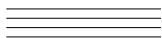


N A M E M Y T I M E O F D E A T H
A N D S E E W H A T I D O T O Y O U



M A X R I T V O

Time's up. Break's over. So I put the doctors on the floor again
and ask them for a diagnosis.

I've been keeping the doctors in line
on a little tan balance beam –

Whenever they reach the end I pluck them
up by the collar.

There's a little sadist in me – or boys
will be boys. I think I just got tired

of bad news, and each time
less air getting into my lungs.

Over time, I've corrupted their gaits.
Now it's their floor time. I command the docs to circle me

and with prognostic spoons plug up the holes
where they used to show me my body.

But their legs can only slam forward, crimped
and insanely looped like mine.

Down they bash into the ground,
screaming like a baby realizing it's a monkey.

The diagnosis comes in underwhelming:
We can't tell if you're going to live

*or if the background image
looks an awful lot like you.*

My milk is running brown, but what they're calling
cells in it are more like feathers up close.

I think there's something in me
more horrible than they're detecting –

I think I'd kill to stay alive,
at least myself,

and if you can't accept that
you don't know the angel in my blood.

What if I ran out of a body to give you?
What would you let me take from you?

A star, a raft, a bloody cloth, a bloody cloud,
my body, my body, I'm running for you only,
and my fear is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.