

Edges with Invitations

She sleeps expecting someone to crawl into bed next to her:
the curve of her body elongated,

one leg stretched out to accentuate,
the other drawn in to fit
any number of strange legs and torsos,

one hand curled against her chest,
the other extended, fingertips hanging in air,

and her hair
brushed back, so they can see her jugular.

She sleeps,
dreams:
of cliffs
grey and dark green
ocean spray and breath,
of edges with invitations.

She dreams
of a curse that turns her tongue coarse and her hands grey,
of giant multicolored construction paper orchids,
of a black edged horizon fading up to sunless noon.

She dreams
of the kitchen table,
of honey spread across her lips
covering the embedded stingers of long dead bees,
of splintered wood and bone.

She dreams
of a dripping red ball gown
plastered to her thighs,
of skin covered in scars and freckles,
of a seashell found tucked between her breasts,
the rushing of blood.

She dreams
and wakes on the edge of the bed.

Prayers

The gradual and willing
feeling of
slow languorous suicide.

Embers to the lips purify,
Incense works better when it's passed through
the body.

Only rarely allow it to burn
stronger than an afterthought
in the lungs.

Slipping

He drinks bitter twilight with his friends,
slipping a grin that's young and gory
to himself in the mirror.

Chest kicked out
he breathes smoke to kill the ferment.

His eyes are dark with wine
and the sockets feel too small.
Through his dilated eyes, light weighs more than flesh.

You can see
the wafer body stumble.

His teeth are white with milk
only a little of the oil spill shine left in the crevasses.
He mouths curses against high-rise gods.

Drawn in every direction,
weeps blankly at the dawn,

ripped apart by the solidness of prayers
he won't remember.

Study of a Stranger

She has dancer's bones.
When her muscles contract to the point of pain
the bones creak aching for a few seconds when a mortal's would
crack.
Her marrow wants to move,
thinks work is beautiful if it's physical.

Her skin doesn't like to stay together.
Splits and scars at the slightest excuse
then hardens and refuses to take in the sun
leaving little anti-freckles alongside the lunares.
She thinks the pain is worth the aesthetic
of apparency.

Her guts rebel from time to time.
It's becoming a challenge to drink like a man.
She has ocean enough inside already
and a burning in her chest that stays long past the hangover.

She has the most feminine eyes,
eyes people drown in,
with just enough fear running along the veins
to give the appearance of being chained.

She is a body meant to be naked,
alone, upright.
She pictures herself in moonlight, glowing, shadowed.
The stars are a reflection of her,
"untameable virgin, spear-head of madness."
Undeniable purity
with dirt and blood under her nails.