

SLEEPWALKING

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“IF I WERE TO KISS YOU HERE THEY’D CALL IT AN ACT OF TERRORISM...”

—Hakim Bey, *T.A.Z.*

“Leaning on sleep. I gather yr sleep; I hold it in my body like an organ, or scar.”

—Angel Dominguez, *Black Lavender Milk*

We close our eyes a little bit before answering
the question. Lean into each other.
We ask how we like it. Which colors.
We put our hands in the back pocket and we feel each
other's hands on each other's asses. This is a good thing.
We ask each other how we like it. We like it a lot.
We put most of our weight on the balls of our feet.
We contemplate wearing colors. Which colors.
We ride our bikes at night. We reach for each other.
We look back to make sure the other is behind us. Our legs
are overlapping on the balcony. Our thighs are overlapping
on the balcony at night. We look at old photos
and exclaim at how much we've changed.
We talk really closely. Could we imagine a little more?
We really look. We look really far. We go far and farther.
We figure out how to talk softly to each other. Our lips
on each other's necks. We talk on a stoop. We let the cat
sleep on top of us. We shift. A turn. We are different
people at night. We push ourselves from the ground.
We miss each other in the afternoon. We never go home.
We put our jackets on each other. What are we missing?
We feed each other each other's cum. Put fingers far
into our mouths, fingertip along tongue, flat flat flat.

I am not afraid of sleep.

If you're used to it, keep me in your thoughts.

This is me mentioning it. I assess. You assess. Lie down. Take the cat back outside.

I give myself permission to be awful. To be really bad.

I point to the violence in myself. The kind that builds through a few sneaky movements. From one movement to the next, it's okay. There is a lot to tolerate. So a broom breaks. So the things around me are breaking.

I reach into my mind for a rational thought although I don't really want to access it. Not at a time like this. Fall is a word people use a lot for this feeling. Fall or trip, I just really hope you like the person I become at night.

To also know that this is real.

The less I sleep the more I find my desire. The less I sleep the closer we can be, where I stretch my rapture out to involve you.

I keep the tools close to my ears. I let the water seep out over my hands, dripping across metal pipe.

I let the devotion seep out over all the other devotion.

Layers of wax.

The drips of it get stuck to the wooden floor and I leave them for weeks. You don't mind.

We've been apart for days, weeks.

I just think about you on top of my face, my tongue out.
Would you let me be underneath you? I let myself think about
what you want to do with me.

How you might also risk your devotion, even incrementally.

Without telling you, I notice how it builds.
You don't say.
I can count the subtleties.
How you might expose a real feeling.
My mouth is open for one.
A real feeling, spoken.

Isn't this mouth a true angel?

It's this same night that made me into something more than
I was. Something truer. Something incredibly solid.

I have one more thing to thank. One more thought outside the
empire, if I dare.

I can't help myself but to tell you.

We do different things.

We do different jobs but they are kind of the same job.
We teach and get tired.

Our jobs are kind of dangerous considering where we live.
Shelter in place, then active shooter training at the office.
We are so reasonable there, there in those rooms. When we
exit those rooms we are so unreasonable and logic can't
replace the way I need to see you.

We did that
We did thumb across
We did late night
We did early early morning
We did refuse nothing to happen
We did repeat a day

Repeated a Saturday night
and had a silent conversation all week.

I keep creating conditions to test myself as a kind of
“what if now”
and it is going okay. It’s better.

It’s better I create conditions to keep my own secrets.
My own are not such a bad thing. I forgot I had the right
to them. Or rather, I did not know my right to keep
a gaudy thing for myself.

To grip the thing.
Wave it around.

I ask the range of what is unspeakable and for what reasons.
If a range of logic meets my mind, I can take it. I logic there,
test my unreasonable mouth.

Logic sometimes is so disgusting.

What might I do.

What could be seen in plain sight is so invisible.

What might I be if I allow it and what exists between us expands me into another form. Joy mingled with something else.

You kiss my face all along the sidewalk. People move out of the way. I am affected and I never tell my family of this.

Five years away made me stale and I cannot count the years before that. I came to paint the walls or perhaps create distance between the thing I so desperately did not want to become.

I did not become it.

We really can get away with it.
We really can make a plan. We really can get off scot free.

Guiltless, forearm along thigh, your hand fitted under my folded leg. This wisdom is perfect and precise.

In this way we are allowed to retaliate.

THE STATE DOESN'T WANT ME TO FIST YOU BUT WE
DO IT ANYWAY

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Please be something.

When I do not arrive where we originally said
do wait for me. Mark a piece of your clothing to remember
I have been in your bed. And when you are with someone
else, do picture me for a while.

All the moments.
It is an occasion.
I place my fingers lined with my
cum into your mouth. Remember.
It is an occasion.
Anyone can say your name, I write it in water.
It is an occasion.

Before you told me you'd want me in any form I was
looking for snow. This confession touched me entirely
and with great precision. Walking, at dusk, where I am
still so young. I could love good and hot and near.

Three months is such a good indication of this.
It's been so cold.

In the theater I know we love each other.

It was inevitable.

This fundamental ruthlessness of inevitability still creates
a new fantasy in me.

A proper fantasy where I am afraid of its consequences.

Far from rescue and far from any continuity I've known before.

Say it to me.

With new pauses.

Say it to me.

Over and over.

Say it to me.

Until it's not interesting.

Rarely sustainable.

Say it to me.

In a hundred years it will have the same meaning
as it did before.

In a hundred years what is done will still be done and over.
Is this something our minds can really achieve?

When our country says money over gun, money over gone,
it is nothing new. War always reproduced in the mind.
When I am vigilant it is to keep from abandoning the present.
When I question, I question how to use the word "our," I
question who says "we."

While something totally unimaginable is happening
the rest of us reach for a skill of discernment. Curtains, bags,
roses, churches, and hospitals, and all the brown brick.

In what way do we watch.
In what way do they make us spectators.

Sometimes when I've absolutely forgotten who I am
I take a shower at someone else's house.

We laugh together when we can't remember
who I am either.

My head hurts but I get to sensing
that I've been involved with the right kind of people.
Maybe the wrong. Could I ever be forgiven.
How I worshiped the thought of good-doing, really.
Instead, we manage the pain-body by being superb about
fisting. I bring a bouquet of my fingers inside you.
There is still daylight.

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AUTHOR BIO

Maura Modeya is a poet from rural Minnesota. Their work focuses on dykes with insomnia, the ghost of Sappho, U.S. empire violence, queer ecology, and the reclamation of public space through wheatpasting. Maura's writing has appeared in *Hot Pink Mag*, *Visible Binary*, *MAYDAY*, *The Texas Review*, and elsewhere, along with their chapbook *Only Interested in Everything* (Meekling Press). She holds an MFA from Naropa's Jack Kerouac School and currently lives in Atlanta.