

TWO OR MORE DAEMON-ANIMALS

I Haunt Myself

Goat-Gog loves mint: my grandma's child-ghost who
pees on boys from trees; low swooping
Crow-Ma-Gog nervous from his breakfast-ghosts' blue
rage; the blanket flowers under his
feet; love notes I float down the creek; fizz

flowing over cups. It's Monday morning. Walking
over old perceptions of marshland,
fields (there is no organ for memory, only perceiving,
past, present, future all at once)—
I haunt myself, the corn where I grew up, chance

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death by astral travel, whisper threats into my mother's
boyfriends' ears. Goat-Gog, flinging
horns across them, drags their souls (bullet-ed tin cans)
through The Undertow. The lightning
sounds always after in their coiled heads.

Goat-Gog eats persimmons, chews my braids, lounges
like a king upon my bed, says, *Someday*
I'll be explained by science—scrounging
for a vanished fruit. Crow-Ma-Gog multiplies
herself until the room's a riot, flies

Who Am I?

feathers in my face, sings, *One one, one one,*
till we want to choke her. Now my
soul is two, Goat-Gog and Crow-Ma-Gog, who am I?
Owl-Gog? Then who am I? Car-Gog?
Still, who am I? I? And so on.

Pages spread across the floor—Cain-Gog? Shadows
pull each other's edges, forming
wings. His inward breathing rasps like static. Wires grow
from his mouth and ears. My feet
catch fire. They burn for weeks.

Who claimed that dark is light's absence? Night spools
monochrome threads through our chests and
eyes. So Cain-Gog creeps, destroys. I was a fool
to make him up. Collective Unconscious,
spin him in the Hadron Collider. Hear us!

*Modern man, Goat-Gog whines, is hyperconscious,
self sees self seeing self... Coaxing*
my grandma's child-ghost, Betty, from the ceiling, I rock her
one one, one one, through the night's
fluid rush of planets, her bright

seraph-wrists around my neck.

We're Back in the Field

Why, I ask them,
*do I imagine us in the same blue
bedroom? Washer and dryer tucked behind the closet door,
trumpeting wallpaper angels, rock
albums strewn across the floor, black*

*fishnets drying on a chair? Crow-Ma-Gog's nervous
preening halts and starts. She doesn't
like it here—the blue room wavers, seethes, and
disappears. We're back in the field.
April is the cruelest month, Goat-Gog squeals*

like a lunatic. I crash into my grandpa,
Ron, as he flashes a row of little
girls, creeps into my mother's room,
and lifts her shirt. I choose
not to be one with him. I refuse

and wake in the heat of my childhood bed.
Borges's celestial library exists
beyond the dryer. Notice: Moth-Gog perished reading
Donne's *Death's Duel*. Let's leave her
until she's dust. I pull my covers

18 through the portal, sleep snailed inside the shelf. *Dear, dear,*
I say, to no one, to everyone.
Crow-Gog sticks her beak inside my ear,
chews memories of that crazed evangelist;
her witch's hands cold on my chest;

Where Is the Child I Was?

the burnt notebook; witches I named and loved;
the muse whose name I signed
on every page. Where is the brave child I was?
Clouds and tiny purple flowers
crush me now. The dryer

opens and I drop—fractured planets
spin around me, suns dim to amulets.
I wear the severed heads of horses, bulls, humans,
buffalo. Goat and Crow burn away,
then all beings too buried to name.