

# **The Rye**

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# I

Felt/saw the underwire it took all valiant in me to drop it.  
For the nursing fires in va-va-voom an old sheet  
waited to be coptic. Quirks of Malcolm. Sign of the remote.  
Yes will you come for me another valence.  
I come wandering as ever, demure  
as light, polymathic uninquiry veering toward  
a couch on a blanket  
a wear of shitting is now  
a blouse of creeping no less hard than terms  
dropped, re-remembered in the sense of timber bleached  
around the small ovular hole of a vintage picture frame. That vantage point.  
Go, go, vixen of foreshortening.  
Undertake as if artichokes will like your family.  
Like families like pincers for a scythe—it comes  
down: valence 3. Story-belt  
on a tile floor. Tile despite knee  
presenting hard-on story-belt, story-belt  
of This Is A Tile Floor. Can't wear it  
Definitely don't like it  
Now in daily want poor fire real trim around  
every day the same expected unctuous fabric killjoy redpeels  
ice polling weeds thru crux trellis dicks on a clock  
gravimetric jouissance fibres hunks where donespinning

## II

Stop it, the Ides are sensitive.

Minus the pink big hard one.

It gloats nearly.

Thus is it to be surgical.

*Everything is going to be okay* I said  
before Caesar died.

The house nearly done (*just waiting on the tombstone*)  
Caesar died.

To be hurt is to understand.

The knife goes out to the party. A “surgery” is performed.

Day, night, day, night.

Gemmy, dodecahedron ice cubes  
passed around.

These assuredly inappropriate for the weather.

*These are nice.*

Aerial view of what in phylum glops open a big one  
in the garden.

Slow choke, Cokes, chalk.

The blasphemous negative.

No one could score that night, that night  
was marked and could not be banged.

His bildungsroman I felt  
in my cunt.

My cunt sensitive to the day.

I was remarkable insofar as

I was dreary, and yet I was not only living

but was also felt-tipping

each recommended scene

recommended by Caesar’s arbiter

bb right above

his cupid’s bow

so he could almost see his fate

but not know.

Daily done this work.

Reiki of a fissure ordered ukuleles banished.

Then the understudy

A room in brass polite

Fried eggs

Desire equivalent unless attention

I took one ice to the stone and left it there.

Were that meat to quell

or were that meat to harden

*A breeze*

I wouldn't spring gloats

Never a man

Ritualistically fazing his gout

Ritualistically down in his heartbeat

There comes a point where I would like to exit

but the ritual is too harkening-me-into-it

The ritual is too hard

I'm a sea for others

I am a Caesar

### III

In the dream, I am awoken by the spider. Her fat soul  
flicking on the foyer of my middle finger. It is there  
that she is soldered, to yoke the spider-spot  
like a feather, like dot, to me  
eternally-writhing. If I try to flick her off  
she'll bite, how close to me she is. Could some passion  
elate my heart till it's stale?  
I think she could, like veiling a house till its shale.  
People like forthright designs, people like  
capturing a stupid cache  
illicitly every time I'm ill or I have to pee  
I have to pee less salty when I wake o I'm broke chanel  
my pants are on  
try try try  
I try to flick the spider off but nothing less  
than what I want to catch is what my patch is keeping.  
Every want to want continuing

1. Address in blank reap address where I am to press again, then stop
2. "Grumbacher" is the white name
3. Elf/elephant a leaf a leaf a sinuouy die

## IV

### NOT AGAIN NOT AGAIN

a kewpie fucking up

a cutie making gains

when a sign is the first good/bad real thing, I will repeat, I will poke

the stuff where a cairn gets made at a Christian University near Philadelphia, PA.

### BUT IF I AM SWIM

believe I'm different stuff

or liver of fabric

in a Brain like Eating. Your swindle real regard of He does not peel

up the former fast, the thousand good samaritans digging up rye am whole,

### FLIPPANT, FEELING IS

wonderful when you know

Orchestration flub

Coherence, all that jazz just the opposite of a euphemism

which is to say, is. Poke, poke. I swear there's something in there I'm dying to drill.

### ARE YOU ANSWERING

or are you fluffing

the overall landscape

of what is happening so the land looks like something hazy, painter-

ly and green, Jesu Christi but still there is something *inside* the inside of that

### AND INSIDE THAT STILL

looks like a windowsill

smells like a peanut

I'm trying to get to it every Sunday, my day of rest but

the University gives so much homework I do not get to rest much less take my dalliance.

## V

dremel in dremel in ach ach,  
the pussy willow sallows when it brakes  
the pussy willow swigs  
the net-cooling impromptu remote controller  
Look, it's Light Iris at the Dairy Queen

light swills me from the group canoe above the text  
the prophylactic embryonic foot  
I drink it down, orange-juliusly  
adding a gem to my cheek  
with jealousy, a gem to my check

A Small Globe Of Catching An Itch Community joins in, I close the door,  
wake from the dream at exactly 1:30 am twice three  
days in a row not feeling tired, really, like a flight attendant

I wish  
it didn't autocorrect to "subside," I wanted  
to see your cats *inside*, living

Less  
Less  
Portico

Wings, and everything through touch  
My Nightgown Wearer, your friend-system  
too swallows