

Erebus

Oh you black bird
tired from
channeling
angrily
crossing
whitestream
even with blackwings
so exhausting
this struggling
to be
liberating
I have left you spaces
between the words
to write your own dreams
I am leaning towards leaving
this coyote in the dust where I found him
and you too whiskeyjack
you didn't tell me you were white hot ashes
now give me room
to learn my singing
terra nullius mulierus omnibus
tetragrammaton hidden in
metatron
I have never stopped listening
henbane in hexenküche
aconite in hexenkessel
heart of man
in flying's
flying.

Double Tongue

I know you know these scapegraces given signal graces and what their backbones are made of

stone hard enough for the hammer and the axe and the plow hardscrabble granite damnit

the land doesn't want to break underneath our hands but it will and it does because

these contracts ancient compacts maps and magna carta sin caritas carte blanche

the uvula splits but only in the dark where nobody sees it and the spells whispered

only in the dark...

there is a crack in the center of the third eye

canyon that fills with light

when the ship is harbored just right

and I saw her dancing there

where the lava meets the water

she told me the steam told me she told me boiled turtles never never clever clever

We have to pick our gods

then grab dirt

and hold on...

The Religious

Saint Kateri. I know just what she was is and who. Jesusmaryandjoseph. These messages coming through. Not enough deer meat in the stew.

Benedictine. In the monastery it was always yespleaseandthankyou. The quietude. The ordered quietude and the making and the rattling of the beads. Restringing is an art. Fall apart fall apart. A place like that is no place to fall apart.

You are in trouble for your words out here. Outside of prayer there is nothing sacred nothing secret. We always go for a blessing we never bestow a blessing we always know the trick is to pull a blessing from somewhere deep inside oneself.

Interior castle. She said there will always be snakes at the door but never in the innermost room...

Remember I am the innermost room remember. He whispers in his sleep from the bed is an altar of bone and four legs into the stone reaching down.

When we lived in the basement it was always like rising up out of the tomb to climb the stairs and the stars obscured by the sweeping broom of branches but still there. Look up at that bright one that northern one that lucius one yes nature has a first born son...

Maranatha ephatha upper room this wind under the door and yes the flame was a tongue was aflame and into the night they spoke into the night they spoke

All gods children. Are you woke are you woke are you woke?

The Cross

Those firstborn
conceived in true love
to those first lovers
wedded
high school
sweet
hearts
prophesized
womb openers
sanctified
circumsized
and baptised
safe from the
witches
cauldron of fat
baby back
never cooked or
eaten
looky how they shine
pink skin
blue eyed
heaven gazing
Aryan
ain't they precious?
but not you
sisters and brothers
born out of wedlock
bastard babies
products of drunken lust
you hear that hellhound barking
in the distance
Old Scratch and his friends
always after us
whose unchristianed
sugared fat
is the sweetest
didn't your mama squat
you out
right onto the ground
among the bullrushes
and feed you
milk swollen titties
and feral honey
ain't you wild things

All-Amerikkkan cream-dream
ain't you something
oh but darker
dark sticky
black strap molasses
touch as touch is touches
touch us
can't keep their solicitous fingers
lips
tongues
off us
tastings tasty
teasings pinches
candy prick
malefic
if you watch learn listen
you can still see feel hear them
strigoi strega pythonex
flying
and
the moon
and
all the rest