

each direction is a knife, cardinal sin—

Devour me, burn me out a
shell still clacking on your carapace we put our brains
in a vase and let the bodies
collapse, dancing
crumpled together unknowing

;AT LAST

The fire consumed the old library (self-immolation)

And burned like the tragedy of Alexandria

the skull releases fetal tension plates
murmur and scintillate unsure of their vibrations

chatter

in buzzed anticipation in the nighttime jagged crawling

and electric I am saturated,

satisfied; the god of pathways

inhabits my breast which is enlarged, unwanted growth— I question his intentions

while he renders

my borders and directs the filaments of my flesh

to unfurl, squamous cell glorifying

the surrounding air the

sanctuary punctured

the

bone vibrating the marrow rising

like sap. you said

you'd give a pinky for my saturday salvation and

I said I would like it to Deviate

in the lining of my stomach. the hooks

of the cotton sheet,

the

scales of my skin

acrylic fumes filled your house

plastic beads binding to excremental calcium,

your translucent nail beds

ready to receive

a declaration of intent.

I push golden tacks around the edges of a poppy its membrane

wilting already--

You eat from the cup of a Lily

and the stigma paints your philtrum sleeve and the channel

at the end of your nose, so I remember an august day

and conjugate a renewal under my tongue

which has curled behind my teeth and when

I expel it

It flies for you it envelops

and explodes and covers your skin

with an anointment.

the whole world will drag me through the mud

Still the grit of the pollen

the sweet sweat of the poppies