

## Self-Portrait as Disco Ball Missing Tiles

the first mirror was a bowl of dark water / was a bowl  
of dark water / & here I am  
to make your party      imperfect / the first mirror was / today,  
I am / why don't you check your reflection  
inside of me / nobody wants to see their own face  
to the nth power / I am trying      to laminate my brain / install  
me in the cab of a tractor / install me      in a river so that  
I may sun / install me      over this grave / could you put me on top  
of a sick tree / install me on a clothesline / the first mirror  
was a dark bowl of water / was a mirror / a bowl of dark  
the first / could      I / could I just  
warp your image

# Morning Morning

Being a carpenter's dxxghtxr  
I am afraid of power tools  
& tormented by bad wiring  
and being a carpenter's dxxghtxr  
there is at least one  
empty secret compartment  
in the room If someone  
else builds your secret compartment  
it isn't a secret I've seen  
an apple cut open That's how I know  
they're all full of stars  
My closet is full of invisible underwear  
invisible coats

invisible boots

I strategically  
place the philodendron to cover  
my chest & the aloe plant  
to cover I am hoping to see you  
again I won't ask that question  
I am wearing blue garden  
gloves This way I don't have to feel  
the surfaces of things My father  
doesn't trust me I can't blame him  
I tried to weld I was so in awe  
of the arc I burned through the electrode  
without touching the metal