

### ***White Horse Impaler***

when our bodies harden and fingertips become rubber  
eraser nubs that trace without sense of texture  
plasticity of dry rot feelers, do not know silk from husk  
can not tell glass from wool, homogenize the little things  
for white horse impaler, his gutted garbage bag  
hung up outside the RV, ready and waiting for signs  
while shit juice swings and drips in ellipses  
the chicken bone fall, spin, erect itself  
peel up the arm of compass, point straight out of hell  
but get back in bunker, listen for the word  
each week brings new scripture, church billboard reads:

“Do Not Be Found Out”

“You arE CLose”

“GEtTing WarMer”

“g3tTin W rMer”

### **Omen I**

there is a ball in my stomach as heavy as my head. it is a hot slow burn that makes me want to disappear. close the lid on everything. the tears that come are so salty my cheeks grow crystals that i peel off and save for later.

What is a stone filled with water?

How does the liquid get inside?

When do pores appear?

to be alone i lay very flat in a room without light. i remember turning off our headlamps to stand in the greatest nothing. fourteen in the summer, crawling on hands and knees through a cave. but now i am so unhappy and think that human life is horrible. i loathe companies and media and homes built after 1910. i like to hold things that feel quite important: clothespins, bone, ceramic plates. i only want to sit in trees, only want to drink water and milk. i do not mind trains. black ribbon is my favorite. white garments

are to be worn amongst nature. i try to keep my fingernails short and let no one know what i'm thinking. i do not want to worry about make-believe, about institutions. i want a new culture, an ancient green pool.

### ***Omen II***

i've been touching dead birds and rotten things with my hands. people say i will get sick but i do not. i found a fallen robin's egg, carried it to the garden and laid it on the soil. i thought some other animal should have the chance to eat it, to survive though the foetal bird did not. something may come along to take the fatty yolk or it will harden and be beaten into the skin of ground by rain and feet and pounds of sun. everyday i go to look and the thing is still there. finally i spread dirt atop the fading shell. i think the shell is blue for sky, though now it goes white, bleached back to the original nothing, color cells dividing away into translucence,

and all things are whole again.

i wonder what will grow from the garden plot now,  
blessed by a death. and how much does my crop cost,  
does the earth take sacrifice as it reaps without scythe  
to sow more blood than can feed my ravenous palm?

### ***To Be Free***

Brilliance straight from the tap    makes white on the inside    where the meat used to be  
leaving wet, shrivelled skin            blonde raisin bag            sloughed off on the kind of  
concrete steps                            that graze every child's ass            sitting in swimming pools.  
That of which are now craters            while we wait inside til next year            because  
all people alive            are really not.            I discovered            looking down a human hole  
to find nothing and more than            nothing but gnawing on your own            ashen liver

powdered, crumbled, breaking      like a block of used chalk.      A small bird like a dart  
may shoot through me      at any moment.      I am      folding  
in the most beautiful ways      becoming salmon, glossy and young      more ripe than  
a dropping cervix.      Some places belong to no men      but to faceless  
angels      and      the      bodies      of      worms.