

Marshland Moon

a flock of geese would go everywhere with us my family and i but only i could speak to them

1998:

i still did not know what virginity was,

despite the fact of my not having it.

as a child,

i would hide blood-stained underwear

everywhere: beneath couches, inside

pillowcases, the bottom of trashcans.

i tried to flush one down the toilet once,

it came floating up to the top,

over and over,

as if it were a fish i was attempting to bury

and forget but it refused

refused

refused me

how foreign must one be to oneself to survive. was it even survival?

am i surviving?

there was a river ancient and deepdarkblue i would imagine fake injuries

a broken rib, a sliced gut aching jaw or genital once dipped in the water i would

be healed cranes would stand in their all-white and watch me heads-cocked to one side
oh, crane, do you have a wound like i? this river is kind and i can lend it to you.
come, crane, come bathe beside me (and they would)

i was never alone,

every species of bird attended me

i knew the language of all

and yet

my memory is wicked to me

so much is withheld

here, these fragment /// this is all I have

I was seven when my father bought me my first guitar. Within years I was forced into worship team and half a dozen extracurricular activities involving the instrument . I do not to blame my parents for my unhappiness, I was not a child of many talents. I could not play sports, dance, cook or sing.

he (for what do I call him? uncle?

the word is wound) began to host a “group-guitar” lesson

at his house while my aunt was at work.

//

by the age of sixteen, everyone in the family had found out

but

it was too late -

four five six years passed

and not a word from my aunt and her children

it is as if they stopped existing

it is as if the life i have lived was not lived by i and the people i knew not known by i

and yet somewhere strong within the chaos of my being i hear her say it

“whore”

i am a changeling

i begin in human form

the marsh-monsters come for me

confirmed every question of myself

it is time, it is time

no, the mother that does not love me is not mine i am not the daughter

the daughter

was miscarried the faeries stole the

aborted human child and
slid me into the softpink body

and it is now when we come back for you,

for you are of us -

not of this world and its cruelties

/

/

/

and so, time passes like all things
and i age and muddle

Skeletal, Furred

wilowed
weed
she returns
but not to me
gray gall glass

dark blue blue pill

“slip me out of myself”

so says anne sexton

an ilex heart

i will always be failing me

so what of addiction
/////////////////
i shall be
maimed forever

i hear the druids were cannibals
i hear the druids ate children
sold in the market by starving parents

so what of survival

(be silent)

here, everything is for winter

the corn, amber, archer, each star and companion
save them store them they will not last

like, i

(last)

will not

hollow turns his bonewhite face to me

as cruel as cruel as

a death

i want to say goodbye, i want

time to say goodbye

Zero Beauty

amongst the alders,

(ocher mullein) & i

by brook's sweet blue brim

she says,

daffodils are the lungs of this woodland

here & her hand again

shy of mine

swarming shrouds of mothwings
in between two breaths and

in the yellow lather of
trolls slurping marrow

we come to the fabled horizon,

where no sun shall dissever the sacred hood of night.

and so, what than of

colossal sleep, of rotting catacombs

of easy rest for uneasy bones

(all this time - the haunt has been i)

i am tired of icarus

untie tired icarus

his name falls flat in its overuse

(crushed back, now

no son to sin of)

Wormwood

seraph song falls dumb on my ears / there is only one violet i desire / eros / do i even know of longing / i know of
being held / and not being held / did i want it / garnet rings / / am i able

to not mind the touch of another /

will i never know of it / eros /

\ but there is a continuing

/ a universal nodding of heads and / yes, keep going /

one day, we will all have to mourn -

rosebush corpse

overtaken with the red-weeds

only the forest, perhaps, will remember me

all-forget

fiddle-bow skims while

i am scrying for healthy weather

(anthers wealthy smoking reek of husband)

alone alone old crone moans

bones, who have told me little of future

and

palms, who have told me less

there is a desire here,

what do i do with it

Inactive Currency

last year's cattails like
soil

orbwebs swiped from idle emptiness

warm rain and warm

gorgon's liquid eye

curling like a fern against my body,

i touch and untouch.

there is no language that can articulate what it is i suffer by , or do not suffer by - like all the sufferings suffers i am

i pretend to be drunk high or busy so i do not have to leave my house

but then i hate to be alone

and then i hate social obligations

(--)

old god of frost / frost god of lore and legend

unthaw the throat that used to howl

is now mute

wolf-moon mute

there is no pattern of interrelating stars

not a single constellation

not a riddle

Orion only a sad dream forgotten.

if i am without voice,

how can i be remembered?

i am tired. i tire. tirelessly tired i am i am.

to bed, awake, to pill, to sleep, awake

Phlox

season of alewife passes and for a moment I feel useful

rare river of rare fish

movement upstream a turn of pleasant autumn

(or winter, or spring)

not a graceful summer moves me

i, glacial; erect and planetary

i freeze like an ancient sea in artery

geometrical spectrum of gray-gray

how do i

love the very gnat of self

when i

feel perpetually disembodied; (“imagine”)

to not know your body

to have a body one is in control of (or one
controls the touching of) (is touched by) (or

touches)

there is no hiding.

peace eludes me

beyond the wingspan of raven

albatross or great heron

so i am

condemned to live with this fierce illusion of purpose or, god forbid, wholeness

and past

past,

how you do not belong to me

how you have fathered every nightmare

and terror of my being

i hide. there is no hiding.

Sophist Sea

if i starve myself all morning klonopin and xanax will get me high

skip a meal, oxy

skip a meal, moondust benzo antidepressant

cyclical as a phoenix in my addiction

like a flock of herons comes a

line of pastel pink or othercolored pills

(light blue, cumuli, fever rose)

this is fever. this,

the long and patient death

in it

i am made to walk barefoot to you,

i have nothing to bring you

though i believe you deserve a peony or two

the scythe of my mood cuts away the ration of each day,

so i am forced to live none of it

and the

obsidian looming underneath the churchyard

shining alongside grim dog god body

harkens logos

to legend

tell me,

where does the darkness begin

so i may slip into shattered atoms

unnoticed

Languid Limbo

holy, holy the black asterisk of wound
for the child I never was

the spindle whirrs and purrs
a melodious plot but i cannot read it

i am of nothing fantastic,
even he admitted so.

sunlight's yarn winds
on the yawn of floor

time passes as all passes and repasses

(time) is not real but made real by the
yellowing of teeth and graying of skin

i can see the death coming and i can only dread

how everything and everyone will be taken from me
how i have never had anything in the first place

what good is the heroic quest, or bravery

or a poem, for that matter

matter, matter, matter

and this inconsolable grief that
comes with existence

what can one do except attempt to carry

into sweet black oblivion

Lady's Slipper

i did not want to come here and speak of guilt or grief

i wanted to come here with hands extended saying

here, look at what i've made of myself

(it is nothing, is nothing

and so, where fables begin)

lichen, my fullest love i give you to orchil

lichen alive like something alive

mimicking the black birds of omen

Sibyl's tales whisper

leaves like leaves on soft wind

re-redundant

she says,

not a trace of myself will be left behind

i will fade with the nameless others,

and no poem will save me

Not a Solace

years it will wait

until it burns or otherwise decays

in books, the warm green river is summoned

i feel as safe as a changeling

time seems not wasted but precious

the goldfinch of a soft heart,

forgotten cruelly on the empty guestroom window

to be drained of all color, of all delicate blue or textured red
was

to be merely residue of what once

or never was

what should have,

or could have been

i am starkly without, without

home or proper body

a body that grows disembodied (unbodies me)

a lampblack heap of voices unsung singing mutely of muted morgued memories

a

scylla of seawrecked songs

so it comes to pretending. it always comes to pretending. and

if not to end, if not to end

immortalize

be the daughter

Goldfinch Fate

be the daughter,

weigh yourself before and after thanksgiving dinner

the pantry doorbell rings whenever i reach of it

“i only came here for a water bottle,”

she doesn't believe me, i say my prayers and

walk back upstairs

she braids her gypsum hair

in front of the kitchen window

watches the backyard change

from dirt to grass to pool to

new space for new rv

the same facial expression always

she will ask the workers if they want a popsicle

and then never bring them one and watch from her window

now, i am grown and living out of her home

i am mild, thin and disciplined

i am always on time

i work a shit job and complain whenever i'm home or have the opportunity

i cannot comfort others in their grievings

reach for the pills and sleep

come morning all will be the same

“Use Your Words”

how tiresome it is to merely wake i am as small as a bird's shadow as fleeting

the blue is no longer refuge no longer safe taste of henbane taste of hate

my hurt is savage in the branches tangle

tympanic bone since the sixth sadness I have grown

red and solitary loaming

loom, loom on into ruin, rain, ruined

lingering in the arbor to labor longer

unearthed, amen (i am, i am) the tree outside my window sings his green, i resent him, like i resent all living things

i know not of gilgamesh,

the heroic quest,

i come a quavering child to steal your wheat

beat i am beat salt in the wound of your mother and her mother,

the woman forgotten like all women are forgotten out
wax

from the underwood a voice thick like

a hummingbird's hum of murmuring melody

-

still, I am not soothed

my insubstance will not leave me

i despise the pomegranate. she pulls me further out of myself

and,

how gorgon must mourn, forsaken so

to once hold beauty but now forevermore

be lacking

stagnated

water hollows stone

she hollows me

Susurrus

“murmur” i had forgotten the word

ash without meaning, death without purpose

all nocturnal syllables; a

half-mask of shadow that lifts slaughtered.

i am lost in

the own idea of me

thin as mist and as impossible to hold

moths gagging into pollen

like a myth it remains, death and toil, nameless names

no impulse to lean-in numb but instead known and wary

// exhaustion overtakes me

ophelia milk-white while vultures inch closer uncaring

so, this is survival

to push all of self away

i hardly recognize me. is there a self to recognize.

lurking ladybird seaside citadel smell me of mint or cuttlebone - i am fiction.

a song, an urn , a stairwell

Supine and Sylvan

she dissolves

there is only moonlight.

wet limbs of vast oaks groping outwards

with thin mangled fingers

(like omens in thickgray fog)

pit of mouth and eyes move amongst the
thestral ferns

i am watched, i am not watched. i bore the

foliage to dewy tears.

she told me

that i am obsessed with my own misery

i do not want this to be true.

though she wasn't at sea i was

seaspray narrative in epic form

wet writhe willow

bog odor

a storm

how i do not want to be what i am

but there was never a choice for me,

and there still is none

away from the hollow of me, i mourn a nothing,

a fluke amongst the great clang of universal longing

the phantoms and women of me approach like wolves

they

come, come for me

and are

illusions; for they are all that is all.

in the midst of me crows perch

northward like curses

do not come here, they warn to those that pass-by

Lyre

i bought a plum and forgot to eat it

hollyhock of childhood home

i cannot walk through the smell

without reeling back and without

forgiveness i am forfeit

who can i tell, of his cruelties to me

it is hard to speak. i know only

of my own silence. always.

overnight april breaths flat and sweet,

i am outside and alone

wounded by something invisible, a story

a fable

“that should no longer matter”

but what of addiction, survival, cruelty, beauty ...

Inferring Underwing

pine redweed redwood fir and river

underbelly of small fae or other

wooded land of marsh and bog and mire

wooded thicket of grove and orchard and grave

deep in the spruce the mask grows and grows

thickens to bone

salt snow-song and the knobhorned god sleeps away

all of us unaware of one's own mask

eventually, panic itself settles into something unnameable

be holy be halo leave all things behind even self leave

self behind (especially self) smile easily and try to

go to college and get a job

watch, behind me, not even a footprint

will be left behind

Empire

i have never known how to end things

mothlike, un-wolf, fearful and starved

all i am

all i have