

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

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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.

