

Eileen Myles
Cute

I feel like
another
Paul McCartney
story
a face is
like a sheet
made
of cream
on a pile
of bones
a pile of brown
rocks lying on
its bed
you think
I feel sad
no I hear
birds the cheers
of them
hammering
teasing the night
a cat cleans
her leg with
her mouth
a dog lies
still I'm

like that dog
except
I'm writing
so I guess
I'm licking
too. Here,
here,