

# The Messenger

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## untitled

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**untitled**

time is crawling like the cliched slug-  
pregnant and raw-muscle red.  
about last evening,  
i could spit lava...  
in my darkest decade,  
you are using your 7th sense  
to try to probe me + suck  
me neck-deep into a quicksand chasm +  
molest my helplessness  
making me, too, a vegetable of your god.

time is crawling like the proverbial  
paralyzed candy-apple fatboy  
as my mind rehearses  
to mastermind an unknown revolution.  
and as i wait, feet planted like radishes in defense,  
i do what i can  
+ plot code red  
against each unendurable minute  
that is composed of families upon families  
of parasitical larvae  
that suck to the wall  
with little cold feet  
and sound reassuringly  
moist  
and soft  
like sleeping in a quilt  
of velvet-fern fungi  
and finally  
finally  
losing even the performed umbilical cord  
in the flotsam of strawberry sleep

Alexia Meyers  
WC '94