

MY LAND

camouflaged in minted blue
this curl is my land
burning away each day
without changing ordinates
a bas-relief
having chosen to be
grounded for the kill
the ethmoid stuffed and sold
to the stars

I stretch the dictionary for blue
daily the sun a restricted classic
starving in the nude over nothing
not needed all the moon trash
embedded in ellipses and stamps
for the licking

where to go from here
may be a notebook pattern
for arbitrary fruit
from gods with no faces
a red itch that will not bleed
people who do time with gruel
products and ashes
second hand

savior with hairy arms leading me
to a paper bag victory
for hooved animals
a left handed partner rolling
milk and money and I
with a tattered look
inherited from the busy
my gut in-between
the boredom of words
a sin

I don't sing
I sin
when spokes unlock the night's flirting
the ocean comfort of his braids I insipidly
exhale the revolution round my neck
my neck to the null
a child
playing with itself
with no currency.

SISTER SISTER

I am dizzy dirty a fool
for a fan's offering so
no blood is shed
no nails

a word is a thing is ether for fingertips
and corners of mouth moistened
lightly that's all

light hangs its rules around me
still gingerly flattened mother
linked and tampered wood
the operation

a forest's moan rocketed clumsy
into the life of its own
star_ yell me a script
for the awakening

for the day I'll visit my grandmothers
the ones that witched and moaned

cobalt blue cones of glass
in the rose garden.