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 best logic...



Etymology

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 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 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."

