

## Volvation

Well. No.

That midnight myrrh curls like a crashing  
wave, a pangolin once pilgrim  
now lionbite-pagan  
they cannot see.

It curls so because of it.

Before them  
she is king,  
the details of pain  
emeralds in sceptre.

How to cut stones could be  
the one thing to know. Sharpness  
of the senses is what it takes.

But they favour the murky.

Then, in each encounter,  
deep green drops quickly,  
like a grass god shot in the chest.  
How we lay our heads on the same pillow  
and different meadows arise.