become a body of refugees, my head so war torn, my roots retreating and you run
in circles with the scissors, lapping up what’s left Between whose couch cushions will you one day find my body A pathetic

penny, face erased, a phantom limb holding a bouquet made up of all the red cups in the world like Hello, this is my heart
with its shitty bowl cut Impossible to love anymore, the sight of our disassembling feels forced like God, obnoxious, begging
for pictures, hold my seat, bro— read receipts with each message If I Was I always this thin, a hair whittled down to the
bone How was any of this ever mine, in me Remember when I controlled even the birds, made them feed on the
growths on your shadow Moldy emotions in that red desert and now a living room stage where you shoulder me to the front,
soldier me to my knees, solder some scrap metal over my body How useless a Mars Rover metaphor seems right now when I
haven’t even mentioned distance but God, a text— Again Me: Trying not to lose track of my limbs so I’m actually peeling myself back
Saving me for later so the birds can watch, wing in wing A land mine, a love note My heart

finally clicks on loud under your foot, a cassette player taped to my chest, and a laugh track of people
crying Pathetic penny Peace treaty Death yelling action yelling action yelling action figure Was I exploding last night or
Come Home to This and with a Face

And the embarrassment a train must feel when another
train out-screeches it at the station     In front of everyone, a man

making a living handing out pinwheels made of bone     What smarts an explosion
must possess     the control to say I will only blow up this far

in the action movie all my friends make of my life     In the rearview mirror really clear
now, the face of God formed in the bruise on my face     a holy

hook     and the fishing line from my mouth     tangled but streaming
out the window like kite tails on a beach     (A tide     the hands dragging you back and off

the cliff edge where memory ends)     Your world picks up speed around me     the radio speaks
another language     and when someone cuts me off, I yell     No one ever thinks to ask

how many light bulbs it takes to change a light bulb     do they, you asshole
and out the window goes my radioheart, a tumbleweedheart     endlessly

rolling with the wrong B roll looped behind it     and that night, Death totally getting me
back with the shaving cream on my hand in front of all my friends after we crash