

Poem

Such hidden mutinies inside the mind.

So many veils torn and blackened, ribbed with dust.
How it watches its own tearing of itself, a surveillance camera's infrared eye

Or a gargoyle's paralyzed crouching from a rampart—
Cold glow on the riverskin, on the sidewalks white spikings of light.

As now, seeing the neon striking the buildingdarks, its worldharsh
Shiverings as in an effort to get warm,

I listen to how quiet it is, seizing and unseizing its red fists,

Only the slightest buzz when it flinches or shorts out,
Charred stains of damaged reaching.

Red scatterings, red glare. All the parts of itself coarsely warring.

On my face a most splintery destroy.