

from FREAKOPHONE WORLD

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listen

mine is a body that starts out as a sliver of rain
the field repeats—

now that i'm gone

now that i'm a procession of plump
mud-babies just in

from the *hyper-strife*—

we point our stubby fingers in
our beaks saying *aaaak! aaaak!*

& of course i oblige
when i am the blue-faced rooster whose

scales are whitestwhite

i like to crawl into the chest of the decomposing

& wear us
loose like an illness-i-don't-know-what

i lie awake

for hours this way

with a loneliness like a moist-invisible—

we two black lambs mewling in
a subway-tunnel-to-no-one

our microscopic faces
calling out at dusk

from the kiwano patch—

a little blankblank in every
kernel

floating in the floodwater

*

scientists report

a massive shape-sound
off the coast

do you read me?

i mean
is there
an instrument

that can read
this body

that gas station
on fire

this region of
permissible
silence

*

when i am the void
in your mother

you do not tread me

i tread you

tucking you in
raising you up

from the dirt

*

bury these hands

in your wounds

see? we've never been
so close

inuksuk

it's true

i haven't laughed an inch

since i was a black weevil in
the primordial ooze

if you're hungry
for the end then

HELLO

i am a loyal little shrew

in your throat
calling the deceased name thusly

it's so cramped
between this

black sheet with
bullet holes &

white sheet
with bullet holes

when the vultures come to feed

duh *inuksuk*
i become

the vultures feeding calling
the deceased name thusly

*

in the strife-brane

that plush-
polyp quaking in the corner

you can call him rabbit-rabbit

& this dog-body
lays a gimp-

leg against our monitor to rest which
tickles like a rumor

the white-latex-
sky sucks up

my ghost
folding-shut behind me

i know better

but my coding says
i'm attracted to the blacklight like you

when i hear the voices

scratched-out of a village-
twerp

but continue to chew the wheat-cake-of-empire

i hang my
snout

low with the look of a dry-wood-
spigot

in the hyper-strife

this humble
roach

likes to scree in its concave
grove

where my forest-

cock raises its mossy
neck its cleft-

chin
suddenly so concerned about the world!

already searching
splat-splat

in the satellite-

dust instead of here

& here in the ream-

ecology where we hurt the most

the rack-master soaks
his feet in our vinepaste

& our sprouts huddle under
his translucent-
spit-dangle

by spookfall

it's a fern-dangle

our tartaric-
beaks

wailing in the finch-
weed