

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.