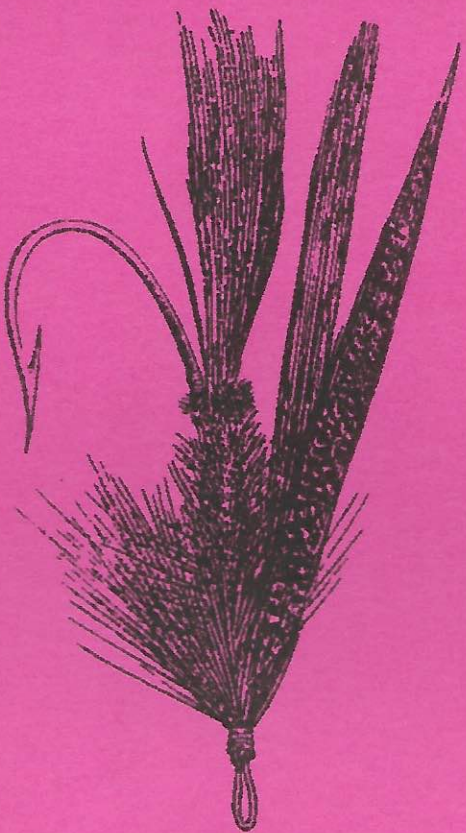


HOOKS



John Pluecker

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In 2018, I wrote poems that came out of hook ups, usually through Grindr. I would hook up with people, and then afterwards, I would ask if I could read them a poem. They always said yes. I would read a poem or poems, and then we would talk and I would take notes. I would use the notes later to write a poem. I'd offer the poem to the person I hooked up with if they wanted to see it. Sometimes there were no humans available through Grindr, and I tried to work through what it might mean to hook up with a non-human animal or plant. All of these are hooks in energy, bodies connect through desire.

Joseph

after Joseph Brainard, *I Remember*

a retro 70s porn vibe dribbles
all over the bed funk and a wave
of affection for all the fluffy
gray stuff with tiny red specks
inside your heart for the two
and a half years on meth

my hand never stops skimming
the surface of skin an Alabama beauty
queen ran off to Tasmania dreams
of telling knock-knock jokes to blonde-
haired Australian surfers The Cars
Janis Joplin Van Halen Black Sabbath
never shave to skin sky skip skills

dark poetry humps sexuality
in our thirties admire the ragged
beauty of the elderly and no you disapprove
of me out of nowhere eating your ass
the way a baby's hand folds itself
round your finger as though forever

upstairs bangs and thumps the dog
sobs outside the door we romanticize
bright lights silver instruments exoticize
what is opposite the humid South the Turks
I'll get out of this desert stoned
the most profound thought totally evaporates
whiteness as preference and supremacy

how silly it all seems regular bowel movements
a perfect squat knees behind the feet
perpendicular to the ground paramount
pearls of cum betwixt beard hairs feng shui
energy flows from back to front front to back
nibbles jumps bassoon bassoon bassoon



contrabassoon contrabassoon contrabassoon
swirls off your tongue i live under rhinoceri
or hippos a dog still whining tweakers
mean I'm not a people person but
yes that vagina is not boring
she really really let me have it smiling

Dung Beetle

after Luis Felipe Fabre, *Escribir con caca*

mierda mierda mierda I squat or you shat
out last night who were you animal?
caca caca caca ¿qué me dices? no casually

faggots long time accustomed to this shit
packed beat down shit shit shit shit the gayz are known
by their shit to shit ashes to ashes you little shit

i say affectionately you tumbling beetle
bumbling with other bugs shat out night
before globules of beetle masses shiny

striated textures excreted beetles done
and come shit im holing up with you
lean into you crawl up my leg

penetrate with long proboscis
smear black dung into my forearm
suck on wings my legs roll

we roll we roll we roll we roll
erotically significant both fond and sick of the ground
rub shit into each other viciously

palmetto palm scrub oak cockroaches geckos
a collection of carapaces sloped on skin
man musk and pungency redolent earth I shit a million times a day

all of us you and me re-emerge digested processed
words are caca and caca is life u texted
either caca is sacred or this caca is all the things

black and deep like galaxies of blackness holes
holed up together kim tallbear says if one thing is thought
sacred other things are thought not

so these colonizing languages are shit on tongues
no vocabulary for the existence of things

our relations the relations we make shit!

the beetles embrace their dead and shout
decolonize yr asshole! decolonize yr shit!
in rolling around in bed with caca

tiny shreds of beetle carapace and wings
and legs and shit and cum salty & musky
spread cheeks tiny hairs in the crack

never see the light of day
but the caress of your tongue or mine Yes
we can take turns munch embrace debris

the shells of your devoured siblings i eat you and i
dont know if this is cannibalistic
or sisyphean tumbings wrestling

with all your dead these days anyone in touch with their anus
wrestles with all their dead these
are days for grappling with cadavers hay cadáveres

como dice perlongher: ay, mierda de los bichos bichos raros nosotros
cogiendo a otros bichos raros y vomitando górgoros de mecos y
una poquita de mierda una pesadilla rough and vulgar but no

be gentle girl slow the fuck down no shit is universal
all shit specific beetle carcass compact
unlike any brother you smear and i smear

if we can't be pretty well be grotesque and ludicrous an anus
in our mouths and gawk a tiny tea party bacteria and infection the game
long time cumming your bodies never been clean

the nurse advises and that is a fearsome package burrow
crawl/mount take it up inside backwards reverse pull it with your lips
devour it all the shit sent our way and well cum exorbitantly re-emerge

caked. los amos nos van a envidiar nuestra entrega
the masters will envy us our devotion our fearlessness our gaping
shit our tender flower caress

César

hoy sí llegué
a absorberte

no sabía antes
a lo que vine
muy inesperado
que cuando hablo
en este idioma
me quedo en un nivel
subordinado
inferior

como buen viajero
la mota y el alcohol
me impidieron
leerte un poema

me hicieron
perderme
y lamento
ese pequeño
tropiezo

pero en realidad
fuimos tan cursis
que no importa
o lo cursi importa
demasiado

dos peras
ladran
toda la noche

vos me dijiste
mirándome en los ojos
"vos sos poesía"
y lo sentí
y lo cursi

en un poema
no funciona
pero tiemblo
igual

o te dije
la poesía nunca
se ha hecho de palabras
sino de cuerpos
en el espacio
agitándose
objetos
vientos
cariños
inodoros
personas
geranios
hormigas

raro como al hablar
de personas tal cual
logramos evitar el género
o nuestras elecciones
de palabras
nos identifican
como personas
o los acentos
en los que nos hemos adentrado
nos comen
poco a poquito
desde dentro

difícil de discernir
si viene una persona
de algún lado
en específico

o si nacimos todos
día tras día
en una app
en una moto
en una cama
en un segundo idioma

donde todos
terminamos esponjas

como decía
hoy sí llegué
a absorberte
no sabía antes
lo que iba a pasar
muy inesperado
que cuando hablo
en este idioma
me quedo
subordinado
inferior
bocabajo
contigo
adentro
te duermes
a ratos
dentro de mí

escasos movimientos
y la agonizante
necesidad
de despertarme pronto
para irme
de tu ciudad

JonJon

after Jericho Brown, Please

the rigidity
this is red and it is forever red
what if i walk into a gallery
and call pink black what does it even mean
to be blue
tailoring

oh post coital poetry
a slender man wanked in
told me take it you said
especially with the law deep inside
the gay who brought poems
is afraid of colors
intimacy

a masters in colors oscar
wilde made a painting of a book
and whistler sculpted layers of paint
black doesn't exist either it's red warm
or cold blue
temperature

the bitch is high
one day it hit me that's not green
it's yellow you are colorblind
only in amiss well you gave me a load
ill give you
poems

the law is an ocean
smooshed into a cup the law doesn't exist
i say it so many times you vomit
the law doesn't exist
the law is always
evolving to inflection
& the girl they're making fun of
is me

i have just picked up a man
and i am afraid he'll talk
disarm me with a smile
poetry is more fun
than just leaving
you failed the colorblind test you said
i aced it



Hugo and the Moss

after Emily Dickinson, "Poem 1400"

r u cut or uncut? the mosses and me
pre-programmed texts looking? maybe
u? LOL into? being afraid and sometimes
awkward looking to suck LOL poppers?

wanna cum over here? argh
another gentrified swath of townhomes
or palmetto palm paradise
the door unlocked moss in the air

i'm on my knees waiting
cum in cum over it'll be a dream
my head on moss pillow
legs splayed in the air you mossy

sperms legion and desired
we traffic sex you insect
my infection traffics in sex
my sex insect or masc?

do not appear afraid honestly, i'm into
470 million-year-old bryophytes
your asexual anti-dick the sweat
drips off my glasses into your eyes

blur the sperm and eggs bleary
neighbors we emit volatile
compounds all over the knees kneel
to the ground kneel townhome

kneel to pity that I know him not
rhythmn lost cum swathing
my prostate or palmetto you're 16 again
a carpenter bee or power drill but

prostrate my sphincter tenses fights
insists brown-chested robins perspire
rushes mosquito flounce

pounce it's a lie excited

to suck the spores out of thee
and yet we flip the same species and oh
mossy seven micrometers tower you are
stranger yet Nature floorless

AC whirs aeroplane contrail we fake clean
so well negative drives knees ache you swell
thicker at the base intoxicated we keep on pound
a new orifice into my orifice

moss and i and you and moss and
we are a townhome 470 million years ago we climb out
the swamp drenched in moss sperm
into a moist corner masked

my mask masc? enough only
insects sex this sex moss
brown & subtropical crawls
up stucco or stuck to rot

wood my own thighs your chest
hair a carpet of moss i burrow deep
wood and wood till your completion
no recip what lies

Alejandro

a partir de "Piedra caliza" de Julio Serrano Echeverría

el espacio hueco
también fue piedra

todo hueco nace
de una partida

el hueco es transformación
río montaña y mar

el hueco con miedo esconde
hundido en agua salobre

partir el hueco en dos
volverlo habitable

una lumbre se enciende
en la roca en un hueco

acabar venir terminar
el hueco varía intraducible

o el acto se termina
cuando uno se olvida

o el olvido ya es la esperma
sobre una mano abierta

se va y hueco le dicen pero
insiste continúa echa raíces

penetra la superficie
escarba huecos en lo hondo

hueco una palabra
que se propaga y

hueco el que lo mire
y lo lea

16

Phil

after Kathy Acker, "The Diseased"

fuck u and your rupaui-loving stepdad
would make a good banana earlier

and a yogurt and apples a meal bananas are a meal lets go
tacos or pizza you only said the word once

and that was enough to warp our flogging we never say the word
just keep wailing away all the new spoons and spatulas blood and guts cancer

we're not fucking anymore i let slip i got fat and he works out constantly
a fish slips from the monger's hands flaps on the tile

a bin of sad brown frogs yes you're a little racist but that's not the only reason
im here a bdsm anthology no one is buying what they're selling

im hungry i want something other than our men miles away
we fake fats & femmes will play loves more powerful than social climbing

diseased trails and 10 miles or 40 miles the hurricane fucked it all
up my thighs thick drip horny or flick not horny he never horny anymore

it was just the anniversary of my parents watching ru every
say smart plug connected to the wemo wifi up and running

hey google its sexy time hey google lets get it on
no thats not what i want hey google turn off all the lights

can you wallop the weirdly bro-y sickness out of me
drabbles down my chin wall-to-wall carpeting

when i was a kid you all wanted nothing to do with it
but now you call me ask about the most recent episode

i haven't even seen yet because rupaui
is the only gay thing i do anymore and that hardly ever

17

Eric and the Bees

after René Gladman, Calamities

failure can be a hook up
savor the lack or reverse penetrate
forms like a bite or biting

or bitten strung collapse you can sir
participle and leave
for she commands here torso pulses

blow up all the magnolia
grenades queen commerce
keeps so many horns the app bursts

headless and golden af
strap on pounds
imperial scene sounds

humans pack bees in slits heads
north or west alfalfa almonds
overproduced mechanized longing

manscapes of bottoming
brush of sweaty pubes
forehead queens mate

with 15 or 16 drones
doggy style use less Monsanto bayer
gmo jelly for passive penises

you drive to pollinate gorge on
human loveliness vs lonely or
verse's vice everything textured letter by

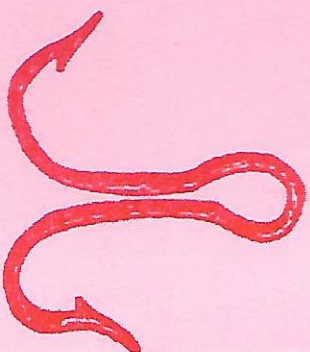
let her pounce to splay
the root edible after all these
fears cums wet crowded a swarm of scouts

tongue numb from flexing green
regal queen high dive hooks up or in

self-help tomes

nausea reels blueberries sappy
cherries bears
laurel and water oak stares

all night long ass got shimmered
so damn good three guys and mangrove's
honey but here alone molten bi extremities



Juan Carlos

a partir del "Sermón del migrante" de Balam Rodrigo

ligar con un edificio la entrada estrecha el portón de madera
oscuridad total y desconñaba de repente ¿a dónde te llevo?
entrarnos a ciencia ficción y los hits del reguetón sin foco
o el olor fuerte a jotería nosotros impunidad drenaje orinas
el sabor de refugio se queda en la lengua aún ahora
¡Guatemala feliz...! que tus aras no profane jamás el verdugo
ni haya esclavos que laman el yugo ni tiranos que escupan tu faz
qué ironía no quiero que nadie me salve escúpeme la cara mejor
puros extranjeros la cantidad de fotos de piel blanquísima
como te dije, preferencia y supremacía cuando levanto mis manos
comienzo a sentir una unción que me hace cantar
te unjo y me unges y seguimos conjugando
tomamos cristal en cantidades exorbitantes se acumulan todos los líquidos anteriores
con esa cama con el baño la mesa el mostrador el corazón busca contacto
pero ya no tiene ilusiones da para menos dígame dice pero tus frases ya se me borraron
deje a un gringo en un hotel en Xela mientras se bañaba me fui sin despedirme
pasan sin pensar pero te detuviste y no está mal nos prostituimos muchos años
pero ya no no sé si crearme creernos estos espacios nos curan o nos oscurecen
pensaba que me ibas a coger e te ibas a ir de inmediato pero no me quedé
en este poema no vamos a hablar de la mamá la que vive allá lejos
mejor te leo ¿Maestro qué debemos hacer si nos detienen

20

Y nos deportan?" a lo que Él respondió "deben migrar setenta veces siete
y si ellos les piden los dólares y los vuelven a deportar denles todo
la capa la mochila la botella de agua los zapatos" el hormigueo en el cuerpo
tics nerviosos Alprazolam los trastornos compartidos de ansiedad y de pánico
ataques súbitos e inesperados de miedo intenso ¿nos unen?
tu pueblo en nahuatl quiere decir "donde hay huesos humanos"
eres el primer público de este poema el primordial calzones el fetiche
con la banda de la escuela llegamos a la capital y gritábamos
"desde la tierra del rey Mictlan" el sexo es una apropiación temporal
nos regalamos los cuerpos que vinimos buscando una flor posible
terminaste adentro me orinaste tres veces me besaste y los escupitajos
este poema no es himno nacional y no va a aclarar quién le escupió a quién
ni quién tiene la culpa aunque se sabe en la noche no defendemos tierra ni hogar
salimos a buscar algo de comer en la esquina unas chicas se apurran
para quitar un puesto de comida en una noche se fabrica un virus
se maquilan condones en el piso ese algo bello y nada perdurable un video
tú / en tu mundo / separado del mío / a tu mundo lejano / por ti volaré se ahirca
la Niurka se descompone a la gran puta es muy pilas Fabiola
y cuando levanto mis manos comienzo a sentir el fuego

21

Eduardo

after "on loneliness" - Julian T. Broloski
y a partir de "Los amorosos" - Jaime Sabinas

los amorosos refuses to be translated
not lovers at all not plural certainly not coupled
the loving ones maybe or we the loving not dual nor compromised
the mistranslation purposeful you noticed
we are uncommitted
to perfection

a turn on made out of arousal disallowed
or you refuse to turn on like a switch the hook up over
before it even began nothing like the threat of chastity
rush blood to extremity
the loving seek

silence

silence

forget how puddles linger never evaporate
you want the sea at our side constantly only the worried flood
waves
lap the sand bags at the door perhaps the affectionate
traverse forest floors parallel personhoods a sick retort
there is no control in this occurrence

if you and i never cum together
i'll be upset you say and i turn on the brakes or you are careful
about giving away your power or i am still so afraid of my own
body age a new iteration primordial faggoty flaw
ill be upset i say or i've already lied to you

one day we'll ride or i'll whimper elderly can climb trees
ride them all in parallel and they do
we hide like them thick crowns of leaves obscure
tongues summon resolve a soft insistence
an education of sentiments like the culturing of poetry but
in deeping gape caverns
before letters

22

and you and i will only top if the backside is convincing
not a day less not an allowance do you only date latin men?
or do you? or other you? or me? oh you are loving

if it rains
let it pour
dry ground
yield and flex
its pores
soaking

with whatever soil has craved most
you cut me down to size and i want you
to dice me smaller paradoxically bits
entitlement has no place in the bedroom
you demand it be quickly evacuated
disinflated

silence

silence

fear lingers becomes the light nerves tingle fingertips
i lay back i feel waves lap trains muddy pheromones
rush i feel the sounds in the other room the plants their
inexplicable wilting
in 1996 the poet says love is

a perpetual deferral
a persistent postponement
an eternal extension
an insistent lingering

he says it in one phrase i offer four and keep offering as always
mistranslations ride like wind over land
bare and smooth unexpected
is it okay if i call you daddy when you're inside me

you extend the wait
or we delay
everything
the cheek finally

23

appreciated
surface-oriented
untouchable this

silence

silence

Google Translations of the Three Poems in Spanish

Cease

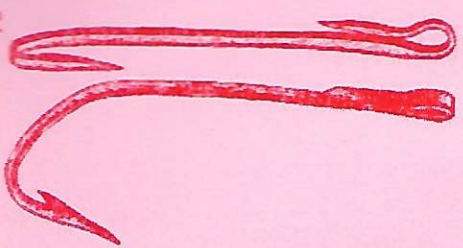
today I arrived / to absorb you // I did not know before / what I
came / very unexpected / that when I speak / in this language / I
stay at a level / subordinate / lower // as a good traveler / the speak
and the alcohol / they prevented me / read a poem // they made
me / lose myself / and lament / that little one / stumbling block //
but actually / we were so cheesy / that does not matter / or what
corny matters / too // two bitches / bark / all night // You told me
/ looking at me in the eyes / "You are poetry" / and I felt it / and
what corny / in a poem / it does not work / but I tremble / same //
or I told you / the poetry never / It has been made of words / but
of bodies / in the space / shaking / objects / winds / loves / toilets
/ people / geraniums / ants // weird as when talking / of people as
is / we managed to avoid gender / or our choices / of words / they
identify us / like people / or the accents / in which we have gone
/ they eat us / little by little from inside // difficult to discern / if a
person comes / from somewhere / specific / or if we were all born
/ day after day / in an app / On a motorbike / In a bed / in a second
language / where everyone / we finished sponges // as I said / today
I arrived / to absorb you / I did not know before / what was going to
happen / very unexpected / that when I speak / in this language / I
stay / subordinate / lower / upside down / with you / in / you sleep
/ sometimes / inside of me // scarce movements // and the dying /
need / to wake up soon / to leave / from your city

+

Alexander

from "Piedra caliza" by Julio Serrano Echeverría

the hollow space / it was also stone // every hole is born / of a game
// the hollow is transformation / river mountain and sea // the
hollow with fear hides / sunk in brackish water // split the hole
in two / make it habitable // a fire goes on / in the rock in a hole //
finish coming / the gap varies untranslatable // or the act ends /
when one forgets // or forgetfulness is already the sperm / on an



open hand // it goes and hollow they say but / insists continues to
take root // penetrates the surface / dig deep holes // hollow a word /
that spreads and // hollow the one that watches it / and read it

+

Juan Carlos

from the "Sermón del migrante" by Balam Rodrigo

flirt with a building the narrow entrance the wooden gate / total
darkness and suddenly distrusted, where do I take you? / we go to
science fiction and reggaeton hits without focus / or the strong smell
to jotería we impunity drain urine / the taste of refuge stays in the
language even now / Happy Guatemala ...! that your altars never
profane the executioner / no slaves who lick the yoke or tyrants
who spit your face / what irony I do not want anyone to save me spit
my face better / pure foreigners the amount of photos of very white
skin / as I told you, preference and supremacy when I raise my
hands / I begin to feel an anointing that makes me sing / I anoint you
and you anoint me and we continue conjugating / we take crystal
in exorbitant amounts accumulate all the previous ligues / with that
bed with the bathroom the table the counter the heart seeks contact
/ but no longer has illusions for less gossip says but your sentences
are already erased / I left a gringo in a hotel in Xela while taking
a bath I left without saying goodbye / they pass without thinking
but you stopped and it's not bad we prostitute ourselves for many
years / but I do not know anymore if I believe that we believe these
spaces heal us or obscure us / I thought you were going to catch me
and you were going to go immediately but I did not stay / in this
poem we are not going to talk about the mom who lives far away
/ I better read you "Master, what should we do if they arrest us? /
and deport us?" "to which He replied" must migrate seventy times
seven / and if they ask for the dollars and deport them again, give
them everything / coat backpack water bottle shoes "tingling in the
body / Nervous tics Alprazolam shared anxiety and panic disorders
/ Sudden and unexpected attacks of intense fear unite us? / your
village in Nahuatl means "where there are human bones" / you are
the first public of this poem the primordial breeches the fetish / with
the school band we arrived in the capital and shouted / "From the
land of King Micliatl" sex is a temporary appropriation / we gave
away the bodies that we came looking for a possible flower / you

26

finished inside you urinated me three times you kissed me and the
spit / this poem is not a national anthem and will not clarify who
spat it to whom / nor who is to blame although it is known at night
we do not defend land or home / we went out to look for something
to eat in the corner some girls hurry / to remove a food stand in one
night a virus is manufactured / condoms are put on the floor that
something beautiful and nothing enduring a video / you / in your
world / separated from ruine / to your distant world / for you I will
fly it hurts / the Nirutka is broken down to the great whore is very
Fabiola stacks / and when I raise my hands I start to feel the fire

27

Printed on a RISOGraph by Mystic Multiples
June 2019

Houston, Texas

Design by Jai Arun Ravine

PDF available at www.johnpluecker.com

This little book would not exist without Jorge Galván Flores
and without our very mutual decision to dream a different kind of
relationship into being. Grx, bh.

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