



**The
World
Is a
Heartbreaker**

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i love her
head too big
for her body

stuff i wrote
on my palm fading,
fading, faded

backdate.
falsify.
lie.

the day darkening
like an eyelid
lowering

girl carries flowers
in her hands for
over 48 hours

hauling big bags home
on saturday shopping,
arms anchored

thinking our way
back inside
the box

it became a cult
thing, to play that game
among them

she puts the
cat's purr over the
phone to me

she takes his glass
and fills it.
he fills her later.

i think i can.
i think i can.
i thought i could.

listening
to my friends
masturbate

only seven-
month-old margot
was unharmed

blunt
object in
butt

the ghosts
turned out to
be angels

he's
always
hyper

i have a
closet full of
replacements

him and
his brutal
tutelage

she told me
not to laugh
and i laughed

i know
something
i won't tell

i know they hurt,
those shoes that
look so good

she hooks
her leg over
his

i would be
doing all this stuff
anyway

he milked her
heart like
udders

we jeered
the accused
in court

her mary
boone-wannabe
outfit

manages to repeat
without being like
reheated leftovers

that boy looks
like he's a girl
or should be

my internal
bugs bunny makes
fun of you

wringing
rainwater from
her pant leg

ready
to let god
act

her brown hair
orange in the sun
like some strange fish

she got it
whenever
she wanted

oh god. couldn't
you have just fucking
meowed?

how was your date?
kinda boring. she was
clearly insane.

her mum
driving her
home after

pissing hard
into this little
portable bottle

his belt is
complex and
invites undoing

like you i
had a rotten day.
let's get drunk.

i waited too long.
stood like a statue
next to you.

dead set on
arguing you down
off that ledge

call a taxi!
you're too beautiful
to walk in the streets

i don't have
enough stuff
yet

her hips
move like
a horse's

tip jar
clunks instead
of clinks

too tired to
object to my ogling
her limp legs

someone wrote
a racist thing
on the wall

karma
collection
agency

sleep
with all
the models

cat a dark lump
in the middle,
still as a star

they flub their
lines, their tongues
too sore

the one man
who can stop him
locked up

rent my heart
out to the
hottest bidder

she smells
the way cats
should smell

satisfied with
a mild form
of fame

it was shockingly
bad – made this
look good

bites her nails.
then her toenails.
then me.

you know, i know
that you know
the right people

she likes my
belly, finds it
nice, soft

girl
drink
drunk

i can see
it crushing, and me
not minding

we made out
like giraffes,
wrapping our necks

graves for three
cats on her
front lawn

i'm old but
i've still got it
i thought

i don't need
groupies, i just
need one

spent my life
writing this
awful novel

lonely.
feel like
touching myself.

portraits
pre- and post-
coital

these holes
getting harder
to fill

making
nothing look
exciting

burn
again
christian

fighting
depression
with both feet

left much of
it for you
to find out

a painting so
big you can't see
it all at once

don't die before
we have a chance
to surprise you

i
luff
u

trees
becoming
toothpicks

come
come, new
clear bomb

you deserve
a happy
ending

she was
conspiring
to steal him

we made it
through the rigorous
quality-control process

you can't tell
if what you are
is normal anymore

being in
love with
dead boys

succumbing
to the
seasons

we have
no immediate
comment

you
know
who

i get all horny
after coffee, at
my desk

we're
all each
other

we couldn't
have happened
anywhere else

the world
makes me
wonder at it

please
do what
i want

i was afraid
it would be
like this forever

become a dragon
and burninate!
the house

puts her hands in
other people's pockets
and leaves them there

every morning i drink
coffee and work on the
impossible film

teevee
likes moving
things

the drop-
rather-dead
girlfriend

i have my
fingers crossed
and all that

the best boys of
my generation
ignored by girls

i'm the
bait i
suppose

that's
a long
sock

i like it when
people let me
hold things

nobody wants
me now, but i
was once loved

you've brought
out the monster
in me

i'm
doing
myself in

i'll be in
jail for
the holidays

stop stop
everybody's
looking!

there are
people with
no potential

i love
dead
air

hoosting
her
yays

the best night
of my life hasn't
happened yet

now be good
they said to me
and left

the fish are
eating each other
again

remember:
short, controlled
bursts

our spurious
twirl around
the sun

cats panic
when i sneeze,
leaping

pushed me
to the end
of my logic

sinking sun
reflected in the
rain-wet streets

waking up,
reanimating
this corpse

my cat died.
i have to live
for two now.

dreaming
through
seasons

those kinds of
statements are
not helpful

he'd need to be
hugged for eight years
to be okay

office
party gone
awry

on the bus
her boob bumps
my arm repeatedly

knowing her for
years, just yesterday
learning her last name

i guess i could adapt
but it makes me
unhappy to try

drawing that
picture in pen,
living indelibly

look, you look
the way
you look

i wipe my ass
leaving a brown mouth
mark on the tissue

everyone is
sexy to someone.
take me.

proud,
he named it
after himself

no longer
feeling guilty
about my pleasures

what you said
managed to
mutate me

how green
how friendly
my canada

last bath
in my beloved
tub

no one works.
our kids kill
themselves.

if held at
gunpoint i would.
sure.

needle sparking
the warm crackle
of vinyl

the thousand
blinking eyes
of the argus