

*Pre-established Harmony:
Seven Erotic Poems and Two Pictures*

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Modeled by Lansing Moore



I.
it was with an impulse
not unlike that which a little fat dwarf
from some Arabian-type country
would have had at some point
in the history of impulses
that I tied a string around your waist
a string which was fastened to a tambourine
which was placed on your ass
whose excess thread dangled down
between your legs
and the creak that I coaxed out of you
glistened in wet threads
that adhered to the string
which I placed in my mouth
knot first
bottom up

and ate like spaghetti
to the origin of the world.

II.

it was with a inclination
not unlike the cock
of a rabbit's head
staring at me
from your shoulder
who was eating a carrot
or so I imagined
looking down at your shoulder
while you held in hand
a carrot peeler
and my vegetables
in your mouth
that I later entered you
from behind
and reached around you
and rubbed you with my mitten
until I began to sweat
in my snowpants
and you spun around
as if
you were a salad tosser
and out of me came
a new scarf
for your lovely neck.

III.

it was predetermined that
as a born explorer
holding a telescope
or a magnifying glass
I would begin to investigate
your armpits
slightly hairy
and issuing a smell
fastidious
and yet arousing
and move further down
into the interior
gritty as it may have been
of your belly button
at last to come
to the closed gates of a long-standing mystery

that I would peel back the curtain
 of your vulva
 and dive in
 head first
 head-lamp on
 and
 grabbing your hips
 I would pull myself entirely inside you
 past all the nubs and wet places
 into the interior of the thing
 and maybe my toes
 angled outward
 stimulated your clitoris
 as they were passing through
 and at that point I disappeared
 within you
 only to emerge
 as some lightly-colored milk
 from your nipples
 and as the colorful sigh
 you gave
 from your throat
 as if satisfied.

IV.

it was certain, but not necessary
 that when the evening light came
 your hair would have revealed your neck
 to me
 free from obstruction
 even at the dirty place
 behind your adam's apple
 where the hair grows messily
 and yet covers
 the softest skin
 that I would brush it with my hands
 that I would press my hands against
 the sides of your neck
 turning your head
 this way and that
 that I would reach up
 and gather your hair
 and pull it up
 and then down
 and that
 my hands holding you to the pillow

I would rub my cheek against your neck
 up and down
 until I found myself sniffing
 the back of your ear
 where you probably never wash
 I mean I don't
 but that's where I found myself
 my nose at least
 and my hands were then free to shape your neck
 casting the skin
 this way and that
 until your neck responded
 and began to elongate
 and as I caressed it stronger and stronger
 it became longer and longer
 until you were just a neck
 with the softest skin
 with a faint heartbeat
 a column of arteries and veins
 vaguely pulsing
 behind the golden hairs
 that make you you.

V.
 it was with a clear and distinct idea
 that I conceived the territory of your arm
 wherein
 Leibniz says
 there are entire worlds
 for indeed
 matter is infinitely divisible
 and the substance of the world
 is made up of monads
 each of whom is a mind
 a perceptive mind
 which suns itself
 in the garden
 of your body
 which contains within it
 further gardens
 even your arm
 has within it
 a universe of gardens
 each of which
 contains gardens of its own

and which reflects the world as it is
 entirely
 that is to say
 I was staring at your arm
 trying to penetrate it
 but the more I tried to move in
 the more the matter closed in around me
 impenetrable
 for Leibniz maintains there are no atoms
 there are only pocket mirrors of the universe
 in smaller and smaller pockets
 and thus we cannot even touch each other
 unless God suggests to us
 via an idea
 that we lie close together
 and that I am touching you
 on the arm
 and even then
 it is as if we stand motionless in a garden
 in a well-laid out bed of flowers
 an English garden
 wherein each plant is a cell in a grid
 unable to touch
 but even then
 for the love of God
 I'll still shoot my wad
 across the mulch
 across the weeds
 because you shiver there
 alone
 and maybe the warmth
 that came from inside me
 will warm you up a little.

VI.

it was while following my path through being
 as Heidegger calls it
 that path which
 I myself have laid down
 and which I often tread
 by habit
 and which he says
 I must break out of
 by violence
 to burrow into
 the new heart

of being
or so he explains
and it was while he told me this
that I unfolded the paper
from the gift
you gave me
I unfolded the blanket
that ensconced you
that I unfurled the blouse
you wore
and let it swing from the wind
which gathered about my hand
and disclosed that homeless sight
the wandering cityless sight
of your naked breasts
hanging down like little figs
as if unattached
or unwilling to be attached
or hanging on for dear life
to the fleshy part
of your chest
and it was at that moment
that I craved a cigarette
for the paths of my being
are lined with cigarettes
one a day
smoked with pious concentration
lucky strikes
filterless
enough to sate me
one a day
a day which is divided in three parts
the first part of which
involves the planning
of where
of when
of with whom
I will share my cigarette
my only joy
the second part
of which
involves the smoking
the talking comes afterward
the smoking is done in silence
without haste
without particular enjoyment

but rather with relief
and some
light-headedness
which is experienced
standing perfectly still
except for the little shakes
that disclose
the ash
the third part of which
consists of walking with
whomever I have chosen
to smoke my only cigarette
the only one for this particular day
and in that time of relief
I reach for the ground of being
the music of the soul
disclosed from the person
who walks beside me
with a roar
like a veil torn away
blowing from the half-mold
of my chosen fellow
in the windy roar of which
can be seen
some floating scraps
of paper or cloth
or wrappers
but I digress
in any case
we shared a cigarette today
you and I
and now
in the third part of my day
the part without planning or stress
although planning brings a certain joy
a joy which, however painful, sustains me
anyway
in the third part of my day
here I am
with you
you are under me
my arms pin you to the ground
my hands lift you by the spine
my hand is hidden inside you
and in the cold air
outside the Rock

you exhale
 what looks like smoke
 as your back arches
 and your breath shudders
 and your legs clamp shut
 and you let loose a nervous laugh
 and a violent shiver runs through your being
 which shakes the firmament
 of me
 and in an instant
 in the third part of my day
 you have opened up
 a trap-door or
 a fire escape or
 a secret passage
 through which
 burrowing
 I can make a new discovery:
 a new heart
 like a bust
 that overlooks
 the gate
 beyond which lies
 new paths
 of being.

VII. *(for Timothy Conklin-Nassau)*

it was with some trepidation
 that I came
 onto your asshole
 you told me it was okay
 I didn't believe you
 it looked like an eye of darkness
 surrounded by eye shadow
 exactly the color
 of a penny
 but we were engaged in a program
 of experimentation
 you and I
 having attended that Foucault conference
 where the butch lesbian
 tried to hide her breasts
 behind her leather jacket
 and sunglasses
 where they talked about
 spirals of power

and pleasure
our feet
propped up on our knees
touched
and while we were walking
I asked you if I could stick a needle in your arm
a hot needle
except I shouldn't have asked you
I should have just done it
more of a surprise that way
it could have expanded your mind
reconfigured you
reorganized your body without organs
so to speak
for there could have been
new territories of experience
of uncompromised
un-co-opted
and unexpected
pleasures
but I asked you anyway
just like when I steamed up your asscheeks
with my hot cum
I felt bad about it afterwards
but then you had the bright idea
to take it to the shower
and rather than cover our bedsheets
with shit
like some paraplegic
we could let the shit
run down our legs
while we grasped at each other
like someone searching for a pen and paper
in a handbag
or like someone feeling blindly
on the carpet
for a contact lens
but then the drain clogged
and you tripped over your own shit
and I held you while you bled
it was entirely unexpected
and I admit
when you passed out
and I ran around
looking for the number
for health services

the newness of everything
gave me a shiver
just a little shiver
of pleasure
although I realized
even then
that I could have foreseen it
that we both
should have worn
our shower shoes.

