

From Luci: a Forbidden Soteriology

It is possible for something to come from nothing. Abiogenesis demonstrates this fact. From something comes a whirl of other things: ransoms, haunts, sockets,

the thong of a human hour.

Partially dark vultures are swooping down, blotting out the all-white birds. Hybrid species emerge as a result of partial mating with partial. I am of this. You can be too, if you so choose. If we follow the partially darks we might just find that their nests are made entirely out of cachets.

The way to bow to a self-emancipated angel is to gently position me in a bow-poise, but from behind. Move my body as if you are personal with it and don't shine anything bright directly onto me or over me.

I am an inclusive bed and if you manage to climb into me, you will find that the tops of all of the pears here are contused: kept that way so that there is a soft and infinitely fecund place for you to lie down.

Treat me as an overstocked notion: something with space enough within it that the decaying and fortifying of entire nations can take place. I am into things that I can resuscitate. That is why I went with cosmic chromosomes (a sweet system of degrees) over my father's planetary dogma.

As children he often called himself the morning star. My spirit brother liked to pretend that he and I had switched places. When my father called to me with his usual punitive tone, Christ often answered, trying to disguise his voice to sound like mine.

It is true however, that later in our lives, he never stepped in for me when I was being punished in front of my father's innumerable servants. He wanted to make sure that they knew that he expected me to serve him too.

Dawn light is a poetic appellation. This light is always partially absent and partially presenting as something else.

It matters to note how many impoverished and regime-affected species I have brought the dark light of fire to. Let that stand as a placard for what I do with the principles of my qualities.

From Strange Rituals

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the book as sacred

space

blood's sister

seared

established

in a lost lyric

trace the liquid path

with more than your mind

more than your body

the fact that you are

more than

*

how many geodes

had been shattered

how many genders

had been

crushed

in order for that night's flame

to show

explicitly through?

*

while peeling

an orange

in a blizzard

ponder the feeling

of the wind

whipping

your citrus-dampened

hands

the sting is

neither

a punishment

nor is it only

a gift

*

when the locket

was opened

not only

a middle

but a whole

ritual

was

revealed

riveting

to see as much

in the dried petals

as I saw of you

as an image

on the night

of the encounter

*

I wonder

if I have always

seen myself

as nature

ambiguity and paradox

being burned

at the stake

in Shiva's third eye

so many renditions

housed in desire

a camphor infused

organ

a mastery

incessantly performed

as an agency

*

maybe I am

Red Riding Hood

though I am not

little

I thought

squeezing

the cut

hard

so that blood pooled

there in the tip

preparing to let

exactly

three drops

into the snow

thinking

this is bloodletting

in the shape of multi-headed

serpent

then upon turning my finger

to release

the pool

would not drop

blood has its own

volition

it can cling

can scream

it too

can refuse to fall