

To crack, a femur split & to say *wound* verses how you feel wound. How we all so dizzy in our intellect; let us collect here, a prayer forms in the chest first; what the mouth preforms & you think *sex* & *service* all at the same time; dirty little id, how the ego wrangles you, cheeks puffed in tantrum. & back to your flesh askew; how burn & sear keep you now; how all teeth & lashes until surge; *human, human, human* ego believes the chant, & you, little id, find comfort in *fuck* upon your lips, the guttural everything, the less meaning the more *instinct* *instinct* & to even think upon the word, you repel. What brings a body to tear, to vomit, to swell, to step out of the shell & wink to Freud, badged with middle finger? To say *ego, ego*, still & know you are being made.