Fire

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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.

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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.
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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