

I. Godmother

On a long spread table, leaning
On a crutch stick, a godmother
Entered in a room, lighted as a lore,

And as she recovered her wind
for speech, I began to wildly pack
my things to continue circuitously

for the morning, some ten miles off.

I reeled in the air, I remember
The sunshine pressing me awake
as I passed the crook in the road,

slumberously changing my lean,
abreast and clockwise, aghast,
blindness was, fitting to me, like a bell

towards a passage, which none believe.

But at her chin, and the wan of her
eyes, hunching to gallop, blazing
in such a fashion, forth-coming to levity,

hundreds of me subsided into eerie
figures; like a bushel of coal-dust, a peerless
beauty, shied at every shadow.

I glanced upon its sorts, scorched as a leaf.

But I should have been openly despised,
scarcely remembered, in this hour to come,
captured inside impressions of her trust;

patiently dismantled, in my eyes, I felt
a rock hit the back windows; little stumbling's
came forth; just now, I see it mattered not

which lover dwelt in that lore, who stood
then? Towards me, as if wiled against all
the eminence found in our slain.

II. Delilah

Do you remember, nine years ago
when you pulled me
 under
for an entire night to spend all of my days,
hanging like a loose leaf cape, until I could no longer
sway to the whisperings of your
 children, growing like a mold,
and chatting around me, like
 ducks;
when their mouths returned to us,
wide, cruel, clinging, and adorned with
 seductions,
you said, 'let go'
'let them eat
our frost bitten wings.'

I split.

 And
do you remember
how we talked? Those endless days
 we made;
dying by queer atoms, sun-bearing and skin worshipping
with you, gazing upon my black gothic smile like you could
 actually kiss it.

 I remember,

from your chest - your scribbling's hammered into me
until the grains of my scalp
 finally rippled down
 from bare, merciless light
to meet a place, further on; a cave marked
 Delilah.
nearing; I found small flowers, parent buds,
the silk blends, like a tea, perfectly made to snap a bee;

 So I thought,
as the diagnosis read "cut" - I - I could see.

 you always ask,

'how far would you go, who would you leave,'
even deeply in love, 'what blithe
 keeps true to this heaven

of strangeness'–

to see my face beyond earthly help, in dead faint, a cave,
a gape of bandages, shapeless beneath
desultory dressings
passing, in fizziness, the anticipatory tremors,
and joy, dabbing my eyes from the shapeless hole,
my mouth,
hissing and beeping; it's so hot, so hard
to draw breath,

until the only thing I see that confirms,
Delilah,
that tells me this is you,

Delilah,
is the flood, the golden springs of hair, locked and
twinned wide and loose, hanging out
with my hands, holding you, from the ugly,
loosened sweat, strangled from my limbs,
like a loose leaf cape.

Delilah,
is the flood, the golden springs of hair, locked and
twinned wide and loose, hanging out
from my hands, holding you, from the malevolent
tremors, kneeling before my fate.

III. Informed Against Me

Nothing was represented in its flourishing
condition except for the tools and weapons,
knives and axe's bright and sharp,
and heavy, steel-based hammers,
too great to carry – the gunstock, murderous.

The kennel ran down the middle of the street.
Sounds were only made during
heavy rains – such eccentric fits, but still
such smallness, such devotion to a remote region,
a dark earth, that when they went in
the houses,
the tenants, some inbred, others, a new phylogeny –
each, so small
took their fluttering military

lanterns, as if they were souls, as if they saw
the arc of the unmoved, so suffered and done,
and simply surrendered.

Into the gallery, the elderly sit and acknowledge
by bending heads, and glancing at the
interchange of Christian names passing down
a narrow passage,
the gulf, swaying on each
side.

One woman is found
bending low over the process
of shoemaking, perhaps,
in the faintness of solitude,
as if she was,
opposite to the buried man,
whom dug out,
as if in disuse,
wondered if one could be
swooned by the sight of blood.

No. In many ways, someone said,
once deeds are fatigued
and all the fat, stripped from the parcels found from
a cesspool of a misspent life, one begins to see....
politics.
one sees how their plate was stowed away
while off, busy, blinking
into a dismal twilight.

And into a dingy window,
a shower bath of mud,
like a man, woman -
there is heaving shake,
away from form,
there is a calm
that is to yield to all storms that follow,
as one holds a conglomerate of bodies
that cure
the silence, that strokes towards
a human destiny.

IV. Billy

Just as the nurse returned,
My body turned into a dish.
The doorkeeper was at rest,
He got the talking, over a cigarette.
Around me, six chair figures
glided soundlessly through
the bleak white air, into
the knitting tool, they swam;
our desertion reigned.

I laughed, under a feeble lamp;
unsure as whether to think
of my friend, or simply
speak of his notoriety.

what settled my chest
and voice was the sound
of the cart; humanizing,
softening to behold in
its action; sheer entertainment
for the Chief of Justice himself.

From their backs, by such
grace, such animosity, I saw
the whipping post. The punishment
they said, was herby of mercenary
crimes; a palpable absence,
as a dark eye in plain dress
sent for the covering.

With no further details
to spare, I bowed
to stand. I saw, then
with such
grave interest, all of
which no one could
possibly foresee.

Over this well-grown,
Ornamented, straight,
Old prisoners head,
There was a mirror,
Flinched from all situations,

all theatrical airs; and I bounced
up from the bed, haunted
by this abdominal place;
and in such ghastly
manners', rendered myself
wretched, for urgency
and thrive; I began
to grind, deep
into it's reflections,
uncanny and strong,
eccentricities still
too hard to say.

'I was not born here, was I'
rotted with a frizzled hangman,
standing with jackal feet, knitted brows,
deep in task; more crumbs swooned
to my nose; by restless degree, I rose to testify
the red, grim beam, quietly retiring
over my the only place
I ever called My Home.