

8.10.23

Sweat tongues the knotted light
open to a green thumbnail at
the end of my drenched grove
where a burst coffin is framed
by trilling tree (limbs or twitching powerlines)
& the corpse has spilled over & into the street bearing my boyface shocked into silence
when cradlecrushed by a brother's timbre when held on boiling asphalt by a stranger's gaze
when pinned in the name of god to a littered floor
or ushered into blessed water
plus heat produces steam of memory the
downed powerlines rip a current
through—no resolution but a stabbing cry from ground to crown a
gate unfurls
in the red regress conductive love
of my cleaving life

3.41mi | 31:32

