

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,
orangutans, car mufflers, 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!



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 her skull

pulp beams 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!



Eocene blues

There is an unexamined

woman solid as a

jellyfish

she listens to

boys

dredges ocean

trenches spelunks

sea caves

for a thrown

bone a

throne bone

a femur

from a

four-legged whale or a

circular saw

jaw

once bitten fatally

smitten

better

to mine the asteroids for some

sort of bright and

boneless

soul and

sunless future.



Giant

The woman from Ballynahatty
 Is practicing
kindness again now
 that the porcellanite is
polished she would rather have
an enlarged
 heart
than a gladiator's shin
 would rather hear it thumping
like Newton's Cradle
 during an 8.9 earthquake
before landing a little
 dust storm
 pieces of the woman
from Ballynahatty
 speckle my double helix (and maybe
yours, too) like
 glitter so I do
not hang up on the
 telemarketer this
 time a grey wolf
coming in for a lump
 of turnip or
ox so close I have to wipe the
 drool off my cheek
when she gives
 her head a shake.



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!



Some people you can see
the tops of their heads tall
or short I met a man once who was 6 foot 7 you could see it
his tippy top 57 years ago his throbbing
fontanelle announced some ghoulish thing about to
CROWN he's done
a lot of research from his vantage point since then a lot of looking
down but he can't see the top of this woman's head who
is only 5'2 the clouds swirl 'bout her dome like
cotton she jokes throughout her life
"I've done a lot of search."

