

I sit here in my woman's body
in the cradle of my knocking bones
 feel the weight, magnetically laminate
soldier's march back to
two years prior
same cold in fraying muscle
this certain shade of blue
 the taste of cold concrete
my liver's wet peat bog alcove
 bleating
the rocking chair curve rib spine and tailbone
the cosmos on the corner bursting
into stereo as I trudge by
Sun Ra a strange accompaniment.
I bed down in masculine slumber
Sinking under the foam of my own redoubled time,
the points of the bones making fort of the heifer's back
 cane poles or the stool I sit on
my own hip bones daunting as I carve myself
out to make way for the other
like the game of stacking disks, I must transfer
as much of myself as possible to the immaterial

I dream of long hair, split ends

I draw lizard men with tits and penises

and fetuses growing inside them

--

I sent my hair to her in the mail

and then regretted it,

should not have entrusted my memory to so

unreliable a narrator

like pick-up sticks, assembled

in the bowels

looking at the stars from cracks in the sternum i

grew too big in the abdomen

of myself, 7 years beyond partum-

hair and nails my shroud

I imagine pushing on either side of my belly button and extruding,

everything