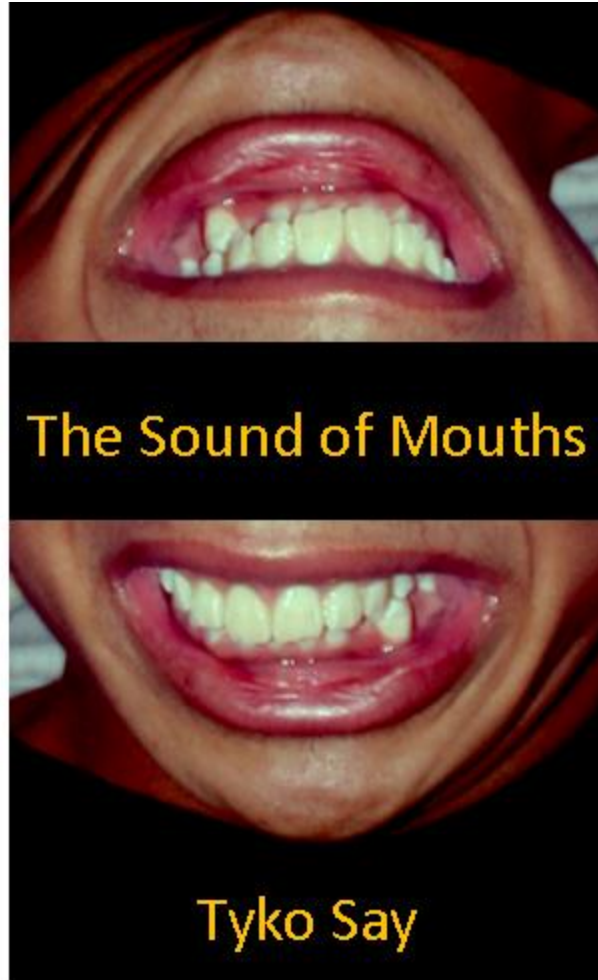




The Sound of Mouths



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