

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.