

## Views To A Room

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*Rainer Werner Fassbinder, when discussing his movies, once was asked about their meaning. He believed that all human achievements share a common theme, for him, he wanted to build a house where each movie would be a different component of its structure: one movie would be the stairs, one the window, one the frame. These three poems share a common theme as well, they are all about longing, and they all amount to a structural component: one is the beams, the floorboards, the lintels; the other is the doors and windows, and so on. And, although their structural quality might be put into question, nonetheless they form a room, a room which you are more than welcome to come into.*

### exit wounds

i realised  
how dimly silent  
your voice has become  
how mute  
how neatly-clipped the corners  
of your mouth seem  
and how contempt has  
ironed the creases  
of things you would whisper  
while in bed  
all words are concrete  
and the only noises i hear  
are the dragging pebbles  
caught under the soles of my shoes  
when walking home  
now there's just the idea  
hollow and vacant  
of a lingering pain  
a darting convulsion every  
time i ask myself  
if wherever you are  
are you sleeping or are you awake

### limit state

33 is a good number  
in a decade full of bin-like  
numbers  
a single spot of clarity  
surrounded by flies  
viscously roaming all putridness  
of young adulthood angst  
33 is a good number  
and that's the number Jesus  
chose to die  
the year he said fuck-it-all  
screw this or at least  
meant it – that i'm sure of  
33 is a good number  
because you've crossed the  
threshold of enlightenment  
a middle finger poised  
which understands the true  
meaning of not giving  
a fuck  
so as i near to 33  
which is such a good number  
i try to numb the kid in me  
that cries as loud  
as some silences when the hole  
of the sun is high or  
all that has been accomplished  
piles up at your palm  
with a necessity to be crushed  
to be flat

**points of entry**

dinner is served and that's  
such a fancy way to  
put it since it's just  
frozen food and  
i eat it cold since the  
microwave is broken and rats  
prowl around the sink and  
have marked the stove with  
their rott'ness  
it's in these moments i  
think of your eyelashes framing  
the luminescent cracks where some  
doorknobs still remain untouched  
with anxious desire and  
time's folded and marrow  
goes cold from  
wonderment  
but then i pinch the  
slabs of chicken dry  
like bricks and gobble  
down the pieces of broccoli  
which languidly sink as  
i let the water run to clean  
hastily and leave among the cutlery  
inside the cupboard again the things  
i feel when the you is fished out  
from all the thinning  
of life