

Prayers Before My Diagnosis (For B)

(Dear) B,

You caustify my gaping transgressions (your resplendent lips
pucker the skin of my), guilt; searing absolution siphons orgasm
from fecund contusion (my, the) laceration of a petal, slippery
edges fraying as you slide your fingers between; I AM
"Absolved",,, finally

I AM

Beholden to your merciful opulence, the tender fumes birthed
from our enmeshed albumen (bind me) to you, flash flitter SUDDEN
Guttural palpitation (the tumor teasing
me shudders; my eyes flash flitter away;; causticized cancer cunt splitting
at the seams) I become an alloy with your arms, you gyrate
as I seep... Hold (FUCK) me firmly, compress
all my sickness into subservient paradise, I AM (and love to be)
Beholden

I Fell .. \$In Love\$.. (with You)

but practice restraint, an inflated vein pulsating but corseted
by your careful grip (hold tight and I will clot the internal
oozing, I will swath myself in pastel panes of false vitality, ANYTHING
for You) Is my desperation unclear? Should I deflower the

raw devotion underneath my rancid undulating, an emaciated ode

embedded in my (Your) climax AND

We "Fall Asleep" Together

...

Your

shoulder Blades ebb and flow, suckled by

two divorced incisions scrawled into your irreproachable olive plaster;

Biblical backbone quivering furtively, evangelical pages of scar striped

RETRIBUTION;;; won't you "Absolve" me, My Love....? ; I beg

to devour the recollection of You, I admired each of your

Sinews each of your Joints each of your Spasms each of your Covenants and I admired

each of your Crosses

I admired your cruel repentance and unsheathed lust ;;;; I am DEVoured

by the recollection of you, it is blessed with a laudanum suture,

it quells my obstinate Sickness, it is

never too early to recall to repent to biopsy...

The musculature of our Tenderness is antibacterial and
Anti-inflammatory anti-cancer antidotal- Look Outside:
beyond the cemetery of our waning ardor is a cult of putrescence
I fear being without you: spit down my throat spit out the antidote
I: will wear it in a locket during my CAT Scan

I will wear it in
my ostomy bag I will wear it in my casket I will wear it
In heaven I will wear it in my Sinews Joints Spasms
Covenants Crosses.....

Caustic Mechanisms Of The Elevated Track

I laid among a cult of tarry teeth, a dictatorial mouth
wherein each jagged canal led to a sister stain, so as to
carve an insalubrious entrustment of cavities, they outstretched
fatty wisps of afternoon thanks, and fecund pleas
craning snaggle necks, leaking panes of scaley enamel beyond
ebbing tendril gums who (after sloughing off sheets of
corn syrup grime and aspirin residue)
Laughed
and an amalgam of metal orifices parted, jolting awake a sleeping
congregation
of Old World Glamour (coy strips of imitation hymen pasted

to thin lips, painted copper eyelids) and
of fear and repercussion (See: several young passengers trembling
beneath their rancid winter coats, glazed with February mucous and the
Backhand Memory) and
of unsheathed decadence (the mother who betroths repercussion to
her children glances jealously towards them- wouldn't you? I do, see:
each unashamed crease filled with foundation makeup, burnt lips like
open valves, leaking hyaluronic acid. Avert your eyes from their
sweetly laminated briefcases and rubberized soles-)
Don't you fear the awakened congregation? They are determined to
satisfy you, a maze of smiling seams and warm leatherette gloves,
an offering To You (aren't you cold?): you glance hesitantly
towards the crinkling calfskin fingertips, wilted phallic tunnels-
"THIS is Garfield. Doors open on the right at Garfield." and the carriage
jolts: the mitts fall in two underaged piles and you observe a bead of
dew slip from the initial slit where your hand would have hungrily shoved
Itself, tearing seams;
The congregation averts its collective eye as the droplet slithers, begs
for anything, shoves her raw knees into the navy blue seats because
your pocket change helps, I am a mother and my child has been taken,
I AM a mother and I betrothed my daughter to
Repercussion, and her veils still cling between her nostrils because she
has been taken but not yet Taken and, your pocket change helps
in order to cleanse, the congregation disowns The Mother and all
her heirs, shunts a mouthful of grimy coins into her smooth hands
and she grins, peers towards the leatherette from which

she was birthed, calfskin puckering beneath a suffocating sheet of
greying snow
because she is never truly disowned, only from, the metallic
congregation (but never of) the cult, whose arms she will
be beckoned into, eventually...

Heritage

Christen me Mother your CAT scan is now
mine christen me with synovial fluid with
spinal marrow kisses I will never take lovers only
doctors and surgeons for when I fuck under the knife (fluorescent)
phosphorescence (is) oozing internal injury palpitating stomach
diarrhea love making
Christen me Mother with the back of your hand I will wear
your scoliosis over my shoulders to hide the bruises from
where you shook the polyps out of me (or tried)
I will wear the apparition of your monogamous disease betrothal
of your 40th birthday, your fever was hereditary don't
weep please don't weep I am enveloped in
your wrath like a seatbelt digging into my sternum the shaking
persists
Christen me mother (my spine is a chrysanthemum stem) yours
is a steel rod you
said you woke during the operation but couldn't
MOVE
snip paralysis snip sew bandage your protruding scar
mine is hidden unmentionable but still there

I await the advent diagnosis vomit splatter hold me christen

(me) Mother I fear the procedure no one is

here to hold my hand