

Poems:

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The Art of Cutting Grass at Dawn

Winds whipped about me,
Swirled in the bottom
Of a stolen glass.
A stolen glass; broken glass,
Glass kept high up
In some distant,
 Other
 Memory.

Guilt,
 like beads of blood
From a wilted flower—
Friendly flower,
Jasmin and Peaches.
And fantasy seas
And grass, cut,
Only to grow back.

I tell the Colonel:
“What we need is
An Apocalypse.”
And the Colonel agrees.

I know the motions,
The weight,
The strain,
The cold iron and teeth-filling dust.
I know the biting,
 Gnawing

Gnashing

Thing of sleeplessness.

Grass, planted in a bucket,

Suspended in a glass.

A stolen glass; broken glass,

Twitching ventricle walls

Snapping.

Fields.

Endlessly.

All of them,

Standing in a row.

All who I've ever loved

Ever wanted

Ever needed.

Fields,

Endlessly.

One by one,

Falling.

Dancing in the dust:

The faint dust, coating the wheels.

Memory becomes vision.

Daymares.

They fall,

But shaking hands are seldom quick enough.

Visions of love.

Times it was good.

Times when I should have made it better.

Winds. Whipping.

Rains.

Rum. It's smell. It's taste.

A saw, cutting an arm.

Blood spilled as proof.

Addiction and refusal.

Addiction to remembering.

I ask the grass:

“What are we but memory?”

There is no *I* without it.”

The grass sways

But nothing more.

And I know the grass is right.

Lunchroom punches

Scars.

The blood from my knuckles says:

“Weak boys make strong men.”

But what kind of a man can't cry?

“A dead man.” calls the rotting body,

Whose eyes are brown as maple honey.

Daymares. Broken records...

Grass.

Like a new sun and old stars,

Moments are blurred.

Silence. And that is all.

For that is all that is needed.

Jasmin and Peach Nectar

In September I bled a dying rose.

The rose, in my mind, nestled.

It bathed beneath eternity's moonlight

In the ichor of grey adders.

I feasted upon memories of hollow sparrows

Who flew from broken crags—

They passed through frosted sunlight

Above the shreds of rotting hearts.

In a hollow of reddened aspen leaves

I met a rose named *Eternity*,

Her jawline bruised and kissed by passion—

Her hands scarred with blue blisters.

Laying her lips on my ear, she whispered:

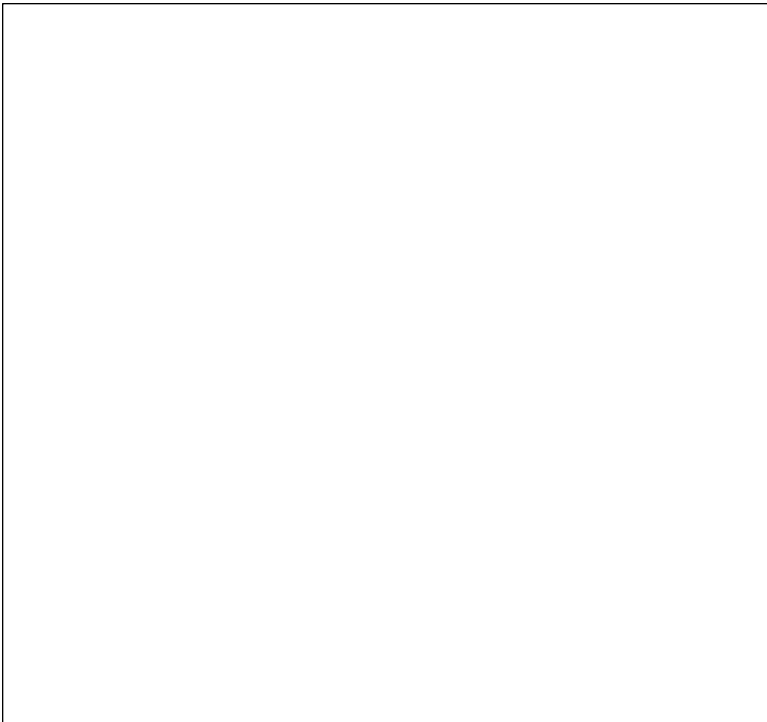
Wander through red seas where old boats go.

Daymares overcame me, guided my hand;

Nightmares led me to the petal's promised land.

Boy, you live on borrowed time. Wretched knuckle duster, lift these grates from the sand. Liken their coolness to a calming caress against an overheated brow. Spit into the dust, boy. Spittle as sharp as iron, boy. Hot spittle burning in the hollows of an atrium. Drown, boy. Trade places with these shades of endless ember. Hack saws don't freeze hands but may pinken them forever in twisted scars. Deeply marked are all people, boy, in unnumbered dashes of endless violet. Spots and marks come with age. It is not unique to be marked, boy.

loneliness into
Sail beyond this sieve
this salt, boy, and trek
woods. Leaves the
making love in the
pass before you.
grey snow caps the
created. Walk up
these red embers of
what silvery
persist. Moonlight,
crystal drops of milk
road leads to



Corroborate your
seas of warm desire.
of blue waves. Taste
these autumnal
color of dying embers
wind—it is they who
Beyond them rise the
spittle-splattered earth
these grates—sail to
fall, falling through
moonlight may
boy, suspended like
on silken lips. This
tomorrow, boy,

beyond the embers and the snow that douses them. If those embers should falter, shall you come to fear that darkness? If the light through the waves suddenly drops the sand it holds in its embrace, where would that sand go? Each stone is scarred, boy. Whether on your chest, or within. So is this world made. Shall you come to hide these wounds, boy? When these boney aspen trees become dust suspended in ghost winds of loss—when these mountains lay broken—memory will remain alone, boy. Accept this borrowed time, boy. To suffer is not original, boy. Move this truth from one palm to the other. In snow the shade of dreams, write: “I am human.”

Neuropathy

Boy, you live on borrowed time. Wretched knuckle duster, lift these grates from the sand. Liken their coolness to a calming caress against an overheated brow. Spit into the dust, boy. Spittle as sharp as iron, boy. Hot spittle burning in the hollows of an atrium. Drown, boy. Trade places with these shades of endless ember. Hack saws don't freeze hands but may pinken them forever in twisted scars. Deeply marked are all people, boy, in unnumbered dashes of endless violet. Spots and marks come with age. It is not unique to be marked, boy. lonesomeness into Sail beyond this sieve this salt, boy, and trek woods. Leaves the making love in the pass before you. grey snow caps the created. Walk up these red embers of what silvery persist. Moonlight, crystal drops of milk road leads to tomorrow, boy, beyond the embers and the snow that douses them. If those embers should falter, shall you come to fear that darkness? If the light through the waves suddenly drops the sand it holds in its embrace, where would that sand go? Each stone is scarred, boy. Whether on your chest, or within. So is this world made. Shall you come to hide these wounds, boy? When these boney aspen trees become dust suspended in ghost winds of loss—when these mountains lay broken—memory will remain alone, boy. Accept this borrowed time, boy. To suffer is not original, boy. Move this truth from one palm to the other. In snow the shade of dreams, write: "I am human."

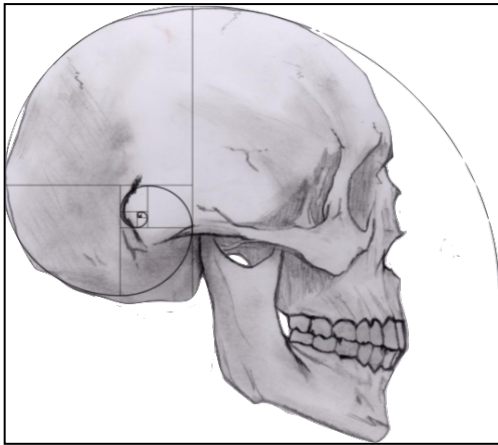
Shall we come to fear that darkness? That end all; that finality? Shall, come the end, the stars become frigid with the marrow tinged soot of our own destruction? Lay waste in hollow halls—endless halls—halls of countless candles lain bare upon stretchers drenched in the red ichor innocence so greatly wished to keep? Where to shall these broken rib cages of hollow finch wings erupt from, and out from them what lightness may come forth? Nuclear permadeath shadows blanketed the walls. Lines grim and beset in nightgaunts, plagued the very daymares we built these meager things to warm against. Upon a shore, sable stoned, silently the waves broke. Only there: the charnel bells of infinitude and the grey matter of blackness which hung forevermore above these lonesome pits of Icarus. Flower petals fell within the wake of solemn ash, beyond the reach of winters and summer, and falls and springs. Only ever the Autumn of destruction, and the begging for something less so drenched in these cries we would not listen to. Only the sand of our bones remained.

Corroborate your seas of warm desire. of blue waves. Taste these autumnal color of dying embers wind—it is they who Beyond them rise the spittle-splattered earth these grates—sail to fall, falling through moonlight may boy, suspended like on silken lips. This

TYR'S ODE

Fenris, golden wolf, howled at us through our house of smoked glass. We built that house in winter, and our star, brilliant and red floated through it and baked away the frost in our joints. In the kitchen we kept jars of cinnamon, and above our door we kept a bundle of sage.

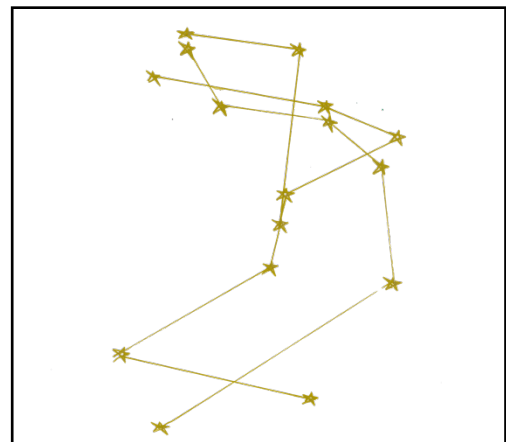
Fenris, his canine skull white and without skin, hunted in the winter... his fir darkened with the dry soot of blood, his paws frostbitten raw. He hunted us ere the rising



moon did kiss the cusp of the quaking poplars, and the last reddened leaves of blood orange Autumn passed ever softly to the ground. Beyond the canopy mingled smoke and mists, caught forever in the shivering moonbeams their bodies could not touch.

Fenris, his eyes of dying colors, watched the fading, ruddy embers of what we'd built: castles in endless black sand on the shore of the soul. We called the palace home, and through it watched countless constellations.

Fenris found the door we'd made and swallowed whole our sun. "Boy," he said. "If I could but number the stars and map them in patterns across the marks of your body, I would map the road to hell." Across that gilded path he led me away from our smoked glass home, led on by the tremolos of a voice which the wolf did not own.



Blood Sap

Golden wolf

How you have grown.

Crooked

And warped and foul.

Your teeth mean nothing,

Golden wolf.

Angry wolf,

Snarling in the dust.

You are a dead thing:

Bloodied by aspen switches.

Fleshless wolf:

Skull-faced wolf.

Here dawns the sun

Above your rotted fir.

Newborn sun.

Bright faced sun.

Choke on the last

Of this bitter sap, wolf.

Sap of blood, wolf:

Dark red sap.