

WANT

Dusk births a weird teeming. Burrows
in the eye. Animals made of dusk

emerge from the night's hide.
In her night-clothes she creeps out

among them. They are shuffle & breath,
licking their pelts. Leaning, in the dark,

toward presence. They circle & scent.
She is a blot in the field, & she wants

to be with them, to touch them, to know
what they know. She wants to be known,

& they know her. Once, she was a hole,
& death filled her. As ruin fills a felled tree.

Death clings to her. The buried thing
in the backyard. Meat bleeding in

its drawer. She wears it as her own face.
Her eyeteeth. Her fine pattern of bones.

Once, she was an animal, & now
she is want, & stench, & fist.

PENNED INSIDE the wondervault
I did not know my place
until I had been blooded
by the great Chain

Now: Cut the mouthpiece
from the
decomposing links,

watch new morphemes
hatch
in the wounds

& eat them
clean

BESWAMPED, the heart
in darkness, leaf by leaf
blanches, a lantern
to light this bonethicket
& the little path of crumbs
away, away,

CRACKBONE carries the lamb
The lamb
bleats himself into silence

effluvia in the throat-hold, earthwarm

Sheep cleaved
from the mountainside

Spore of sheep, wind-bred,
spread, springing up

in clutch & tussock, fun-
gal, many-footed, blight of teeth

Sheep at the sea edge, reef
of driftbone, saltwhite

the amniotic scree
out of which I walked
on the grey rock on the red rock

Shepherd my tongue into the pen
Crackbone carries lamb.

like a furbeast
in a trap, the tongue
ensnared
by its bloodlust

(i'll catch you
by the skin
of your teeth

THE NIGHT WAS ANIMAL, was owlmaw
& preyclaw. Half-wild, I shrank
from its grasping, the moon scything
through fir limbs. Half-tame, I
heard the scuttle of blood

Crackbone, I
followed your footsteps.

I followed your footsteps, I opened the night-box,
I scalped the meatbeasts, I bewildered my body
with hair & claw

humping the sacrifice
through the chambers of night

& still the forest continues, the linespeed
never slows. I am up to my ankles,
hand cramping on the knife,

Where is death?

Where does death enter our lives?

Death is a house inside the forest.
Come. I am made of many doors.