

*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 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