



# ORGAN THIEVES

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# organ thieves

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t.o.c

good evening	4
days like tonight	5
friendship	6
dixie cup	7
international intercourse	8
soft boiled	9
11 ways to stay alone	10
who's my nurse tonight	11
by a long shot	12
rather be in brooklyn	13
word on the streets	14
madsodapop	15
blow-nut	16
not to cry	17
vodka & focus	18
long distance	19
the yesterdays	20
quick release	21
tumble touch	22
be careful:	23
we	24
precipitating happiness	25
reality television	26
popsicle gloves	27
red rocks	28
the rooster	29
always and for never	30
lone wolf	32
the few	33
unicorn spit	35
organ thieves	38

**good evening**

*there's no end to human suffering*  
but don't worry  
there are plenty of distractions

days like tonight

i've made a mess  
of things—  
put lotion on  
dysfunction  
and left it  
in the sun

you're waiting on  
little feet  
you're dreading  
sudden moves

i've stolen a  
blooming love &  
hung it up  
to dry

you're gliding  
on air  
you're walking  
on slanted light

i've met the tricks  
to suicide:  
knot a riddle  
tip the tombstone  
smile on trial  
for murder

you bake golden cake  
with buttercream  
to make things  
right again

i tried to catch  
the time for us  
saw it speed by in  
skinny jeans  
chasing giant  
dissolving suns

**friendship**

if one day  
you learn how to play alone  
come find me

## dixie cup

*los darling angelinos*  
growing up in LA means lots of things:  
*Treasure* and *Majesty* telling secrets at recess  
sharing a locker with *Tyson Sonoma*  
*Chase Love* stealing all the hearts  
*Serin Wicked* puked in class today

it's like, they're like,  
*so over the public schools*  
*did you get that new video game*  
*there's so much blood it's badass*  
*my thighs are getting fat*  
*can we get in-n-out for dinner*  
*can't play today he's got an audition*

the kids—"tweens"—buy *Axe* deodorant  
bottles that claim to "*attract chicks*"  
their favorite part is the motto:  
*how dirty boys get clean*  
makes them laugh in a scary way  
like they knows what it means

wonder if they feel "dirty"  
because of all the inappropriate  
*youtube* they've been watching  
or if they want to wash off the shame  
from sitting shotgun while their fathers  
catcall young women on the streets

but on to the next divorce  
page through skip a chapter  
industry's booming so  
parents work more/work late/sleep less  
nanny lies awake in the master bed  
after she reads them to sleep &  
wonders if she had her own children  
would she be less patient with them  
does she have the *instincto maternal*  
or does she just love kids for money

## **international intercourse**

i wrote the president  
today for permission  
to fuck the world  
sweetly of course  
with a bag around  
its penis don't want  
dirty plastic mutant  
babies just want to  
experience the girth  
of seven continents

## soft boiled

freeze up against the fall  
low southern drawl coaxes  
hot stains on wax  
the facts like seeds / drops  
dispensed through air  
don't care / spread your legs  
don't care / spread your legs

upside-down kiss  
open eyes to fists / necks  
bodies lie open  
shell-less snails

your lips like sledgehammers  
tidal waves / rictor scales  
bent but still measure me  
i'm yours / i'm broken  
i'm yours / i'm broken

we debate / we soar  
with heroin-struck  
chords / melodies  
our titanium bubble  
of oblivion

## 11 ways to stay alone

*i wish i could fall for you  
but you're past your prime*

*something more sparkly  
always comes along*

*i don't like you as much  
as you like me*

*you were more attractive  
when you were rejecting me*

*relationships are power struggles  
whoever cares less wins*

*commitments are for when  
you're out of options*

*you don't get the pick of  
the litter anymore*

*i'm still in love  
with a ghost*

*everything is temporary*

*love isn't sexy*

*sorry.*

**who's my nurse tonight**

cords unplugged / lights go dark  
something breaks again  
floods lungs with black water  
what spills through the holes  
invisible wounds / these deep smooth quarries

don't you dare / jerk the straps again  
there have been stabbings  
there have been happy rages  
lightning doesn't watch from the street for long  
gutter-punch / these off-key rainbows

unplugged we swim like cuttlefish  
tentacles grasp at broken glass  
i didn't mean to hug so tight  
lust on high / these mouths on empty

**by a long shot**

we need 3-D  
like we need the word *fuck*

we are slow moving creatures

who plant plants backwards  
keep forgetting about the vicodin

feel great in the morning though

we have to  
BECAUSE WE HAVE TO

rather be in brooklyn

pound the electric drowning sound  
blue-note thrums of vibration

it's convenient if  
you're big on the wonder wheel

kick us off the ride

*kids only*

we can't always be makin' love  
that's what daydreams are for

the never-ending tea whistle  
*hums more*

day dissolves into night  
cats turn tricks on kitchen stools

someone's told they're the millionth  
*post-ironic phase of hipster*

they might break your heart

*don't be a pussy*

**word on the streets**

roll bushwick over vertically  
undo it with a tug—

\*

*the crying winds agree:*

beware of *Nicoles*

avoid *Kims*

forget *Amys*

and *definitely*

bitch-slap the *Ambers*

no doubt you could take ‘em out  
*everybody’s* got a backhand

\*

*the crying winds weep:*

staccato reverb of stiletto heels—  
*click-clacks* rap doom on post-apocalyptic streets  
tatted-up abandoned warehouses  
loom like still-sleeping beasts

## **madsodapop**

terroristic superfluous gravitational monstrosity  
[fingers to hold ribs to chew eyes to crumble]  
apple train wreck and a half-snap bracelet  
[feet to place in air to breathe a furnace]  
re-circulating decomposed compositional cubes  
[white to guilt force troopers to mid-waste west]  
ice cream longing for bravado milks a dead pancake  
[feedback to static to symphonic white noise]

**blow - nut**

with a grin that could  
back a pitbull up

you burn old pianos on the beach

black smoke rolling over the tide

this is not a going away party

did you take your own homeland

or is this where you're from right now

**not to cry**

how not to

how not to cry

how not to

flip

rust up that leaky

faucet

drip

**vodka & focus**

if nothing spills  
push it over—

keep it          pouring  
keep it WET

**long distance**

uncertainty  
is a color  
i can't find  
in the rainbow—  
it's a stabbing:  
who's on the  
floor this time?

## the yesterdays

they're out there in the streets—  
somebody else's leftovers

*and each time was the last time*—enough  
screw-and-go-hide—enough  
bearded hearts &  
stick-on smiles

*and each time was the last time*—remember  
how they begged to stay—remember  
how they waited for hours &  
hours by the baggage claim

*and each time was the last time*—ex-lovers  
lined up on the lawn—ex-lovers  
tall dark thin sweet short pale mean &  
oh-so-handsomely forgotten

they're out there in the streets—  
somebody else's leftovers

## quick release

because you use precious words  
like «lately» and «lovely»  
you don't rape rainbows  
your swords couldn't slice jell-o  
you can't sleep on knife pillows  
you bore audiences to cloud punching  
you bask in spf-50 sunshine  
your words couldn't cook a soft-boiled egg  
nor conjure a tumbleweed on the brain-screen  
nor sweep up the fragments of forgettable dustpan dreams

you make poetry want to slit its throat  
while jumping off the golden gate bridge  
on a whale's dose of valium and vodka  
you motherfucking motherfucks  
you

you're killing it so softly  
nobody's listening  
anymore

## tumble touch

the same blazing story  
that same stupid tale in which  
a fat  
gorgeous  
blooming disaster  
unfurls  
when lips dissolve like deserts  
and eyes hide from eyes

there've been those that have moved  
and those that have stayed  
and for those who do both  
the sashay seems to only get  
stiffer with time

disengage the sensors  
the engine knock sensors  
heartbeat to match the ticking  
clocks that chime at chapters

we humans are unpredictable creatures  
that find ourselves naked  
in strangers' homes often

and just because we're one thing  
doesn't mean we're not also  
the exact opposite

so let someone rub your back  
if you did something breaking with it  
if you rode your spirit out  
into the choppy waves  
and burned your skin  
against the salt-struck sun

and have your babies if  
you have skills to teach them  
and enough patience to love them  
through the hardest days

**be careful:**

*you are easily tempted.*

be careful,

*wild hearts can't be broken  
except by other wild hearts.*

be careful,

*if you're not constantly in motion  
you're in the quicksand of easy-target land.*

be careful,

*rushing is almost never necessary  
and almost always leads to setbacks.*

be careful,

*the good ones are out there,  
you just want a bad one  
who's only good for you.*

be careful—

*the universe doesn't really  
have a sense of humor,  
it's laughing at you  
because everything's a trap.*

be careful—

*thinking everything's a trap  
is a trap in itself.*

be careful...

*mindfucks are mainstream.*

**we**

we may be the craziest people you know.  
we're also on a more sane mission.  
we think you are crazy.  
we don't care much either way.  
we're in the continual process of growing.  
we're fueled by new freedom, strong freedom.  
we're reinventing and it feels fucking fantastic.  
we drink what keeps us young.  
we swim upstream, flipping chances in the sun.  
we clutch reigns.  
we bash radios.  
we bomb dead ends into doorways.  
we're the sum of fury and passion and love.  
we'll steer the unicorn's horn into the bulls eye.  
we'll breathe in exhaust and exhale murderous honeycomb madness.  
we're the tornado over the icebergs, shattering them into scatterings.  
we're too slippery for webs, too bright for shadows.  
we trust in us.

## precipitating happiness

it wasn't the rain nor the spidery  
vacuum of lungs nor frost-tipped  
tongues jammed in the warmest spaces

pouting princesses without their jewels  
the rainbow tip of his and potatoes too  
to be alive is to be inside comes when you rub it  
happiness is a warm gob of banana pancakes  
but you're trying to watch your carb intake

life without sweets can kill you in a different way  
just ask the kids who don't get candy

## reality television

time twists and glides  
a neon lemonade landslide  
of pre-production madness  
& post-production masterpiece

the great escape continues over  
concrete cracks & broken backs  
tapped out and fucked  
sideways till you drool

*<b-roll aerials of the foggy bay>*

we play in dungeons and jail cells  
i like the way prison air smells  
like musky discontented fruit  
like hope over-simmered in old soup  
the echoed slams of doors to mark  
more time in the most lifeless troop

cracked eggs against cast-iron cages  
stammering exploitative wages

stationed at insanity's side  
with heavy lids we take the ride

## popsicle gloves

he knows the ropes

80 million birds scream  
into the foggy morning  
scattered symphonies  
yesterday's echoes

he follows you

mad dream tunnel chases  
heels knocking in the darkness  
hot breath on the back of your calves

you run you run you outrun  
you fly away on imaginary wings of daydreams  
sweet parachute visions

he tells you what to do

stay right where you are  
but you're smarter than you used to be  
whether you like it or not

## red rocks

after sunlight has melted  
every small and large stress away  
the hungry coyotes sing to the  
untouched hills under  
fireworks of falling stars

this kind of beauty is a pureness plunge  
we can't seem to let go of:  
it never ends—  
the nights roll forward,  
our bodies merging:  
it's never over—  
shake, rattle, and roll,  
drape our arms  
around tarantulas and trees  
grab a planet to call our own

shiver only  
    from *joy*

but a busy battlefield awaits

at least we can say it now:  
we've fallen asleep trembling  
with the perfection of life  
so far from responsibility  
and so close to  
sleeping gorgeous strangers

## the rooster

it started with a hug  
a blank canvas against the wall  
our last cigarettes from the doorway

the playful beginning:  
circles and circles  
of pink spray paint

then entered  
the grand rooster god  
conducting the mad orchestra  
with paint-streaked hands  
as he huffed and puffed and sliced  
incisions into white skin  
and the canvas began to bleed  
with the blood of crushed beetles

he sprayed water into the gashes  
fingered the dripping pigments  
he surfed the sea of melting rainbows  
to the waves of psychedelic rock

there was no stopping  
this  
apocalyptic-smear hurricane  
of crystallized moments

this //  
meltdown of the system

this ::  
skip in the record  
that no one  
would ever fix

this  
this was it:

this was the fireworks of our lives.

**always and for never**

i was counting on you to change  
into the suit i sewed that didn't fit  
still i liked to see you in it

you used to collect rocks for me  
each misshapen like your heart  
i kept them out on the shelf for a while  
then put them away

we could fight but look at what  
fighting has done; torn souls with  
tired feet shuffling through the sand

body against body we're all flesh and bones  
drifting down the river into the unknown  
floating on familiarity in each others' eyes

without homes we  
shave ourselves into house cocktails  
let our oils flavor rims  
fresh rainy tang of forbidden fruit

*it's more for the slosh, really  
happy as the party favor  
scratch that itch for you  
we all have party pasts*

and we still make love despite

less comfort / more effort /  
questionable reward at the end

for we produce impossible feats  
through refusal of reality  
and only fly free when  
embracing variety  
if nothing can contain you  
*nothing can contain you*  
define ourselves through  
actions and dreams

the rest is out of our control;

*it isn't always our fault, who we have become*  
it's only our fault for being a slave to it

which is why  
we should do what we fear to fear less  
and to write a dozen songs  
that feel timeless

## **lone wolf**

i like to wrestle with the beast  
tickle him until he growls  
though he hasn't brushed his teeth in days  
and smells of body odor and slight rotting

his skin is soft and tight against his muscles  
and he can wrap his legs around me just right  
press me in the perfect places  
sweep the crackly cobwebs from my core  
until I feel hollow and buoyant again

a healer as powerful as he is a destroyer  
he makes soup even of the solid  
and eats it even when it's boiling

so shiny with his bangles  
so alluring while repelling  
so striking in his dazzling  
suit of contradictions

with scars so deep  
they've been reborn onto him  
through all of his past lives

and i want him to tie me up  
when i want to run away the most  
for he is the speaker of the tallest disasters  
the sharpest truths  
and the dullest lies

## the few

it's been many moons since  
the time we walked the beach  
in the middle of the night;  
the sand so wet it reflected stars  
like fallen stardust particles

and when i stripped down to my underwear  
you looked away, embarrassed like a child  
yes, you, the lover of so many women

i'm not sure if you watched me  
walk into the waves  
cold salt water washing my wounds  
from the outside in  
until i could no longer remember  
what hurt in the first place

you made my heart race like  
invisible elephants were chasing me  
made me feel like destiny  
was slapping me in the face

i never knew if you trusted me  
and somehow i'm sure you never did

sometimes i'd stare at you  
sweaty and shirtless in somebody else's garage  
and be so immeasurably in love with you  
and equally glad we'd never kissed

we were always walking on  
fallen stardust particles  
our plans punctuated with  
shards of imagination and dreams trapped  
in our mirror-lined infinity box minds  
wishes either in the sky or on the floor  
depending on the time of day  
and amount of substances ingested

we named the tour we never took together  
"shakiness everywhere"

you always say you pity the fools who take pity on you  
but you cry more than anyone i know

when we make music  
we fly  
my body contorting to fit  
your pulsing/ your savage chords/ my  
heart shreds/ your perpetual  
adrenaline/ my anxiety cocktail

but it's all good cuz  
with "very few first times left"  
bad moods always on the rise  
you're just a scared little boy  
in an angry man suit  
the rare and the few

**unicorn spit**

i met my former selves  
in the back alley of my dreams  
they whispered things about me  
i could not hear

i felt nervous and left out  
so i tried to take my former selves  
on a friendly stroll down memory lane  
but they weren't willing  
and laughed bitterly  
like heartless hyenas  
into an empty canyon

then one of them tried to shank me  
with a unicorn horn  
i spat on her boots  
and told her *unicorn spit is real*  
but she isn't, not anymore

she said mythical creatures can kill  
just as surely as past identities

they don't like me,  
my former selves—  
they think i've forgotten them  
even the best parts of them  
the parts that made us glow  
when we moved together as one

they think i created them as  
science experiments  
then hid them away  
when the chemistry went wrong

it's not true, i tell them  
somehow, somewhere,

*someone*

*stole* my former selves from me

*(or perhaps i just took their hands  
and walked them into oncoming traffic  
while looking the other way)*

my former selves simper and sneer,  
ask me if they look like babies  
that will eat the spoon-fed  
stories that fall like fairy tales  
and land like jagged tombstones  
in the crowded graveyard of our past

fine, i say,  
maybe i am punishing them forever  
for trying to be someone  
different than me  
and failing

and the experiment will continue on  
until i create one who  
can effectively wipe them all out  
and replace me with  
a me who wins:

a unicorn  
who's pretty  
and whose spit  
is very real

## organ thieves

sal took my liver one evening  
while anesthetized with moonshine  
said he needed one since he'd already  
drowned his useless in red wine

johnny lifted my brain with the  
special skill of a cult leader on acid  
i hear he traded it for a rare baseball card he  
keeps in a cabin on lake placid

that bastard brian got my spleen  
with peculiar methods of extraction  
gave it to a kindergarten teacher he  
had a crush on to gain some traction

then annie snatched my tender loins  
like the prettiest pirate in the night  
she took off to keep traveling the world  
probably lost them in a knife fight

brandon robbed me of my bladder  
but said things that made me sadder

and vinny stole my heart  
like a goddamn gangster in white gloves  
keeps it on his favorite chopping block  
while singing italian songs of love

Originally from Massachusetts, Jessamyn Violet currently lives in Venice Beach with her little lion named Louie, where she writes fiction and poetry and makes music. She has an MFA from Emerson College and a BFA from California College of the Arts. Her novel *Junkfood Sexlife* is available online and in print form.