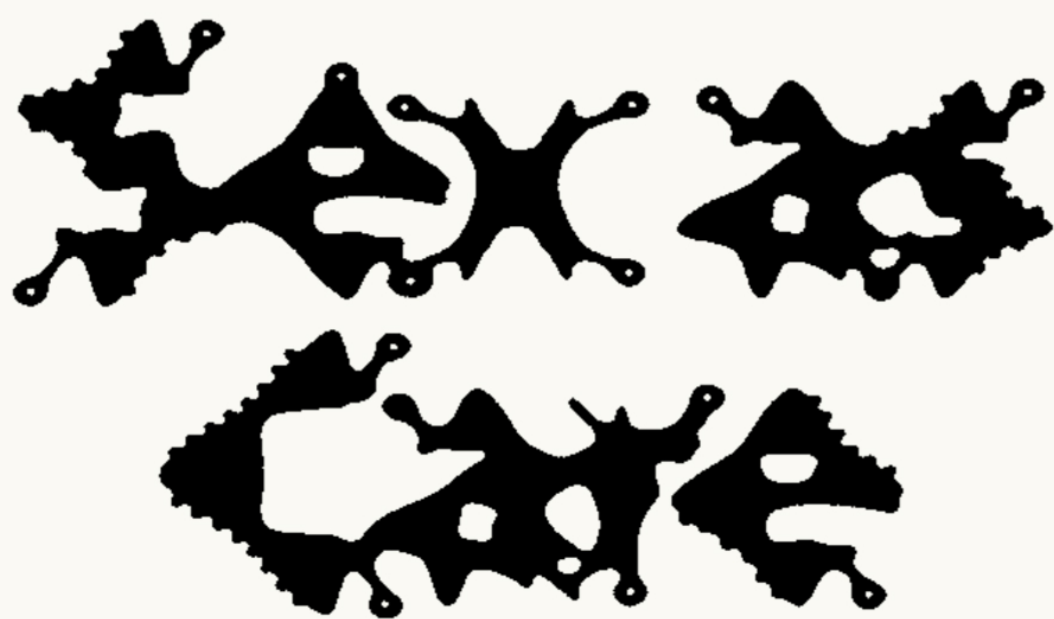
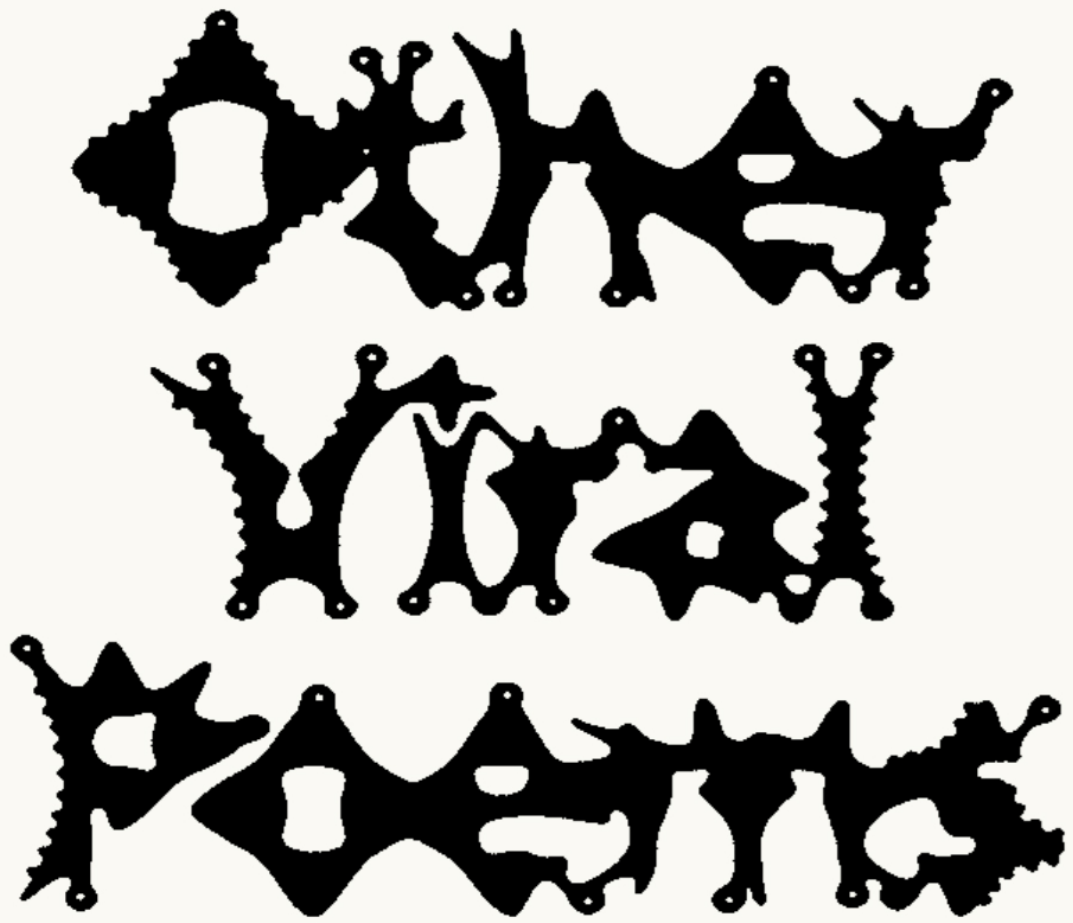


PEDRO NEVES MARQUES

SEX AS CARE AND
OTHER VIRAL POEMS

pântano





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SEX

AS

CARE

sex as care

in times of crisis

among friends
among enemies.

polyamory

see the mosquito resting on the net.

THE MILITARIZATION

OF BIOLOGY

the militarization
of biology
is
the language
of suppression

when
the state
begins
to wane

the suppression
of language
is
the biology
of militarization

He (it) goes out
dressed up
in a mosquito net

gloves, with no fingers
manipulating machines
of retrieval

specimens he believes
were once normal
believes he can make the world safe.

boots underneath
the mesh, a military pattern
mimicking the nature

it (he) is paranoid about—
love, beyond binaries—
thinks it (he) will protect

her.

head covered
barely breathes

leaves a mosquito trap
in the wild, then gaslights her
for questioning it—

the trap.

they—who are about to become a woman
after years of nonbinary spaces, found it

a defense against violence.

they played with expectations—
including their own—

they could shapeshift, their magic from an angle a boy
and hide from power, for as long as from another a woman
the transition remained unseen
they were safe—

but is being a woman safer than being none?

now that they have become a woman, she
is tired; the patch on her shoulder, wet

hormones from showering, she sees,
in ways ambiguity could not offer,

violence against her sisters.

EVEN

VIRUSES

ARE

FLUID

EPIDEMIC

people out on the streets
become military
sweeping the land like a virus
this hatred

my tears
and other more serious threats

the suspense was killing us
—*the virus of culture*

these times
others become more other
than they've ever been purposely by now
it should be clear why—

the difference accentuated

the violence was always real
—*the virus of nature*

MANTIS II

I lost my mantis fist shirt and so I made myself go to the
Shaolin shop and buy a new mantis for me
expectedly
my head
rolls
smoothly
through the
linoleum
floor
because I
never
knew
how to
handle
irony
and irony
is
you.

HOMOEROTIC VIOLENCE

“Heterosexuals playing anal is cultural appropriation”
my ass.

Who’s hiding behind monogamy after all?

Normative homosexuality.

Sex is appropriation through and through.

BACTERIA IN LOVE

Her fingernail readies to fall from her annular finger.

As it will not regrow her flesh is for now vulnerable.

Soon though it will thicken, brimming with memories of a bad year.

Bacteria and love, for oysters and summer showers.
Bacteria in love.

GHOST

I lived with a ghost all throughout my twenties.
It was a very heavy ghost; it used to hang from my neck.

Now in my thirties, I still live with that ghost, but it's not as heavy.

I remember its touch on my neck,
that rubbery feeling; I remember the touch more than the thing.

So I call it a ghost—what were you thinking?

I have no issue with ghosts, as long as ghosts have no
issues with me.

THIRTEEN DAYS IN LISBON

I alone
this time a sovereign
a nonbinary spring blossoms

In the dance theater
we all held each other
company

Share Oyakodon
for lunch
act friendly

She, oblivious
about to fly to the archipelago
see the blue whales while vomiting

A dinner
you were not supposed to join
two is a company too many

I mute
when told of your arrival
gaze into the spicy chicken stew

Choking on the smoke
the club was dark and ominous
confess yourself with a closed up throat

Fall back against the wall
a friendly face smiles at you
gay masculinity is oppressive and void

Massage
the cranium and the sacrum
the gut holds the fears and the sadness

Hear the bridge humming
by the river at night
the city still keeps its hidden corners, after all

Inner tremors
on a Monday, Tuesday
you'll return to this city carrying a sickness in you

Find you
after the celebration
I had my red flower, where was yours?

At the sailor's club
a flicker film screens
the light is magical and everyone's served soup.