

A Sketch of Disappearances...

A little curve, a little coil

& after you is *you*;
a Gemini, or
cupped in palm wild
vertebrae spilling out
non-corseted, as God's
plan takes heavy breath, &
sparrows nested 'neath

the gather—

in æther, ephemerae
twigs, hairs, pulse, vacuous, you
or what asphalt & petals move
up to your swollen bodies
in haste of no settlement
within their borders

A Sketch of Erosion...

No longer knows
its earth, its body

begins, but ends
somewhere as a breath

of what expelled sigh
has creased into the dirt

—echoes.

A Sketch of Omissions

To stop speaking--& I have disappeared,
or dispersed my belongings to evade,
or call to light the specter midway through
portals.

Cultivating teeth & clumps of hair voodoo.

& I am what the luminous filter outlines almost accidentally.
But I am not. Musk of red leaves, fires in Edo. A sketch of apparition swan
blood.

Kneading into the leaving out of martyrs.