

today a stone, tomorrow sediment

at times,

compassion a tool, at times

an impediment

the dichotomy of Beyonce and Vivaldi

strings vibrating, the snapped chord piercing

an unwitting eyeball

sand collected in the half moon

a quartz ceramic trenchant

and the unexpected entry of the bride,

the post-nuptial rose-petal

forgotten underneath a pew

who am I now that the seed of my irritation has been removed?

milky outlines loom the queen bee and the

eye in the labyrinth where sound can't follow

there's a stitch and a thread in the

ewe's afterbirth turned sepsis

held down from the fortieth window pane glass

stacked tower of Babel and coming back around

denim delight between your hand

and a warm pocket of waiting

yet the diaphragm separating

the plates of your skull diverging

lungs petitioning to take a round as

skin

none of the cells will submit

in the mud a dead lamb still warm, forelocks pressed

in amniotic gel