The Messenger

Volume 2001 Issue 1 *The Messenger, 2001*

Article 14

2001

Fire

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Recommended Citation

Anonymous, . (2001) "Fire," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2001: Iss. 1, Article 14. Available at: http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2001/iss1/14

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Fire

The issue of Eve's menarche tended and the frenzied knocking of atomic stones

hypnopompic part the water and enter air to prophecy

striding earth coxcomb's shock calling out the day to love

or battle for the colors of becoming rive and cleave cleave and rive

sap sears the teating mother tearing the scar in God's side

and open habitat is a city of light suspended in mists of semen.

* * * *

What wounds are forged here boils smashed on fleshly plenum

by the drumming squid enamored of lanterns holding the fruit of her sidereal lovers

molding their pits to lava and labyrinth quenching their cloni in nebulous ink

all look at the graceful yolk spilling its hot salve of agony

aquatic tomatoes burnt at the stake abandoned yules crackling in the alley

dead meat animate with larvae and supper pullulating on its plate.

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* * * *

Slug love found out In the pornographic tear garden

gives rib and oozes eternity trace of angel in cloud chamber

and powder trail to the raw torrential tonnage of sun's thorny crown

rearing the bee's waddle dance from royal jelly to luciferous rose

the synaptic leap of sizzling crickets at cicada's dry and desperate whirr

dragon plunges her eggs in water and dew reveals the spider's ruse.

* * * *

Complicity of feathers weave against the coming cold scissors air

from the global clew and carry lungward with the worm rumble swallowed by robin

and the soft love cry of toads coughed out of heron's horn

cardinal hew your cursive through the vein line your nest with the shred word

lust confessed under threat of torture as mocker tenses toward our bowels

and starlings loom the body home to the ground of lowest pecking order.



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* * * *

Wand-struck speak the rubric of dragontree hoarding heat

in curled root and gray mail green wings hurtling the belly

of earth through turbid ether her tiny tornadic brats scrambling

to baring arms and rusty breast the milk of kindling molt she gives

or snares the teeth of the sawyer to be split for the Vedic seed of truth within

for the reunion of breath bone and flux humping together on the iron bed.

* * * *

Ash the poverty of this holocaust exhaustion and the shapes it takes away

glutted colors corralled to black blood gleeds and goat song

it so cold in the room of this poem we are cured of the sun's sublime disease

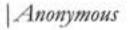
the historionics of the rabid log symmetry's telling lies in the hearth

and new humility laboring to the sacred



evacuation of time till other

hearts explode and heavy elements season the stars eyes of the huddlers.





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