

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

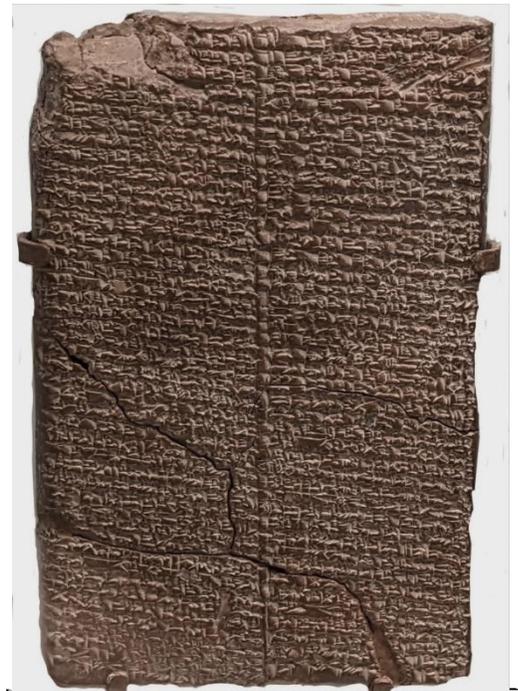
cast a warning
your head
a battering
ram your name
in clay

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!



Truth

I've learned
it's the
cockamamie stories
that are often
true but the person who
cannot tell a
lie
will be pushing up
daisies in the
Mariana Trench.

The truth is without doozies
there would be no spring
in a single
step
but make no mistake

There are people in the horse!

That shit's true!

A liar steers his barge
full of breaker
boys and match
stick girls,
it's calm,
he rules the
seven seas

but one who speaks hard
truths finds their

sailboat
on beam's
end >

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
 Mom
as to

 whisper watch

out.

Hurt.

*"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 6th 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!

