

Sometimes
the world shifts and the light strikes the land
like the back of a hand

and I am thrown back lunar phases to my
childhood. I feel tree bark scraping skin

and I hear my dog die again. I choke
on all the memories.

Every ten poems or so,
I stop blushing and direct the blood to the page.

I fill it with so many bleeding words
that everything I say becomes a stain.

I'm in want of something that peels easy, that I can scrape my nails down
to dip into a sweet center. I want something that's meant to be unlayered so
I don't feel guilt dribble

down

my spine;

stiffening sap from a consciousness that bleeds.

Can I sample your thoughts? Honeycomb love - will you let me preserve
them in jars? Don't question yourself if it hurts. Trace the sugar trails
on my back.

You're in want of something with roots, that you can trust to hold
a home.

You want something that can peel, too, to harvest something sweet.

But you don't need to feel guilty,

because I am willing to bleed.

Forgive me Father, for I am but a Lamb,
innards lined with gasoline and
intent on burning.

Forgive me Mother, for I take after you.