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 seything
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.