

THREE EXECUTIONS

Death in a guillotine is never painful
but it is confusing. The basket,
the ideal reservoir is never used twice
so long before that sharp moment
both the basket and its future head
may actually be in the same room.
The condemned should know this
so he may at least weave his own crater.
Death in a guillotine is an effortless feeding,
the promise of an incision, love.

Crossbows haven't been popular lately
but like those cautious women who embrace shadows
who have as a final wish
only their dream of an innocently thin mouth,
they're lifted over the shoulders for protection.
This death goes in narrow and spreads.
This death is a feather's whistle,
the spine's brother.

Mayakovsky's social command is the remaining ash
from the last execution I allowed,
so I know there is only one song
and only one day for the deaf to sing
but why was my womb so cold
and why is my map of your voodoo camp
stuffed in that wet syringe?
There's so much I'll never know,
like how exactly my executioner loves me
or who actually owns the missing
half of my body. But is this a final moment?
Then I'm so grateful for these blue volts
this death a pure excess.