

A LANDFILL DRESS MOURNS

let me tell you the desert in my off-the-shoulder slink—

velvet yellow she wore me

cat-lazed between her breasts

stalking wild at waist never

thinking of abandonment or soft

descent from tailor's ham to graveyard junk

sundown pleating limoncello swish

what could go wrong except flesh and a man

who loves cloth more

I am all that is left a dress rushed to ships bound for Chile

dumped where vultures wing slant

peck in polyester looking for meat

talons tearing buttonholes portals to saints

the fragrance of a vamp in death

his tie and cummerbund twist

among legs not here

only stockings

ripped from her on a first date

ribbons connect the corset of Atacama Desert stars

who holds a dipper to Andromeda in chains—

is it half full— the cloth-choked Earth

I lie down with long viridian coats  
peeled leaves in a solitude of sand

this xeric place once throbbed  
with air plants    combing water  
out of ocean fog    lizards hatching

she was his first murder

how did rhinestones replace eyes of mice

no seeds left    they starve  
biting only buttons down my back

this mountain heart heats in sun

combusts

my caterwaul    the all compressed flame

used humors summon robes of angels  
hear soughing dunes tell  
a whole domain    nature thriving  
in a lack of rain    buried alive  
each dress like me to blame

HOSPITAL YEAR VOICE

*hold the crash in dawn mirrors*

ladies of the night removing their lips

*present naked to Intake*

handing out forms with News Gothic bold-face

paper about to lock my shoes to the ward floor

and close my eyes with consent

*take skeleton key beneath the vanish*

*try to open mouth*

diamond insomnias wear down to water kneeling steam

on the lawns of a summer eloping elsewhere

*speak privately* numbers—

bullet questions 4. means

Horae of the seasons

deadly horsemen

gospels

where changed to why were you born

June whites and rare meat ransom

feathers stuck in my lace

I am bride of the asylum brought to be shamed

in a document

I am lost in their mail in the small of their backstories

why are you on this side of your decisions

on the Fourth of July

my signature is the wrong answer

FRAIL HOUSE OF BOOMING

madness has its dramatis personae

take Witch of Wax and Queen of Wane

gather nature's undersides all smoke-fleshed bellies

the compost crawl and dustbowl's flatulent sky

take gypsy caterpillar stickiness failing at silk

or barbed wheels loose—snow edginess

wild horse dressage and shed skin stumble

build all unto plush a purple veined

kiss your melancholies can feel

irises to cup and bury pollen labored bees

snowflakes fit bright onto a land of soot

my mind lit somehow unruly

makes last burn turn into new grass new pine

and I exchange my skeleton for meat

slender protagonist worm for robin

robin for my spring