

Because My Body Was Never Mine

In wanting to be held,
I too – like a butterfly,
Dissolved into the hands
That had never held anything
Without breaking it.

Bathed in the sweatiness
Of unknown curses
Sticky as the muddy sperm
Before it turns to blood,
My voice deafens the earth –

Like a bra
That would not protect
The breasts when rusted,
Watery fingers arrived.
Oiled in the middle, I,

An adulterer voided
By that rapeseed;
Pilloried under the horrible sky
That promised to language me
Into immortality but failed.

I surrendered easy
To that famed urgency
Of my sterility, a smoke
Of steaming tears

Blinding my eyes. &

As to my body –

The muchness of which pours

Itself into other bodies

With different muchness

To make an elegy

Into a hip-hop –

This chaos, of course, is

What makes my skeleton

An impatient tourist

In its own grave.

They said – & I believed them:

My body is the vast sea

With wrecked ships,

Drowning folks that once owned it

Cried out for help but found

Only Deathlets carrying

Dark cudgels across

Their shoulders, licking

Their wishful prayers with

Their tongues, a folly fully sated

While Death, himself, lounges

At the shore – watching,

Waiting for when the basket

Of souls would be filled.

Of the sea & the drowning folks,

I see Death & his Deathlets

ascending – my body ruptured

in their hands, helpless in that rapture.

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