

Stork Bite

Keys

The black bear smells
 the shellfish beneath the sand
and breaches the barrier between
 the muscle's foot and rotten burrowing fish,
penetrating the mud
 searching for keys to the tides.

I can neither breathe
 nor swim under water,
yet I lay my eggs in
 the salt sea
for my own survival.

We both know life is like a Kaleidoscope
 yet, we no longer
are looking forward to
 the changes in color,
I know we both like men...

But at this point

- I'm just looking for someone
 who knows about
 kissing in the
 fire made rain -

Crystal

At times I wrestle with my demons,
 but mostly we just snuggle...
deeply in shallow waters where

I hold my sister's head just above the ripples,
 her hair cascading back like
deep sea squid tentacles
 flashing red just before mating.

Each hair transforms into a cloak of prickles
 as soon as I place my fingers
to her jaw hinge and around to the
 nape of her spine
 pressing my thumb into her stork bite.

Iris

I admire

 the sight of blue shutters
and your wiener dog
 exposing himself to me...
ask me why I tell such lies
 I'll simply retort
I only find favor in the white fox...

It's like looking at the mouth
 of a earth worm under a microscope
and pulling the string in the back
 of your head to
change the color of your irises
 from blue to green.

I slowly make an incision
 into each fold in the infant elephant's trunk.
Disgusted at myself
 for my cannibalism,
as it whimpered and cooed
 at my familiar touch.

Swallow

I place two crystal sugar skulls in my
herbal tea every morning,
they sink without a trace, lowering
the diameter of my lungs.
It's like the moment you realize that you
are indeed not in a room at all
but the inside of a violin,
the f-holes letting in the sun's luster from above...

I always leave one window open
for the swallows to come and go as they please
and to make their nets from twigs and mud
strategically placed in gutters by the wind,
for you see... these birds mate for life
and predict the weather,
the seed is never planted
without the bird's consent.

Octopus

I am the octopus,
let me open and extract
shards of meat from fragile shells.

I'll spray concentrated black lye in your face,
while stressfully eating myself,
each tentacle suction cups to my inner cheek
beseeching in a quick struggle to be released.

I travel to and from the Indian Ocean
and dream of living in the temples
where they worship and live among the rats.

I would feed them small kernels of corn and seed,
from tiny gold painted dishes while their quill like
whiskers flicker against one another
like elongated fingernails.

I would use my probe to help me sense
out the morsels they leave
behind among the pebbles and stones
licking my appendages so that I may too see visions.