

Untitled Beginning

Relish this luminous *heart-beat*,
Andromedomed blue-burst of being
Come on! Spread my spectra
Break open this silvercrust egg of being *woman*.

Totally Real Fact: if an ocean could resist gravity, you could float Saturn like a supermassive beach ball.

Conjure a demiurge, why don't you?
Feel that aluminum spew,
That machine in you
Feed that feedback loop that is life,
Unzip my genes
Our (thymine) is short let's start writing NOW

Utterly True Info: syzygy is the term for planetary alignment, like three *why's* in a row.

Love me elliptical!
Pole to pole I am
Magmatic ammonia, blueshift-bound
 boy you won't get another like me,
Find my *mothergenes*
The ones that walk you back in time
It's lookback time,

Look for when our cells birthed themselves

a clock

Completely Factual Statement: light takes time to travel. If we look far enough away, we can see the Big Bang's afterbirth.

Axis-eyed cosmos accretes around I,

Find the inverse volume

Of this nebular universe's ever/burst balloon,

Do you think

Your synapses map the fabric of a galaxy?

Come on, lover!

Do you think this system is idiocentric?

Then prove it

X (For Fred Hampton)

One vein,
Two vein.
Red vein,
Blue vein-

and this is the wrist that will write a revolution

A nurse opens their arms
Like envelopes;
She is looking for moons
But all she finds is ink,
Melanin to dye their skin
With letters of revolt.
One girl has revenge
Carved down her back in black,
One boy has Jesus pinned to his forehead
With needles.
The nurse sends the incriminating words
Through the shredder
She flays them
And the moonlight shows through their skin
Like lace-

and this is the wrist that will write a revolution

A wrist goes home
Embraces a girl,
Traces the whorls
Of black curls down her back,
How they lay a map
From nape to spine,
Topographic, and divine and he *loves* her
Like he would have loved his country,
Had it kept him

Had it recognized
The moonlight in his blood,
He loves America *hard*
Hard enough
To leave it a few bruises-
and this is the wrist that will write a revolution

A red X marks flesh
Where the nurse mistook skin for paper.
His words are written into his bones,
Novels down his thighs, sometimes
Prophecies spill from stars
A cross in the sky marks victory but
His cross is on its' side
Spelled in moonlight, bloody red and moonwhite,
A white hand writes ~~Malcolm~~ X
On a topographic map of his girlfriend's house,
His cross is on its' side and it spells
A-S-S-A-S-S-I-N-A-T-I-O-N and-
the wrist that holds the gun is the one that writes of the revolution

Drown/New Orleans

Dead crossroad eyes and she smokes locomotives like opium,
Salt-crusted, cancer-green and a red brick heart
Black bones knapsacked with a sweet little
“Bow-of-a-ship” shore, as in
“This city’s sinking” shore, as in
“Who cares, they had it comin’ since they lost the war” shore,
Sha, mon ami, she
Only curls her lattice work like that for someone *reeeeeeeeal* special,
Her best perfume is
Pretty lies disguised as history, you think it’s funny
Everybody here grows up believing in ghosts, just wait
Til you see Jack-The-Bear strung up like Christmas lights,
(water moccasins ate my grandma)
And you wonder, why we don’t just
 move?
‘Cause this is soul country, brah!
You think she’d let you?
Sugar, take some butter with that smile
We’re here for better or worse.
Pinch the tail and suck
 out something jazzy,
Laissez les bon temps rouler,
‘Cause you ain’t getting out alive, sweetness
Not without falling in love.

Backwash

I dreamed that I became
cold-blooded, something saline
blue-bloomed like algae, like poison
prehistoric
Cambrian in the worst way

[peaches in winter]

My father flipped coins
on the I Ching, swears
it was never wrong, swears
on dog-yawn prophecies in the morning
on gold-eye glints that unravel evening stars, swears
it foretold plague

[peaches in winter, cold peaches in winter]

Faceless moons wax gibbous,
gum-pink lifeboats and tropical cancers
Let's make this city bleed! They're handing out
rights on the corner of 4th,
it's Chinese New Year
get some, get some
get your de-vine dollars

[red wrap paper slip crinkle like raw pop clod stopped cry]

God I want to see the sun,
but not like this

[peaches in winter, cold peaches in winter]

[the old year won't leave]

**The dream was that my mouth became a wave
I ate wind and black foam and sailors,**

**I ate refugees in gum-sweet lifeboats,
I ate your rose-colored glasses--**

I stopped at a portrait

.

driven in the sand

.

of an old man

.

and his orphanage

.

and his radishes

.

I stopped where the olive leaves

.

are heavy with

.

silver-bellied

.

prayer

[peaches in winter, cold peaches in winter]

[the old year won't leave]

[and the peach tree died]

but what a miracle it is
that light bends around corners