

CONSTELLATION: PHOENIX

The mother in me is resurrected every time I bleed and I bleed often

I want to be etched in flames on the wall near the dumpster. On my skin in my mind in the skin of my mind. Silence kicking the womb burns. Life without words without hers. To link the chain connect letters. A world without eyes testing the scent of a plastic rose. Breasts sliding against crimson scorched. Blow the flame brighter remember. These tiny coals carried in my hips. And when she was born she was born with this. A beginning looped to an end. A show piece caught on a shelf in a bend. Key winding spine winding pen. And as she fell from the sky the last words cried were bye bye baby bye bye. And she carries that scar soothing the umbilical flood. Premonitions of the future erase the past. Dreams of flight of mother burnt before me. My skin is your skin where there is no original. And what if I can't remember how to penetrate this digital skin. And what will I say when the only words she gave were bye bye to begin. My infant dreams colliding in pillows. Cities of light dancing below dew pores. Towers colliding on cheeks. Half remembered tears hit the pavement hiss. A myth that invents herself reinvents this. Hunting the flame for a friend for a memory in clockword streets. Eyes to the crowd. A pirouette on a sidewalk dodging shards and tendrils. Needles and glass. A plastic rose and a goldfish spluttering on a gold key. I miss her wings sadly. Madly the language of the lonely. Wringing her wrists. Twisting in fingers in fists. Alphabets she can't punch to the line. Hands all feathers. Trace her shape her shadow walls. Hunting the flame for a word. She bursts through the page. Singes the edge of her bird bones. A half remembered rendering of a half remembered dream. With every cry I am closer to the burning. She tumbles stumbles out of a mourning sky. Born in your eyes on the line. And the memory of flight resumes the continuation of feathers. No language just a poem full of eyes. A tutu and silk shoes. A goldfish and a plastic rose. Wings across the sky hold her cry not one word. Hush lullaby. Between us all the mother is breaking.

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