

[a flower, a novice, and an infiltrate]

a flower, a novice, and an infiltrate,
I'll die not like a princess but a spy, behind
a spray of camellias or ordnance. I'm an asp
in the bunker, a rogue contractor, I cause disorder
in the decimals and quotients. Like a star, I gutter
and divide in the knocked-up galaxy's gut, I flap
my fetal gills and fail to thrive. As epigenetic
code remembers trauma, as etymology
carts the lode of empire in its wake, as an epicenic
hustler hides an apple in his throat, you bear
my trace. When I shot you point-blank, you wore
the mark of my TacLite. And when I hung you
from the bridge, alight, your limbs
contracted in the attitude of flight.