

Ghost Astronomy

Sometimes, it's joy.

Even though we've been warned,
we want heart-deep in the galaxy.

A heat-seeking mission
through a geology nothing

like our own: volcanic tides,
verbs of motion, surprise us.

We are capable of so much
more than what we project

on our planetaria, the realms we chart
between one flash of light and the next,

deciphering broadcasts of magnetic fields,
digging through millennia

edged in ice.
Love is action, they say.

Our pedestrian desire straight
from the dead stars

we carry in us, hymnal dust
of what we wanted god

to know of us before
we fleshed him out and extinguished

him. We remain inhabitants
of the nimbus, salty, amphibious.

Our bodies divided in us,
feeding off us,

this is not a metaphor.

The Abortion

We evolve as forests do:
forest, tree, alone, not alone.
I listen inside me, my furtive
ear pressed to our evergreen
army standing guard of what
I'll never love. As the last of
our skins settled, behind or
astride a winged flank, damp,
demolished, where the static
between two bodies after lust
diminishes, I listen.
What I hear I hear
with an ear that will not
respond to your name, a body
turned inward toward a solitude
safe from the simulacrum of battle
wounds. I know all this, this faultless
funerary art, the ancient regress
hooked again by the way the body
listens, holds its echoes
within its depths, terra cotta
warriors bearing umbrage
deep in our private tombs.
Stranger, not stranger.
A pattern where watery footsteps
stained a tissue-thin page
of my history and faded away
to nothing nearly pattern.

Liturgy of the Uterus

A ritual act in the interior storm

I stagger back white lilies on my cuff creeping up my sleeve

Deep in my body my asymptote my infinity my utterly

Hopeless urge severing an artery metaphorically obviously

Because my surgeon is lovely white lilies on his lapel

He wants the best for me

At my most animal I writhe in a rite of savage

I do not suffer silently this is having it all

I am a patron of want white lilies on my hem

Servant of begging let this body be good

Let it marauder its best absolutions

Let it swagger grand free-fall

Out of itself a vast desert blows through me

Who am I praying to?

This approaching zero, this coming home

Never Again without a Sense of Déjà Vu

Nostalgia, a place on a map
like any other.

Isthmus stretched between
There and Here.

Your mouth tastes like someone else's
mouth sucking someone's else's

teeth over goodbyes,
digital clocks calibrate the body's

divination, no suffered
splendor regardless of hour.

What's the hurry?
Girlhood against loss.

An ending that meant
to be a beginning but wasn't.

Accept the vertigo before
the incredible view.

Accept the cri de coeur
whistling through the body.

A wind in a field of wildflower:
Sweet William, prairie aster, foxglove.

Tarantula Weather

1.

I wield my objective like a pawn, inching forward,
easily lost.

2.

The weather augurs birthdays, supernovas, lightening fields.
Earthquake weather up and down the coast.

We're trip-wired,
set to blow, weaponous mouths ablaze—
politicians sharpen teeth on the damage.

3.

I wish was all in the past
already, all this blood-letting only to hit the sweet-
spot, tongue-tied

by hard diplomacy, percussive hints
mitigate the fact that
we're in this history
together and it's a long road
lined with reasons
to look behind us.

Our blue-mood
in the body politic, still, his dark curls.

Beautiful flirt with his egg-shaped bribes,
a heretical
language unfurls under my skirt.

4.

The divided female: in a eucalyptus
loneliness I nettle his lachrymose turning of tides.

5.

A digital country thumbed ruin,
histories retold, injuries rehurt and the weather.

Strong armed I scald my weaknesses,
toughen the heart before I put it in his mouth.

The weather volumes ancestral, *exit wound, as they say.*

His voice slips apologies like
threading a needle, cauterizing a wound.

Has it always been like this?

6.

In magnolia light I crouch
my animal on the scent of some
erotic feast, unprotected I place
myself in his life, another creature
reduced to the beast of itself, reduced to what

happens because it happens,

A scattering of tarantulas.
No future aside from this one.

7.

How badly
I want him, sing him through me, write him in me
my genealogy writ in haste, still various unpeopled.