

CONSTELLATION: TRIANGULUM

Why we can start again

This script within me writes itself daily. How the psychic slap landed in my belly. I'd give you all my words to resurrect this page. This thought starts again. Child is closing in. I can feel Elysium plucking skin. Violent ribs against violet blushing. Kiss violates a cellular lover. Universe a fruit in my palm. Try prying it loose. But its soft pulp cradles me. My trinity. I rehearse parables in dreams. When I wake they're stuck in thoughts stumbling around my mouth. And they'd make so much sense. Those daily scriptures. Dunes collapsing under toes. The undertow. Inner child stomping on sand castles. His small hands giant within me. Punching at beats in my heart. Striking out in a world without eyes. A curve a curl in the sky. Thorns piercing the umbilical glow. Born into a scream. Tumbling from lacerated thighs. He speaks three sparks three. Illuminates my name. But I'm skin just the same. Suck blood from my tongue drain words I can't say. Crushed by clouds in his eyes. Pillows I long to collapse into. Mother within me bled from existence. In scents of Elysium bottled and dried. Left on a shelf with a goodbye. Pushing ancient gods from the sky. Watching them topple into statues into myths. Barefoot and broken in this. And every time I pass a telephone pole or white crosses in the car park I hold my breath. Child leaves footprints in sand. Mountains for doors. Rocks for the faithful. Chained and waiting. Coral shells for hookers for whores. And a small trail of nails he can't explain. If he had wings on his heels or a magical shield. If I could lay myself across stone. Shatter the reflection. Sprinkle gold dust across his feet. Fly. If I could pull myself from the sky. As against a cross. Rise. Then I will descend with each cry. Try pushing air from my belly. Squeezing it into books. As though it were a breath and as though a breath remains. This slow leak calls destiny. Its alphabets flashing in star maps. Thorns though they glow. Halo. I can see in your eyes he's been here. Page's soft indent leaves me lonely. Longing for wings. Magical things. And a place to begin. As though he could be blind to the end.

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