

## **Five Teeth for Sixfold**

### **Thirst**

Dry Texas makes me remember that I have been away from water too long,  
Spent too long in drought of the earth and love; lack of rain in clear California and lack  
of touch in sweating Cincinnati  
In the valley I discovered my need of drink to quench my head and fill my heart,  
and Taurus born, it is back in the cracks of the south where bulls strike the earth with  
sharp heavy hooves that I remember the long lost echos of the ocean,  
Her cool memory engraved in stone, big darkness, living quiet.  
Sink to your knees and run your fingers into the earth here and you will feel me,  
handfuls of clay without water, stolen and parched, face upturned and thirsty tongue  
seeking rain

### **No Storm**

I live in what used to be an old motel, new boards nailed over the same rusted guts  
Sometimes I go knocking on her old bones and hear no echos  
The cactus in the courtyard is dead, not even spiders seem to dwell in corners  
Fake wooden floors where no dust falls, but there's something in the walls  
Held here like me, cycled in the same day with the same thunderstorm ever approaching  
I'm drunk and awake at midnight when the sirens sound, sourceless  
Shoeless and empty, I go out to be filled with what I know comes from a warning sky  
I consult with a neighbor; cling to the weak railing but nothing falls and neither do I  
Inside bed takes me but sleep does not come, waiting for my storm as the sirens scream  
for retreat  
Into the reaches of the night they wail but my love it does not come.

## **Episode**

Awake and burning

Burning

I am an arkangel- a god. A thousand terrible eyes and wings of flame, I devour men and from my lips spill black ash

Forever running, a Hart's heavy beating heart

Full of life, bitter life, hammering at the walls of my chest as I lay in bed

Never rest, not even in sleep; wakeful eyes and clawed fingers clenched tight into flesh.

Bruising. I am nothing and at once everything, the echoing emptiness of a dry nautilus and it's chambers filling with vast ocean.

Release me.

## **Charged**

I am electricity, bright in the night

Sleepless buzzing in the hollow of my chest. There is no heart there

Only the knowledge that there will never be forgiveness on my tongue

I am holy, but only in the way of suffering- only in the Catholic sense they say

I am the crossroads witch, I live in the between, the "if"s and the insecurity of the unknown

Tonight I am prometheus shackled,

straining against the chains of another day as a failed god

Another night awake

## **Churchwed**

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned  
Dragged you to bed despite the white on your collar  
Licked you with the flames of hell and  
showed you what falling feels like  
Adam's first wife, we are wed under the eaves of redwoods  
though in your eyes that will not do and I pray for a white cotton dress  
A promise:  
I will bring no squalling life to this red earth  
Will not raise it in the church  
I will remove my prayer veil only for a wedding veil  
Shelve my pagan ways only for a ring  
A wolf will raise wolves  
Pray you domesticate me