

ERINA HARRIS

*Hades: Witness Statement, On The Disappearance  
Of Kore*

*for Jae Choi*

A: In the breach without escort I breathe inside the letter.

A: She was wearing a tinsel bodice of space.

A: That as she paused preening in my palm without ceremony—

A: To a place stationed about place.  
But speak of its cupboards and trenches only when arriving  
because next came her blue shoes when one falls unchorused  
into my hand.

A: She refuses to speak  
  
and painting the remembered names of my horses that began  
by strolling the hallways together.

A: No. I am simply undead among the dead.

More like a civil servant. We work the printing press,  
unwording.

That loosened petal of animal mechanics chomping oxygen and  
chrome until absent.

A: We employ mostly nurses; a version,

A: Tuckering their tinsel murmur trays.

A: Because, her pistil and lisp. Ledging. A turnstile.  
It was never personal.

Her toys, which are vowels, which are toys, which are celled-  
sacs from which termites, or  
orchards of speech trunks for my workers.

Diswound rhymes pile up outside the gates.

A: She unpacks the ink from a curdled geyser and daughters it into  
a hat.

A: And then?

Then the field was suddenly a mad woman  
jamming caverns into her violate smock.  
The crop stalks, a militia, teetered and a snap.

Storying, on one knee,

from soil untethering her jawbone, a gesture ashes forth  
patty-cake nuptials.

A: Then. Before night falls in this cellar, your four seas shall  
whinny and stagger in their stadium, unruffling waves  
in which all times might exist.

A: Of course not.  
Not benevolent from the groin of the father, the brothers and I:

we drew sticks.

Of brothers.

Among brothers, gashlings. Bash at the brother-face  
blood-let for father-eyed: precedence.

This is my station.

A: Between each, all things:  
there I live there I bind them,

unto separateness that they may, whatsoever,  
and difference.

A: "A botched junkyard garden sire should not envy them"  
cautioned one of my brothers.

But that this child could end.

Or: to see her safely forever standing safely forever  
on her tiptoes safely forever coloring in all the elbows  
and the sounds

A: Because her sing-songs engrave us.

A: Because this child could end.