

Horns sound & I
collide w/ the girl
of my dreams, all
his personal records
erased—chased
thru streets by a
pack dressed up for
fox hunting. “Tally
ho, what?”—they
just appear out of
nowhere like stars at
night, like sth. from
the depths of crystal
prisms or smokestack
incense sticks . . .

You can't outrun the
Colossus of Rhodes,
striding downriver
in plastic rubbish
bags / riding boots—
classically cornered in
a deadend. Foxhunter
stoops as the angel of
thunder, dead-blue
octahedrons floating
in eyesockets, & w/
a short hooked knife
paints a ropey tree of
life in the blood from
my breast on brick.

“We just want you to understand that you're nothing”—as they
expire into shadow that is just a solid wall. The kind of dark that allows you
to see the insides of your own eye, which is to say, pretty normal for corners
of bedroom ceilings + walls at night. We may never get another chance at
the experiment to become an angel:—chemistry beaker on the nightstand;
bloody pillowcase bandages or Rorschach blots bundled up in the rubbish
never to spread out like constellations or mycelium.