

The only true activity

Akram-bakram falls on my head & two split into one.

Arri-e your texture is sheathed with song & a limpid pleasure hangs between us as I step on rain.

Billows with my mouth (moth lifted to an energy) sustaining this rise this speak in your throat that is tubular & a hollow tam halting fiddle by fiddle.

Salt on my skin licked by wounds, a healer's tongue generates its own language and an insect

As she grows moths gather in my hear, confer.

My eyes are large some clouds are needed.

Right is a way off for the wind is tumbling into my eyes so I can see only you all of you folds & all & what speaks is a range of lies

& this my interior—I am not of the masses they stand on me and hoist flags but

Unto a count of three

Semblance

Make like a mar & the men in the mar are counting to a fifty lash hyphen.

Since I must grow monstrous as I write. Since monsters are not afraid.

Once I have been **//this open to love//**: if all my lovers are the face of love.

I turn inward like a lotus and let lotus eyes droop into the moment, into that which is before you and me.

This startling sight/insight presences me to the burning in the center of lotus.

I rub like tactility against you. The living language in me is like a rife ripening.

It is easy to hide. Treasure hunts are beautiful & make life what it is, but also

A dropping heart. I drop my heart into my womb & wait for you. I wait with the truth of an eye. Truth of a seeing.

Patterns are not always true.

When I say sadness, do you hear anger?
When I say emotion, do you hear indulgence?

In a lifetime of purpose, I am certain there was nothing but an almost.

This is what bereavement must feel like, she muses. Of all the hearts in her heart, this one speaks the most.

This trembling lip of a kiss. This trembling of a laugh wider than life, and in her jaws we are sailing into the sea.

I'm sailing in these human waters. A story of origins. Those small details of a woman's life. I guard their preciousness with a sharp fang. It is not often she gets to tear. Even this world we live in, even so, ancestors are living through us. And we in them, we in them. Details are what make this story mine. And now, in this moment of telling, I step back, not wanting to give you all that is me. But you already have me. You already have me.

Excerpt from *The Love Book*

Beloved: again & again I doubt you. Fill your effigy with doubts & tell myself it's myself I doubt but that is linear thinking. My right breast pinches & my left breast swells & poked out of my shirt. My hips sink into the mattress. Notebook on lap I write like you are my lifeline, notebook like a dead baby whose eyes stare back at me. & this baby is also me, my throat slit & powdered into ash by [kings]. I'm crooning & rocking back & forth & cradling the notebook & believe me, I would rather be asleep. Angels' laughter fills my ears, cruel as a wand. You never doubted but I did, I always doubt. They say *doubt, don't doubt, but jump into the fire, sister* but

what's inside my ribcage is rattling, rattling the cage & banging its head
ebony white lips on me &

Food, A Madrigal

I'm standing on top of myself, elongated
so the thud in my chest quietens all heard

I nose inside the bedding—
nose stuck between bedding—
smelling your feast

It fights like a horse

Campfire burns in my bosom
I stomp to put it out
Food is angry, flaming
diabolic curtains

I pronounce you prolific

I keep pouring water inside my cavity until it grows, lily-livered, into a full-sized boy
And I'm wearing pants the size of a bee

I'm a madrigal who ought to be seized—
You say it doesn't keep its date, food
My sounds got stuck in the labio-dental space

Myth of Light

Phenomenal filtering of whi
te, spry as my

I breathe in world
each night each
stone each love each wa
ter

breathe world in
flickering like porous
~ film ~ strip
p a l p
able as living itself

its substance meets my eyes
& world cries I cry
ka-ka-
ka-

fishes nudge side of my
head their iridescents
thump
purple thump rose thump

O what lives

wash down my body
wash me down
run run trickle down my temples
like b l o o d b l o o d t h i c k e
r your ropes turning
into me

flickering
I am full

it runs across my face
thin as
runs across my arch

- 1. Get off at the bus stop & it's a short walk to the princess's ivory tower.**
- 2. The weather will change according to the things you find in the magic garden.**
- 3. Memory will follow you on kitten feet in neat rows.**
- 4. You will hang from her breast, a dusty icicle.**

The dreamer is dreaming this in a flaccid space somewhere between the picaresque and the picturesque-grotesque. We can offer you no visual supports except a t-bone and the runes of its existence. We have set a compelling watch on you. O viewer, watch it till the end.

The hero ripped apart the poster and stepped out.

◦

The hardest moment of alone was then. Came home came home. But if she stayed lodged in the ivory tower!

The princess will be sitting on a tree. She will be sitting ripe like fruit legs spread. She will be surrounded by dragons & demons chanting her name.

◦

Prince – strapping prince!

Sprang like grass into the grasserie, grazing for a happy ending. The hero was seeking true inspiration. Can I woo her? How can I woo her? Her lonely self might stun might stunt might stain. She might be dangerous! Words swiggled beside him, half-teasing, half-hearted he tried to put them back into his throat but choked.

◦

The princess had waited years with a feather brush. She had a gaze to make you cry. Some slept with her like a brother. Some slept with her like a sister. Her doll, orange wig askew, hair frozen in length & placed in a heartbeat, deadcast face grinning like a madwoman on display.

◦

The hero tightened his bleak belt and stepped into the first house he came upon. He climbed to the window, climbed high and fell. He sat on the doorstep and said, No more! This is as far as I

can go. What's the use of any further? The rock around his neck told him irritably to Get up, boy, and move it. The hero's dog sniffed the t-bone and got distracted.

◦

The princess, white & virginal, bunched up her legs. Nipping testily between her legs. What's taking the hero so long, she wondered. Oherocomesooncomesoon.

Suspend. It's a trick. Lakes formed of waiting. She scraped them.

An edge was tipping onto the moon. And the moon was growing within her like white heat like snow.

◦

The hero found a flat door and the door asked him a question. Fixing screens between them, the doornails stared at him and he stared back like a lightbulb.

Nomatterwhat in him dissolved and he fell into his own puddle and there, small & vicious like a doubt, he floated.

Have no money | to travel | no clothes | no food | no travel companions | nothing at all | nothing

◦

Her fur came loose and wrapped its tongues around her. While she chewed on its eyes, its eyes.

Prayers growing in the lakes.

The characters are unknowable aplenty composites.

We know how far, we know how far, said the voices, but can't tell you, they laughed. Nobility scarred the hero's brow. He plunged into glooming despair.

◦

It's a trial! Chanting & counting, sweat aligned, she grunted. Fight, fight! She sang, arching to the fur, slammed her body upon its grunt its tangy swelling. Weakly like a kitten.

◦

The hero's mother was inside the door, gently bumping along the chrome railing. She fed him. Grass popping like cereal out of his mouth. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see something moving inside her. It reached out and tugged him, his D.I.C.K. his S.E.X.O.R.G.A.N. his acronym-pusher. He was so close he held his breath. When his brow cleared he was in a grasserie, smoking.

◦

Of course a quickertape pasted on her forehead. Releasing images.

A hundred husbands.

Raavan with his ten heads going down on her.

Bhabhi's erotic adventures.

◦

There was an awful silence and the hero got tearful. Tears! Tears! grew two wings around her neck and sopped the silence.

◦

The princess had a rubber. She rubbed her aureole. It was puny but it grew coin-sized, it metastasized, it burst covering her with flowers. She was pollen she was dust she was a fairy. Smooth-shinned, smooth-shaved, balls as new as gold.

◦

The hero's back trammed. His back clutched his hair and wouldn't let him go. He hopped for mercy.

◦

The princess rubbed like a thigh between her buttons & an escaping trill & a fine swoosh. Her body was skin.

◦

The hero was stopped by a flock of subcontracted killing machines.

A rustle stopped him.

°

Her surplus made a lake, flanked the princess with its lush hair.

After all, this is neither the first nor the last. The true & only.
