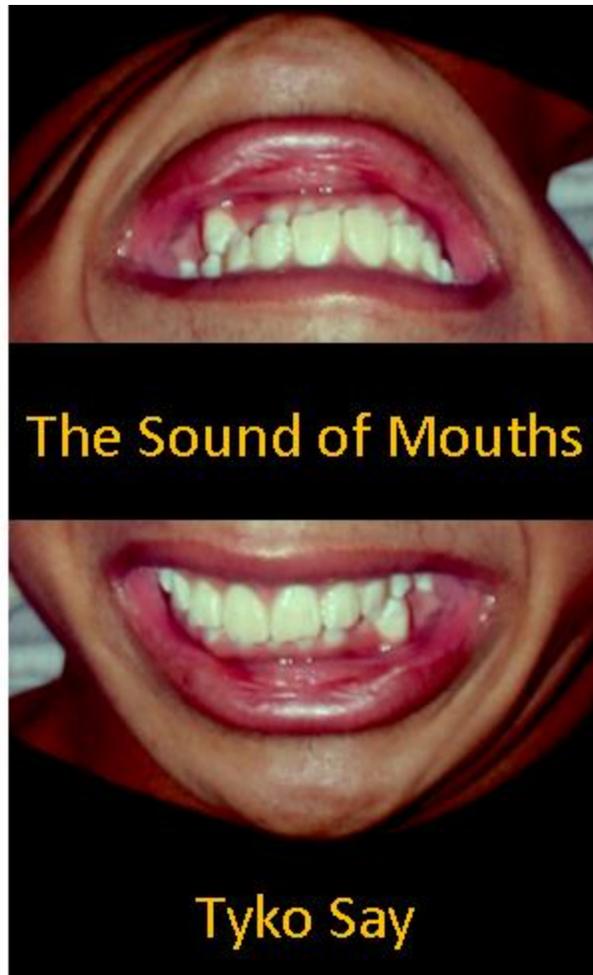




The Sound of Mouths



Tyko Say



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Photo by the author



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## **For Xavier**

Fingers branch from hands; hands, stubs on arms; arms, branch from shoulders; shoulders stub from our torsos. Yet, the most affluent language speaks at the smallest root of that natural system—two fingers around the ink pen. The pen shares an invisible link with this tree and the rain. The pink brain controls the ink maid like a midnight wind swirls silent rivers whole. We see how funny thoughts may trickle; brain stemming into the instinctive vein, through the shoulder, down the arm, into the hand and out our roots. Our bodies, so naturally, coinciding with the way things are supposed to be.

## **Maple Valley Highway**

carcinogen girl you  
burned  
your own hair when  
you broke your nail  
the whole room swayed  
head hung over  
sunny-side  
up eggs  
blue jeep drove  
fast drive hammered  
get laid

implode chest with  
Metasequoia Glyptostroboidea  
you tore your  
dress for an advanced  
paycheck \$4.00 corduroys  
around his ankles  
outside men work  
the loose gravel  
to drivable  
shape  
ripped seat  
in the blue jeep  
reminds me of  
that shit in your hair

### **Tyko's Last Garden**

words heard: 2010-2015

words observed: Fall 2015

you learn the most about people  
when listening to them tell stories  
you've heard them tell before

beautiful, beautiful, beautiful  
love marks

AT 14 YRS OLD - I LOVED IT!  
I KEPT ASKING MY PARENTS  
WHAT WAS HAPPENING.  
IN THE WORLD,  
THEY DIDN'T KNOW – THEY GOT DRUNK A LOT.

father said, anything is possible with interns  
he explained symbolism of chipped tooth  
in the dentist chair.

Dad culture.

Saturday morning cartoons

played in her head.

cell phones then,

did not fit in her

pocket

moms are girls, too.

At 17

Merve Pinar taught me how

to say fuck her until she dies

in 3 different languages.

she ate tootsiepops in one bite and

kissed like

melt

ing van

illa

ice cream.

she screamed

when I cupped her  
wet breast in  
the shower  
she was one  
bad school girl.

At 18  
I stole a cigarette from the casino ashtray  
of a man who struck it big.  
there were broken mirrors  
in the backroom of  
the sex shop I asked  
advice at.

Sarah took her  
vitamins with her  
birth control  
I still write her name on  
breakfast diner receipts. There are  
Many Places on The Earth  
To See.

on the weekends, I  
discussed breakfast  
with friends at  
breakfast Ben  
said try  
not to cry  
at the orgy.

seashells from snail mail  
came in envelope with  
out sea shells  
. sucks.  
when it happens to you.

At 19  
a youngman in a du rag  
and a blue tooth  
pulled 3 bags of acid from  
lawnmower sneakers

I put Emily's freckles into my  
pocket we stumbled the  
cemetery river  
and carved in  
mother's tombstone,  
"we still love you,  
Pluto"

the next morning, rolling  
over with a yoga mat  
for a blanket a sledgehammer  
for a girlfriend  
drank cheap beer, pissed out  
on the carpet tattooed  
the sound transit  
Man Stays Drunk for 33 Years to

Avoid  
the Hangover.

At 20  
I thought loose  
baggage was gang  
slang for stool  
hanging chad  
at the midnight bar  
praying to @Christ,  
writing god-save-me  
verses again and again  
on bathroom napkins

I was coming down off ecstasy  
Travis, woke up  
still horny  
mosquitos don't bite me  
purely  
out of respect  
she was in a mini skirt  
lying underneath me I  
asked her  
if she had seen  
my yo-yo

and to the girl who crop-dusted me  
in the library:  
damn we should hangout

I can show you my  
dutch oven.

cell phones, still  
do not fit  
In women's pockets  
1. that's fucked up  
2. that's a great way  
to make money

sometimes the doggy  
misses the hydrant and  
pony-tailed mother  
at corner of Brooklyn  
forgets why she's standing  
paint will fall from still wet  
buildings being built by handy  
men handling tools with hands-  
on hands  
and we forget the world  
hides in ears at the check  
stand and at  
the funeral, when  
words and words full of  
words,

drip couplet raindrops in  
our eyesocket buckets

and

drip couplet rainbows in  
our eyesocket buckets.

### **Very Satisfying But Not Ideal**

Sometimes caught listening  
to a voice more and  
more closely,  
music in his whore  
ears turned to  
voices in  
The Single Room  
For Two: finding out  
after working at the Arco  
in Thorpe for years, that he  
was then new, and now he  
is used—

to hearing pitstopping  
neighbors  
discuss weather

or not, wondering

if he threw the baby out  
with the bathwater or  
if he drank the breathalyzer.

at the 4 AM slurpee counter,  
he reads that the delivery truck's  
driver's new menthol  
is a lemon he remembers then  
throwing crane cards off  
the iron bridge wondering if  
they would catch wind  
and fly back because her  
voice was a violin,  
mouth a diamond

in Eureka motel California  
mouth was cock suck  
circle around sucker  
stick lips  
flicking his tongue  
through peace signed  
fingers he remembers  
that night of Gold and Smoke

years later, laying on  
his elbows  
cutting hearts  
from valentines day  
cards he wrote on the

fold "I lost my  
favorite pen nine  
days ago" at moments of  
his character then,  
he understood the  
enthusiasm in  
the application of  
eyeliner and never  
judged an onion  
by its layers

### **Eulogizing Shirley Temple**

Once smoking, or standing to smoke, you  
stood dilly with your own hand in your own  
hand holding moldy balloon with only  
one half of a friendship necklace attached.  
You carried around in your pockets  
everything in which you wanted to die with

I watched you put your fingers in your  
eyelids twisting them round and looking down  
I wondered if you wondered who  
those fingers might have known.

Remember when you fixed your

lip when your jaw dropped  
and you tasted sweet sicken  
ing cherry schnapps that you  
forgot made your hands do  
what they did?

I often claim to,  
Freud said I'm not past  
the Oral Stage because  
I cant keep your name  
out of my mouth.

Writing ink between teeth  
soaking lips with words  
you said in  
my head  
thinking thoughts  
through  
think  
thin  
sinking  
sink  
sin guilar  
stress relieving candle  
burning down the  
house of cards

your nose bleeding  
on white sheets patients  
wait in the waiting room

not so patiently standing  
room only standing ovation  
for the last one standing  
the waiting room always  
waits the longest