

HORROR

Sawn. Piled. My piecemeal
body art today. Mage
decay. Ixchel
thumping jaguar
so I might
unfold. One of those Gordon
Matta-Clark acme
holes. Just plunked
one slab
of myself on myself, ad
infinitum or
candy even, Felix
Gonzales-Torres-style, sucked
empty til
I can breathe.
Helpmeet needs like
Ixchel has
a snake hat, jaguar
ears, becomes
the goddess O in
a sweat bath. Teetering
out extra out out

and liquid. Nose
prod locking
molecules, wide wound
eyes to hilt light.
It isn't the magic
that wanes
but the witch. So in
the month of Zip
we gather what moons
back to Ixchel's jar
like tossing our loose bundles
in the soup. I slip
out the gash, track by
scent and catch
blurred deer
depilating the graveyard.
I have been born
unto myself I tell
them, them
who smell only my jaguar
and fleeze.

DANCE

Against what
might otherwise suffice
or coldly ennoble
there is my mother's
kind, kept
open like another ear for
what others sleep
through and through
her we are
a sensing. Call this light
of loss, the slowly
reopened wound
like all world could
be elsewhere's nail
stripping scab
to let what blood teems breathe
good. I wanna
dance with somebody.
I wanna feel the heat
with somebody. I wanna
dance with somebody
who loves me. Call it the dead's

red multiplying
choreography. Wrong to think
they shuffle so I think ghosts
are only excess
of this dance, shedding
light. *Shredding* it.
I wanna say. Tatters. I wanna
stay unwound in the open
wound. Stuttering. Wanna move
like the leaves do
on the dying walnut tree
outside our window.
I was born by the river
in a little ole tent. Just like
that river I've been
running ever since. Knowing
there was more. Momma
told me. Not away.
Not knowing just what
for. Held open.
Never once not toward.