

DEAR PATRON SAINT OF THE SPIRAL,

Berlin beginning to freeze, you slipped through the entrance of Trauma. We took our clothes off. It was a love song when I closed my eyes tightly: PUSSY SO HOLY THE BUILDING SHAKES—I screamed at the deep cut, bassline, and strobe mimicking touch in a Biblical sense—our angels reanimating in line for the toilet, half-awake, chorus thumping with horse hooves, breath like expired medicine—scraped metal, sniffing light—inside the darkroom your man was a vanishing detail and I couldn't see anyone but you spinning dreams of the livable city: For the sake of girls running their errands, girls inbetween genera, who do nothing to please the architect everyone becomes toward your skeleton spiraling until sunrise rubs the city awake—back to the soundscape you first loosed my mind in: Where latex glitters like ice on the river reflecting its soured life—demands of the elsewhere you left to rest at the center of the world—