I lost myself when I started lying to you.
Nothing says “I love you” like a natural disaster.
Vacationing with the people who hate you most.
Pleasantries exchanged with the terrorists next door.

Last sign on the door says last chance to escape.
Hand gripping the wheels of progress.
Cutting the gut into angular shapes with our tongues.
Kissing like momentary pictures.

The way my heart slits its throat.
Bank accounts unaccounted for with diamond lips.
Lovers crossed as lovers. Star-crossed loathers.
Infantry men with no ears to lend.

Five to nine to 69 until five.
Fences on fires and roofs to rot.
Speaking in foreign languages.
Tongues wagging and waiting to ache.

The difficulties of choosing a life of impoverished loneliness.
Learning with eyes completely sewn shut.
American novel written with the anus on toilet paper.
Proof of the world turning to literal shit.

Jeremy Quintero

Jeremy Quintero is a Los Angeles-based poet and musician, who has been writing music and poetry since the age of ten. His most recent album is 2009′s Resolution Season. He is currently in production on two new records, which will be out sometime in 2011. He is also writing an “experiment” in memoir. He has been rejected by a number of well-established literary journals and small presses, including A Public Space, The Colorado Review, Copper Canyon Press, and The Splinter Generation. He holds a B. A. in English, and an M. F. A. in Creative Writing. You can email him at jeremy@jeremyrquintero.com.