

***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*

### *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 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!







***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."

