

Becoming Flightless

Promise me you are the world so I won't have to

want more. Home me zoo, menagerie, glass-walled theater. The pictures convince me of love, too. Let the film click and be suspended. I understand now

why doctors tried to fix by bleeding. I'd like to let all mine, too. I'll make it up again after I've wilted you gone. Would it have to be eulogy or could we meet

again in the ambulance? No, I've already learned blood is not medicine. Is this you or a shadow? Don't answer. I want to chronologize every word I've said since. I'll cross multiply,

scratch out every contradiction. This will be nothing. I'll subtract myself until I am less than bird bone, just the skin growing over the splinter, adopting the tree.

Eve To Adam at Calvary

The masterpiece needs the artist
to die. What else is crucifixion? Perfection
takes sacrifice. I will rebuild us so much better, no longer God's

self-portrait. Keep the blossom, the hill, the hollow
hush. I'll paint over the fabrication, your cider breath betraying
us, what I gave up when I showed you how

the world ends. I'll baptize it *Eden* again so the serpent seals
it away. I'll cry us clean of it, tears turned corrective
lenses, letting me see you perfected. You'll stabilize, become stagnant

soliloquy. Keep pleading blameless, but we both know
the game. Be disillusioned with me. Who begins
the film without wanting the ending?