

# The Messenger

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## Fire

.Anonymous

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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.

\* \* \* \*

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.



\* \* \* \*

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.

| *Anonymous*