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Un-disorders // Campfire Songs

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MITCHELL ANGELO

Un-disorders

I tell you I love you because I am well adjusted.
All the shouting is only planes overhead. I tell you
I love you because I am well adjusted and not because.
There is yellowcake in the cupboard. Remember the planes.
There are mousetraps in the cupboard. I am well adjusted.
Not because. Because.

Mattress the dirt. Sift through the wet
sky. Imagine rain and then not. Promise
it's only planes overhead. All the shouting is only yellow
cake. Adjusted. Who knows how many planes are left.
There aren't enough piles of dirt in the world to fill me.
Don't think about it. The dirt can be yellowcake. Don't think
about it. I tell you I love you because you cannot.
I tell you I love you because I am well adjusted.

Campfire Songs

Digestive space,
a reason to start numbering again.
An overestimation of the pebbles, the piles.

I wish you could have seen it. The white belly
peppered with rot. The odd-cocked jaw of roadkill.
Must have miscounted the miles and ended up far

from home. Bloated necked, white bulging. The boys
back home call that a shiner—it's a pretty bad one.
The road ripped through her skull like

spilled ink. Numeric space,
A reason to ingest again—

I wish you could have seen it. Splayed gentle,
like mouths on a mirror. I'm probably
lying, it's easier this way. Twisting your skin

around your ankles. Bending the toenails blue.
I laid down next to the dead deer so she
wouldn't feel embarrassed