

limb(ic)

extendsstzst

ionic. Pear-shaped lobe

home of contraction and spasm

curious tendrils

conquering red worlds

in aureate glowing/ ing half-light

filtered and handed down from filtrum

signals dripp ing ...

the hollows in the back of my neck are speaking to you

lemon-yellow

thin

trails

create a barred space.

two-face cathedralic,

scintillating

phallic

crisp wafers burnt before brown dt

queasy pleats

folded

fold-in

egg-yolk

layered (compound stretch)

hoisted by tenterhooks

in the parting pectoral

yearning for a central collision

spread eagled in the cavern

betwixt frontal fixation and adoring crowd,

fronds of fractured pinnate

the hollow of the sinuses

at the back of the neck resound

the echoes saved from an ancient

bug-jar

saturated fibers attached to sticky matrix

rhinoplasty of the interior

reaching back in a desperate

butterfly

seeking the heat-vent

crack

in her crossed arms and pitted elbows

hollow hollow hollow in relief

in exposition each joint in proud defiance

the gleam on grease-slicked

pelt

undercooked breast-meat, soupy in the pan

cleaved off the congregation

of tendons;

I grew a membrane between underarm and ribcage,

the color of a puppy's inner ear lit by

stray beams

like rose-petal

intravenous admission of guilt,

a

protection against this.

let the strains of sorrow become

plaque in my veins,

let the heart fail to cleanse them

fortified I shall freeze in place

wind will carry my monument aloft

each pinhole a tiny doorway

to a better death

