

Odyssey

Paint draws sky and on some page a loving parrot
froze to death today; I didn't even take a shower, just went through
the day as day, I as I, not you.

Violence came through the door, fatherpains and motherpains—
you were so right to say my energy was ill.

This magenta morning I went to a museum in my head, where the old dusty portraits
still hang with sparkling spider webs all over I had thought to be nets of diamond silk
yet which turned out to be the absence of filigraninity altogether.

There wasn't even a tiny house built from hair. I knew
when instead of cleaning the stain we pulled the table, removing
matter as such, like perfect starvation, the thinning of things
to saturated poof.

A ghostly grandmother fairy once said
to be ready for love one must first have sat alone and watched a candle
burn down fully. We've got to make the wax
drip beautiful, baby.

I think this is how it works: if you drip and I, you're the one
in this mystery. For the first time I see the purity in all gazes, blank of my image.
Sudden dog barks no longer adrenaline me. The crows and seagulls on my walk blended
to a gorgeously grey canvas, they sailed the sky acrobatic and smooth, and I stood
in the slow rain and felt

each drip on my lashes, my brain so radiant
one tear fused with the drop,
one purple crocus, February winterspring. I encountered
nobody on my way but perhaps god
or the resurrected parrot. The bird could speak again. As I walked
you were in your absence, in my desire for your hand, for the shift in my stream it does to me
to hold it. Everything

suddenly feels stupid. It is so catastrophically erotic how many collapses you cause.

In the tub I read about forced
orgasms and wondered what it is that gives them their ambrosial nature.

I think it has to do with our wishing for the other to liberate us by refusal.

To push profound pleasure in which you drive me away
into rapture to then watch me
wholly as me from a distance

makes love.

Today I feel my language being

so teary, so loaded, so heavy

with woman. All noon I napped

on the land mapped in me newly,

the tiny burning ball blown barren across as borders marked by tumbleweed. Look at the beauty of this pain, how the rains all flow together like lava over this wailing woolly haunting dream. At this moment of recognition

we set them on fire, mute, cottony cloud personae stroking our faces.

Upon waking, I said I would buy the peacock feathers myself. They look so nice in the shelf next to the butterfly and the moth and the mole.

The cactus in my oriel is as refined as the orchid as am I here as you are there.

In the eve I saw my younger sisters young, saw myself

felinely pristine, a silhouette of a woman of salt who drinks her tears to waltz away leaving only a puddle.

With you I want to become as thin as a spindle,

enjoy the tears in sync, the good ache

of this ghost grief to breathe body into our shells.

Love turns out to be so breathtakingly simple. Its graininess made me see

all the fluttering in our lashes, how much wind above the eye of the I, and noise in the cells as prison.

That night I cried before you like a forlorn child and was not slaughtered. Instead you shepherded me back to the herd, making me into your sheep,

the one you love. Ever since I picture pools, picture beds, picture slippery pleasures, saliva on the pillow and your cum on my back, towels, tissues, bathrobes, naked playing at the piano under palms and dimmed studio light, sheets in which I always have you.

Soft kissing together with hard grab on my hip makes me flood. Your mood can be measured in my water levels.

Fucking you feels dirtily elegant, like the movement of soaked silk, of wet hot leaves rubbing.

Like leonine scratching and biting, then purring in a bliss of pool, of seas

in which all lighthouses have in their turning dark

switched on a star, the onyx seas in which we're always swum into each other,

viscous as molten antlers. A motion as the melange of velvet, skin and scissor, of throats laying bare to give way to the penetrated eye, god, how I can feel

you inside me. You fuck us into this heaven room in which there is nothing but us, in which

each of us is the absolute everything of an electric eternal crackle across this night

which glows in our pantherdark orange dim lightning electrified by that moment

I grabbed my crying mother's wrists to shake her but instead felt their glassy, girly, sad bones, so small, so deeply loveable, so forever beautiful and tender, remembered the devotion

of her brush's roughness in my hair, her purity, her grace, her strength. Here
where I will give birth back to you, Mama.
Here where you're finally in the arms of your father. You see, I promised you where we're all angels
you would definitely be one.
Free from the endless hopeless loneliness.
With this word I am setting you free, Mama.
And with this and this and this and this..... into this long stream like the mother of Moses.
No need for a basket, you are safe here, nothing will harm you.
I know, Mama, the angels may look frightening with their veiled faces and skinny figures of harpies
but look how peacefully they glide, in their thick cloud boats, how much their wings resemble
manta rays. Only gentleness left for you, mama, forever
lagoonly alive,
here on your boat where last time I looked
I saw you paint again, your healed blind eyes no longer opaque and tired
but lit entirely with you.
Here we'll fill every hole, Mama, here we'll make it all good again.
Breathe our whispers to each other, say all the words that once did not belong to us
and cream your violent fragility, your bereavement of the world,
into pure soulcore. And I watch you sit on your father's lap, as you wished your entire life,
as you smile at him and he strokes your cheek.
Use me, Mama, I'll be your medium in our séance with us both holding hands closed-eyed
at this shining mahogany table with the egg crisp doily you like so much,
surrounded by every of your old dolls, staring at us from the stroller into which
you fell once, deliriously drunk. For I am full
of your bereavement, filled to the brim with the bottomless ocean of all of your tears.
So as your child I will channel you, take you with me to that dome
whose high ceilings and stained glasses show only scenes of love without sacrifice,
where all your prayers are answered. Under this oculus
your arthritic fingers become lissom.
Now go sew, Mama. Do all the creation and craft you could do no longer
when your body faded out in shreds.
Pushing my paper boat on which I placed you toward a lulling ember horizon,
you glide away as we wave at each other.
And your laugh echoing across to my shore
from where I watch you being cradled
by the forever rocking vessel.