

THE ART OF LOSS IS A LOST ART

Because I love a burning thing
I made my heart a field of fire

In this way I own nothing
Can lose nothing

The moon cake you fed me remains
A ghost upon my tongue

Immortal wasp
Tiny white flame I have never touched

The truth is
We are perfect

Hours unspent like diamonds
In the invisible now

Without each other
Still we are perfect

I make with my mouth
The hour of your arrival

Again and again
In my indefinite sleep

THE WORLD WILL BE DESOLATE BUT ADAM OF LIGHT WILL SHINE FORTH

Resolve to live in a state of desire

Touch everyone you encounter and know
You touch nothing

Become androgynous
Extract your rib and fuck yourself with it and beget
Seven androgynous children who will sleep with themselves and
Beget seven more

Hide in the woods
Turn into the trees
The trees will die

Eventually you will live in the desert

Your forty-nine children will become the forty-nine winds
Your rib will be consumed by a vulture
And you will walk fiercely unto the sun until the sun itself turns away

You will tremble

Everything will shake

And you will tremble

EACH A THREADLESS DISTANCE FROM CROW AND LINEAMENT

And all the phone lines down
The snow is up to our knees again
So we stay in our separate rooms
Read the twitches in our fibers
The truly great books

Every person is afraid
Of every person

Watching the sky for something
We are not capable of

We call each snowflake
Epic like heroin
And our addiction buries us

A few seconds of silents

What is the winter for
Why does it bury the tracks
 When there is nothing on the other side of the tracks

Why you won't speak to me
When all we are
Are tongues

YOU WILL KNOW HER DISAPPEARANCE

You will know her disappearance
By the knife left upon your pillow's case

A corpse with its hand
Stuck in a beehive

Glacier of blood

You will count the nights apart
On your remaining fingers

In the wet cave of your loneliness
You will spoon the knife against your naked frame

You will dream of the knife standing
At the window like she used to

And the knife will become her in a phosphorescent dress
And she will become the moon in the black sky
And the moon will leave you

I WAS A TEENAGE SYMPHONY TO GOD

I was

A choir of burning stars
Two hundred volcanoes erupting human blood

I was one thousand
Tortoises dryly writhing
In a field of my mother's dark hair

I was the body of a man with the head of an ox
I was the white path between water and fire

I was covered in honey
I was the fly

I was the tornado from a butterfly's wing
Halfway across the world
I was the world

I was the ocean
The jellyfish
The pine tree
The needles
The fly

(I was covered in honey)

That bit you
Holding you in its belly

I was holding you in its belly
I was you as you became the plague
I was the plague
I was the spider
That swallowed the fly

Perhaps I'll die

RECREATING A MIRACULOUS OBJECT

I have lived through every war in my lifetime
Like everyone I am

A vessel that takes the shape
Of what it contains

If you feed me to fire
I will become fire

Place your teeth upon me and I will be
The sound from your mouth

You see that axe that axe
Is me

Cleaving myself from my self
In your hands which are
Also me

When you arrive
I become you coming

The snow you came in
The next great war

I live through