

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

I

scream you

scream we all

scream for her

scream

victim

KILL YOURSELF



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 sloshy

squishy 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."

