

Dark Matter

Pulling up the last Virginia Creeper

I wonder what I don't see.

What is growing untrammelled
along an unknown wavelength,
in a dimension my pupils
are too small to let in?

What is spreading that takes
a different starlight to catch?

An exploding ball of hydrogen

flings tiny packets of power
ninety-three million miles
into cones and rods
setting fire to synapses

and I *see* the five-petaled devils.

I see them all. Every one
that breaks earth I rip out.

My hands are filthy digging past

tender shoots that sprung in
three days from the root I missed.

Finally I find the ancient knot

hoping I would mistake the child for the mother
like the break-away tail of a lizard.

With its heart in my palm

I lace my fingers through a groin underground
and heave my whole self towards the sky.

But I hear an artery snap.

Then you came over.

You opened a window on a red giant
and said, 'What's that?'

'What's what?' I said.

You dug in your fingers and got dirty,
slid them past my pumping fists,
got hold of a cold ancient hiding sphere
and pulled slow and smooth.

The root ball popped and
I felt tendrils slide out
between the bones in my forearm,
untwirl from around each lung,
unsnap from the tips of my big toes.

'There,' you said,

'I think I got most of it.'

Then I helped you pick the grit
from under your nails.

Since You Asked

Mother, since you asked,
there is something you can do.

Re-open your womb
so I can climb back in
and be re-formed.

I've been pummeled
by the cursed world -
organs diseased, extracted,
irradiated;
heart broken, cuckolded,
abandoned.

Let them melt back
to uniform chaos
and start over -
molecules rearrange,
synapses reattach.

And erase this life -
all the broken things I made.

Maybe I can do better next time.

After the Judgment

After the Judgment,
before God and all the saints, I said,

But,

Consider:

All the junk email I deleted over the course of my life;

Or how many times I left-swiped,
avoiding maybe hundreds of sexual encounters;

My high game score in Words with Friends was 628.

Show me one of these saints who can beat that.

Samaritan

Jogging

I pass a box turtle
at the road's edge and smile

but ten feet later
stop dead and say aloud,
'Shit.'

I saw a crack.
I walk back
and see blood.
I touch the shell
and hear a hiss.

To diminish agony
from hours to minutes
I move the immobilized
from asphalt to grass
under ponded rain.

I take the lack of even a flinch
upon sudden airlessness
for last wish granted,
acknowledgement of mercy
being to being.
Between my ears is screaming,
'You fuckers.'

When bubbles stop rising
I crane my neck
to peer deep into the blue
blue sky with coming clouds
and run away,
my gait ever widening.

This for That

There's the jumping spider stalking
ants on my table:

Your life for my meal.

Or the mosquitos stalking me on
my bench: Just a drop of your blood?

I do not consent. You take my blood,
I take your life.

Hunger breeding rape all around me and in me.

The male widow does his dance

in the web for that immense

intoxicating beauty: Let me fuck you
and you can eat me afterwards.

Your genitals for my life.

An app says this plant is a yaupon holly
but I don't believe it.

Ilex vomitoria, the cleansing drink
of ancient cultures:

Your lunch for your cleanliness.

There is something mutual,
however:

I give you consent to touch my skin.

Do what you want and I
will be better for it too.

What you want equals
what I want.

Or there's Mother Teresa,

the anti-mosquito, the anti-rapist:

Your pleasure for my suffering,

Your life for my death.

I did not consent to receive

your blood.

The blood stolen from you

by someone else I give

you from my heart. I

will un-rape you.

To pick me up off the street as I am dying and

look me in the eyes.