

We orbit the bed, the place
we drift back to after all the fury
of the day. What is dispelled, what
is dissolved returns.

I flush when everything turns to me.
Turrets. The inadequacy
of bones or skin. I could spill
apart more easily than I could keep together.

No creature, no culture
beneath the soil of rocks. I come
from cold and call its name
against the clouds—Calamity.

The actor accidentally killed in the
quick draw scene. Little drop of metal
suddenly missile. We are experts
in the manufacture of doom.

DROSOPHILA MUTANTE

I can't orient myself among these furious
songs. All dissolving into each other,
through every window and every mouth.
A scream in silence or a scream in noise.

I do want to speak about heat.
De Niro testing the flames of Hell
in *Mean Streets*. Me wanting to
sleep in the impossibly hot car in summer.

Think of the swamp, the chime of cicadas,
the heat and the churn. There could
be bones underneath all this animal
love and boil, so easy to burn.

A crowd rushes into the store for
a Christmas sale, trampling three
underfoot. Bodies pushed into
unwilling nodes of death.