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Delphinium

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DELPHINIUM
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In the doorway you—I wonder
How much voltage filled
Your bones, compacted nuclear
Fallout pressed so careful to a needy tongue and

Borrowed gila monster eyes, unwilling
Pitted olives on a plate and mine—

Pale quarters float impossibly
In cream,

Impaired,
your pairs of exhales inhales
Wander round a sluggish ribcage dancehall where by now
Sad lymphocyte janitors putter pink-grey
Floors; console
The salmon walls.

Already the night has gone down.

What
I must look
Like to you, boy King boy Sultan this
Stop on the silk road, this ruby gold dust plum
Child tundra goddess all in white her
Acid sapphire petals bloom and spill until
Plunged merry fingers into paint cans
Pot pans pigment like percussion on the
walls like bells that topple in
Your carnival brain your
Friday skin I see,

I see.

It must be marvelous

Behind the pockmarked
Grayscale
Of that face.

So go now
Into solid pillows cotton
Flatness dump the tie dye choose
Expanses plain enough to hold
Your saturated existence,
Dark radiation fortress,

And save the patterned
Sheets for nighttimes
when
you'll trip
alone.