

That Place 1

THAT PLACE, lit bright
so even shadows cannot enter
bright even with my eyes closed
even in my sleep my skull's throbbing
visible, bright
THAT PLACE, the world's best studio
where endless episodes strung like rotten yellow
fish are hung on spikes
THAT PLACE,
on both cheeks, eyes, thighs,
mercilessly fall like the gait of the horse
from where stories and themes are made
THAT PLACE,
outside of which lights are out black and breath held
where I am alone
like a small box lit
brightly
THAT PLACE,

That Place 2

—Witch burning ritual

Even if I don't get slapped down with a whip I
get naked and
on top of my naked self
water falls
fog pours
dew forms

Next—the fathers come out
They come out and draw curtains outside my body
Gentle like silk! But steel curtains!
Soft like cotton! But thicker than a quilt!
Next—with the whip of the word slap it down
Next—feed it ink
The whole body fills up with ink

Finally made naked and beaten
and wearing the heavy stories like sheepskin
over myself I vomit out all the letters
That prophecy of the secrets
from even centuries ago
shameful flames hanging over my whole body

That Place 3

—To blackness and winter

Trapped in THAT PLACE

The boy with the broken spine
collapsed, the red apple missed

Lips gapped in surprise

Mother's lullaby

in between f a t h e r ' s l a s h i n g s

Trapped in THAT PLACE

Cold wind blowing leaves fall all at once, facing
each other two circular maidenhair trees' leaves shed, the flesh
rotted, the apple rolled, the nosebleed poured

The teeth are pulled and trapped, in THAT PLACE

THAT PLACE! Shit pit frozen into waterfall
sealed black with ten million locks!

That Place 4

Suddenly one day
the woman is summoned
While singing songs of congratulations
for a friend's wedding in the field
as though inside a big story, the woman
enters
between the rooms
dragging through like noodles

THAT PLACE, the dark lump of soy pulp
The soy pulp that if slashed with a knife, the place where
the father that is birthing the younger sibling
the children opened on trees
the ancient times when the dragon ascended
the leopard snuck under the skirt
the stars are immaterially pouring
The side view of a bundle of soybean pulp!

Instead of an umbilical cord, give birth to plots and
instead of a placenta, give birth to schemes in a curtained room and
instead of a newborn baby, give birth to a big-eyed big adult at the edge of a corridor
or the obstetrics of story and the big brother's centrality
mushed soybean pulp, THAT PLACE

The Way to Go

My hair is a burning charcoal lump
but my feet are ice

When I lie down, the whole room is in flames
When I stand up, the whole room is an ice warehouse
Mom, mom come here and look at this,
a young daughter beckons while
a black rat digs through a burning head
and waits in front of the fontanelle
The continuously visible road
was too far away

I go without going, I go while washing my feet with my hair
Even if I don't leave, automatically I depart
He is waiting, holding a baton
Even if I walk backwards, I go straight
I go even if I hide in the dirt
Black trees, forest stars, and sky owl go
even without opening their eyes and running
The blue light is on, the blue light is on soon

When I lie down, fire catches
and says to go
and if I run, my legs break
Even if my body goes, the mouse in my body doesn't and
even if I don't go, I go

A Big Snow is Approaching

Mountain of water!
On a day of foul weather
mountain built from the liquid skeleton of spirits
the silver mountain standing tall
that walks toward me

The steadily approaching
march of regret's tears
knocking the throat
until it suffocates me!
Mountain of water opening its big eyes full of tears
wrapping me in silver starting with my head
running
flooding, unstoppable by any means
big
mountain!

—Oh oh oh! Wait a minute!
I will flow first and
in front of me, mountain of water

Person Walking Backwards

Inside my head there lives a lonely dog
drooling spit
digging through a mountain pile of garbage
opening and closing an empty house's windows
overturning footprints in the sand
going into the fog

When you're hanging a clock from your heart today
and walking with pounding legs
When you're hanging the hour and second hands from your legs today
and rowing this way and that
When the road you walked today
someone quickly follows and erases
Inside your head the dog
wags his tail and
stands with its back to you
digging through the garbage pile
while indifferently watching
a bird falling to death