

## Blue Irises

Between mushroom tree, felled branches,  
the earthen tomb of an uprooted giantô  
this is my sanctuary.

The dogs are restless in their burrows.  
Sun down brings a hungry chill.

Blue irises replace stars.  
Blue irises on painted palms.  
Blue irises skitter through leaves.  
Blue irises blanket my body.

The shovel is heavy.  
Driven into clay, only rock below  
and the bones of our battered doors.  
This is where I build the new world.

The moon is red, the failing light.

Blue irises, a burning fever.  
Blue irises devour the canopy.  
Blue irises, a cracking cold.  
Beneath me, before me, blue irises blur and bend.

Chicken-latched-vultured-sky.  
The mountain groans.  
Deer sleep sound behind armed doors.  
I dig. Blue irises  
I dig from cardium. Red caulk relinquishes  
to my boot treads.

The moon is failing, the red blight.

The dogs, gray, as pistols pointed.  
I recognize the sound too.

*I heard the second beast say, Come and see.  
And there went out another horse that was red.*

I lay down in my burrow.  
I lay down and kiss the earth.

## Singularity

She opens a singularity of copper hooks.  
Encircles him in salted earth.  
Fevered, he darts about  
child of walls and wooden blinds.

She is shaken.  
The wind will not stop even inside.  
The singularity is not. Was not.  
Only. Transient and bloodied  
by the loss of hours. She is filled with copper hooks.  
Snagged.

The moon is a puzzle of moths,  
blue and soft. Every night she waits for frost.  
Every night she sleeps blue and burning.  
There is first a deer. Then a hoard  
with sawed off antlers. Black hole  
eyes unflinching.

She no longer sleeps.

The circle has broken,  
and so the moon, in a flurry of moths.  
He smells of dirt and pomegranates.  
*Do not burn the earth and repent*, he says.

She opens a singularity beneath his boots,  
and he is swallowed.  
As the trees swallow the wind and spit it back out.

## Extinguish Not

I need to light all the newspapers on fire.  
The prophecies, the tellingsô embers in my throat.  
I wretch out chunks of pyrite at your bedside  
and cover them with newspaper roofs.

Burrow, burrow, little rabbit.

The clouds sag, a poison web.  
Armageddon gardenô  
my sanctuary and my sanitarium.  
Will there be a deliverance or  
an extinguishing?

I bury the hacksaw inside my coat;  
toss the rabbit at the coals.  
    The furred flame devours my cast-out gasps.  
    The rain does not come.

When I descend the mountain  
I burn to feel like somethingø changed,  
but the clouds are a part of meô consumedô  
till my skin swells like a tachycardic orchid.

Extinguish not  
the sweeping rush  
upon the dismal plain.  
Star-fallout takes refuge, implanting  
its light in the rabbit hole.

I burn the grass and smooth the ash  
into the arc of your back.  
Watch it smolder till I can see  
your fire in this glint  
of broken earth.