

*Messel Pit in my stomach*

In my version  
shale is a  
metaphor  
    the jewel  
beetle an  
avatar the  
    Eocene  
a mood  
    you had  
    to make me  
say it so  
    now we see we're strangers

I'll forget all  
that when I hear you  
    cry  
at the volume the  
pitch for the

doomed

a million  
varves  
down:  
an ant  
a bat  
a tiny horse  
with tinier horse

as if for a dog

Ahhhh, it's clear  
    now we'll never banter  
quick  
    like  
graceful  
    weasels or

s l o w

like turtles

for under the gaze of Chronos  
    in a maar lake  
    we suffer

the ultimate objectification.

Ugh.  
Don't even try to  
answer I could never forgive  
the mockery you would  
make of me  
in all your sorry  
innocence.

Enheduanna

Men  
said  
men

who wrote of

Gilgamesh  
were first  
to pen.

But you had

receipts  
did you  
shove mud

in their  
faces or  
did you walk

head down

sorry  
to be  
fat  
in all the stupid  
places

Or was that downward

cast a warning  
your head  
a battering  
ram your name  
in clay

as if  
hammered

by the Gods in the  
Vishnu Basement!

The me  
your me

writ proper  
-- in gashes!



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*Morning walk*

Every day it's the same

turf same hill same three

acres no stream no lake no

view just a path through

trees that are little more than

saplings

but that doesn't stop them

they talk

smack

like they know

something

like they're about to spill

350 million years of

tea like they're so

tough

not maimed

their tender

parts

not

nibbled

their affectations begin to

sway:

Is that a Maple or an

Archaeopteris towering in

4-friggin-D

tall as a

Sitka from the Cigar!

You laugh at the crazy

conceit of

cellulose

but when crepuscular rays

descend like

teleportation chutes

and a

glacial erratic

glows like an

altar

the only things

sacrificed

are the planks in your eyes,

and just like that

you are a

believer!

1/26/26






strange truths land  
them in the dingy  
with leaks  
that won't  
stop  
the whole truth

gets an angler fish  
stomping on their ceiling.

Can you even live  
without  
sleep?  
In your bed  
can you possibly  
Lie?

11/30/25 

About a month after I wrote *Truth*, the algorithms sent me an interview with Carol Gilligan, and I felt less lonely.

*Girls lose their voice and stop telling the truth...the truth they stop telling is what they see about men.*

*Patriarchy is unnatural.*

Carol Gilligan

*Cassandra*

might as well see  
dead  
    people

gestate a  
deity's  
    child

                            levitate  
via alien  
    abduction

call a wolf  
    "Mother"  
as to

    whisper watch

out.

Hurt.

November 1, 2025



*"Ripple marks" or "fossil ripples" are preserved impressions in rock of the movements of water or **wind** over sediments which have hardened through a process known as lithification. Many of the ripples preserve the waves from ancient seabeds. What follows here is, to paraphrase Werner Herzog, "a fantasy" of fossil ripples that record the barely perceptible movements of air via human speech. It is "a dream" of rocks as receptacles for last words/final utterances/secrets/ejaculations, past, present, and future.*

### *Fossil Ripples*

This slight depression

    this slot that never reaches

the mailbox

    traces the shape of the

air your last word

    made solid -

let's say

"love"

because in the end

only the rock knows

what to make

    of you.

See

    a slipped halo

        an "ahhh"

print

    "wow!" forms

concentric

    circles wider than an

"ow!"

"ha"      Tricky  
            >

always the shapeshifter

no matter what

singularity of

sinus

throat

chest

you possess

but if your last

motion is a

disturbance of earth

too quickly

buried -

a pneumatic hammer of

"hate" -

you leave

a gash like

ex-caliber's

retreat.

When the shale

splits

mega years from now

will there be anyone

left to ponder

what primitive critter

left such profanity

in this stratum

so thin?

**Betty's Caryatids**

Mom had six  
load-bearing girls  
    we saw some crazy  
up there  
but couldn't see  
each other  
    except in periphery  
                    some from behind

you never saw us  
move even when we  
danced real wild  
                    we stayed  
straight as arrows  
still  
    as quarry  
            when our sister went  
missing  
    our heads hurt  
            so bad

but we were  
            ALL  
                    missing  
parts for holding parts for  
                    calling  
out it's  
            history now

my flesh-spackled  
                    mouth is here to  
shout  
    *The Eleusinian Mysteries*  
*aint got nuthin'*  
            *on Mom's!*

Sepia ghosts  
haunt the  
            fire and  
the  
    water  
            proof  
box found locked in Betty's  
closet  
    Phoenician scribbles  
decoy the "who" of the  
three who  
named us the four  
who went and  
            put us

here.

*Job*

*Because why should existential dread get  
all the gigs? Petty emotions work hard, too.*

This is what happens when  
you write a  
villanelle  
on an

Excel:  
Integers heckle  
metaphors  
'til they gather their wits and  
flee the cell

An email to the boss  
full of cheerful  
emojis and helpful litotes  
will bring the tone  
cops to the  
yard quicker than you can  
cram a

"jk" in the  
official office orifice

Now the fun really  
pokes  
til your heat  
signature smokes

This is what happens when the alarm clock rings  
in a bed full of dreams  
all antique toys,  
Byzantine coins, and  
smilodon noise

You  
wear a pink slip  
under a little black shift  
Ya' can't wipe the  
smirk off

Bye!  
personality burqa.

8/28 - 9/25, 2025



*Fatal Charades*

Sometimes you want to be

dead  
wrong

but you're pretty sure

your dog just ate the

pill that keeps  
your heart from

racing you call the  
vet you

wait  
your dog  
sleeps

you listen  
a nightmare

for breath

is it

shallow

you feel

for beats  
are they

slow

oh how long

before cometh the grim

Ryder  
spilling

Roman soldiers

you're told  
*Homo sapiens*

*Red as Green*

The fox wears a

coat she can't

even

see she

could be

a value

after all her white

chest counter

shading

erasing

her

shadows

it's just

camouflage

to eyes that can't tell

crimson from

clover

not even another

fox

detects

an invisibility cloak

flashing

like an orange

flag

against

the blue sky.



*Fold (A fable)*

The first one knows your  
teeth and you know hers for  
you have eaten century  
eggs together

The second's all about the  
knees for you've  
scaled mountains like a pair of  
Alpine Ibex

The third one centers shoulders - the way  
They shake at jokes nobody  
gets but you  
and she  
and a  
Sumerian bar fly or two

The fourth feels  
your blisters  
so acutely  
she calls them  
*Hadean crystals*  
*in my shoes.*

You style the hair  
of the fifth to look like  
Faustina the Younger  
and she never takes your keys  
away again

The sixth clips  
your fingernails while you  
sleep starts  
a clone  
farm with the leavings

The seventh  
pierces your ears her  
secrets  
graft your  
bones like  
chairs >

but mostly  
we are familiar  
strangers

maybe one knows your  
heart

don't be

alarmed if I grab your  
wrist

to take your pulse!



*The judge begins voir dire*

*(written upon receiving a notice for jury duty)*

Shifty is the whole  
that declares itself  
the part the pot  
that answers to

spout

conceals the  
seam exhibits the  
gleam or

its opposite

we all do

it is for this  
reason

there are no  
viable jurors

but for those who've  
lived inside

the bodies

sprawled

bellies planted

sinking

ears smack

dab against  
turf

listening

hard

to the  
lub dub

of earth's turbulent  
flow.



*Suicide by Synecdoche is murder too*

This is the  
    flaw  
        you are not

the Angler Fish  
    you are not  
        the trench wench

You vent  
but are not the vent  
that feeds the worm  
You seep  
But are not the seep  
that bears the germ

You are neither  
worm, nor germ,  
        just dry your  
map before it  
    bleeds  
and  
    SEE.

Shhhhhhhhhh

Ptolemy stalks like a  
        swelling sea  
                monkey

Holy mackerel!  
        don't eat his snow  
                again

*You are NOT* the  
alien from the  
        midnight  
zone the abyss  
in the blood and  
bone  
    you  
        contain  
what you like  
are happy  
endings  
here's one Ocean.





*Qikiqtania Wakea*

*When a hominid writes  
about a  
fishapod  
misunderstandings are bound  
to occur.*

*The writer knows what is happening  
but cannot control fingers because sometimes the  
atoms emanating from the one and  
only universe-  
eclosing-whopper-  
popper that started it*

*ALL fuse to  
form meteors,  
car mufflers, piebald fawns, all  
intentions seen and  
unseen land  
like corners of typewriters banging on keys of  
typewriters with the  
energy of clashing  
neutrinos above the  
Kármán line.*

*Voila!*

*A missive from outer space  
the writer never  
meant  
is loaded  
because what do you  
expect  
to think?*

*The will of the writer  
is written in stone.*

*You'll see*

*when you go*

*jump*

*back*

*in the lake.*



*Tiktaalik*

The same people who say  
it's wrong to love your  
dog so much your tree your  
calf your star any  
thing that

                  crawls or  
swims or

                  flies or  
burns will shame

                  the way you  
thank a curious lung  
fish for your fingers

the way you keep her  
quenched with your  
middle of the 6<sup>th</sup> mass  
extinction

                  tears  
                  will say

*Git that blurry thing out of  
my sight!*

But things so sharply  
smudged cannot hide they sing  
from rocks where even the  
muskoxen

                  shiver.

No need to ask

Where?

                  We love her so

There!



*This one needs work - maybe a complete overhaul.*



***Boadicea's Layer***

A stratum in the  
grotto in the  
secret

garden in the  
mother

who has ever

grieved

raged

been waterboarded by

priest/shrink/art

critic in the confession

booth

*But Father natural*

*law is NOT rape*

*It's the empathy*

*felt by a*

*Miocene Ape!*

Or maybe the creed

preached should be the creed

writ

*AGAINST*

*nature*

(for never lived a rabbit

who turned

the other

cheek) you can argue you can

argue

chapel, court, or thicket

a mother's

love will sack your

Empire according to the very

best

logic...



## *Etymology*

### *Victim*

the word is the bee  
engineered to sting  
the bee  
the quill  
through the heart of the  
porcupine  
the larvae of the  
wasp in the brain  
of the moth  
who protects, not moth,  
but wasp from  
wasp  
in this monster race  
the vampire the  
werewolf the necrotized  
face all lose to the  
most heinous fiend of all:  
the murdered child

Let her entertain you  
the littlest  
zombie  
in tiara and dress  
on the big  
screen  
scream you  
scream we all  
scream for her  
scream

### *Victim*

who inflicted  
your self-  
Inflicted wounds?



*Ptolemy*

When Ptolemy mapped the brain of the  
woman he put the dirt in  
the center  
Sagittarius in a  
sulcus he doubled down  
for over a thousand years said her  
glutamates were  
dragón teeth litter of  
Terra Incognita

Amazing how the  
pulp  
fiction of her  
skull sloshes on the  
white bone screen  
inside her  
head my giddy aunt  
what a movie!

*Ptolemy meets Alien*

from a planet far beyond his  
calipers it's another  
world,  
Man!







***Null***

T-Rex disappeared.

Bullied Lystrosaurus overslept

but could not vanish

not even in her

dreams the asteroid

hit continental

drift

300 megayears pass we say to the

"scram" chanting holy guy

Congrats!

on your coming

nix

the one

prerequisite fixed:

*to have appeared*

Not me

I will not

heed

Remember

not ALL have been

given a horn to

Poof!

You have forgotten

corneas.



## *Welp*

And so I wrote this thing but now it no longer  
strums like the harp of the

girl in the

mosaic,

or brush drums the word,

*Mesopotamia.*

No more to warble like a flute from the

bone of a

cave bear

or pluck like the lyre of a

shapeshifting quail.

It will not boom to the gait of a giant

ground sloth

or sing like a wren from an

American Chestnut

It no longer giggles like Tut at a good

Game of Ur

or thumps like the wings of

Pelagornis

Never to shred charged guitars of

plasma and gas said the

hole that inhales

in the

Perseus Cluster.

Fuck!

