

*Drunk Geology*

A mountain fumbles  
for her belly

                  buttons  
and what is a mountain  
but a girl who

                  stares  
                  writes  
                  something  
                  consequential in a  
                  book that

                  locks  
                  a chronicle of  
rocks  
          if she

squints  
          towers of  
                  fungi misshapen  
bones

                  Australopithecus!

the missing

                  link or  
the missing  
                  neighbor

          mouth  
                  capped

by king  
          sized hands when  
found  
          oh how  
they will  
          say  
romantic.



*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 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!



*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.







***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!

