ASSEMBLED FROM THE SCRIPT: BATAILLE
No chapel, no wounded-soldier-in-the-last-scene sacrament,
no field of windswept grass where lovers walk
as the background music swells to tell us

full communication resembles flames — the electrical

fence already surrounds your found object,
which I’m too afraid to fondle. I’d be pitting water against glass.
I have only to imagine you
in my hands, and my skin is a pox of impact,
while the wild horse silhouetted on the sun-blanchered horizon
merely kicks hooves and we swoon to that
discharge of lightning. Its attraction

too flawless.
I am nearly sick with child-haste.  
Where have I put her this time? Doll in a box. Doll in my lips, belly, breasts?
She’s gone.
What will I offer you now? Nervous as a kneeling supplicant at the bishop’s door. Bishop in both of us, brooding, turning his eyes round me as though I were the trick of perspective.
Every object I am is the rupturing it is built on

—still you don’t understand, though I come dressed in several hints. My little song-skirt, call it rhythm-to-tear-its-own-seams with, set to the tone poem of odorous ripening. I make you a little noise in my throat, under-heard, which increases its intensity in proportion to

my feigned disinterest.
While you watch the mesmerizing spin
of a bikewheel that’s just tumbled us, muddy,
into a roadside ditch
that had hidden from us
its depth.

The script: full communication resembles flames — the electrical discharge
of lightning. Its attraction is the rupturing it is built on, which increases
its intensity in proportion to its depth