from FREAKOPHONE WORLD

*

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 mewing 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 
nick 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