

will to knowledge

apple seeds clog my

throat at whirling

night while violets

crawl between my

jaws. i can't

breathe (your voice scrapes),

i can't breathe.

neither here

a wrong way: circles & broaden,
not so much clamber
as cling to ground.
(strengthen, they claim then.)

& BEATRICE, BEATRICE MY
BEAUTIFUL, SHE TOLD ME

– in my own words.

there is no such thing
as opposition between *oikos*
and *polis*: there is simply
i & you & us & here.

neither wrong nor right.
dickinson's spindly fingers
stitched dashing webs & we
have been hauled in, haven't
we, those of us with
match-flick skin,

& beatrice, beatrice my beautiful,
she told me –

– submission to thin
air; surrender of self to that of
someone else.

hercules

streets like

spider webs & this is the new

epic, isn't it, this is the new

bravery, this

how are we going

to get a-cross

without bullets cascading

in a heart-throb rush,

&

where are we going

to park the car

if we want to find

it again, lights

in all – ?

it's cold up there

so she, whortleberry

life-lines, she the

loved

with an ocean they

say swim they say

drown, send a

postcard

while you're there

& people were found but

died centuries, perfectly

preserved ago

while she, whortleberry

life-lines, ravishing the sky

smashed down –

(no postal service

today, gargantuan storm

in everybody's way)

sputter

scar orbits around
my neck. comet we
call this, comet or
meteor, hurtles to sea &
leaves absence-stitch
behind;

space produces truths &
those lead to dead
ends.

– ariadne, they'd call me
if their lips spewed molten
letters in my palms
like yours

seem to