ALREADY AN ARCHAEOBOTANY

by

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for dovah
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ABSTRACT

Steven Universe once sang, “I learned to stay true to myself/ by watching myself die.” This is precisely the natural journey we must all embark upon in this life; our self continually returning, remembering that which we can trust our bodies have known all along: we are not actually separate from this thing we’ve called nature. This ever-opening landscape necessitates fluidity and the recognition of other modes of knowledge and connection, sometimes only sound or space as our guide. A place where self-healing and self-sacrifice is simultaneously enacted. Each of these moments reverberates and affects the universal voice. The earth always already knows my pain and still welcomes me every time, us now—every time.
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“now having given all, let us leave all”

—H.D., Trilogy
slow down, there’s tea on the table

collects what’s left around the pipes

but is this broken

we’re almost there

the word climbing slowly off your tongue

down this cliffside your chin water cascading

now almost effortless

after the drop

body cropped by feathering light
built up consonants and other miscellaneous debris

stuck to your cheek staggered rock

come here

just let me—

—mounds of petrified watermelon all around us

choose one slice it open

see how far you can spit the seeds

do you think they’ll be able to germinate

in this dust

or probably just fumble around

for a while looking for any opening
stare directly into desert heat watch

land grow disfigure

anything can here

if it wants enough

basalt bluffs congeal and

cool off

rest in

snake river

wipe off

this graveyard
but we’re all bones and pain’s always shown as light

muddied

rhythms

rarefaction song

nervous

tissue dim

this dread this—
i thought i already told you she’s already burning

fire escapes
down to the third floor

volcanic vents

displace dead

air i cling staggered rock

mountain side

scales

turtle shell

broken-bodied ocean

disconnected synapses

mycelium

longitudinal lines

drawn
cross-body

navigate us

where we could have
done more
and we dangle in our devouring

this greyed-in pain
danced around

—the witch— i forgot

i wanted needed

held down

peeled away

covered tree paint

always such a fragile dry-down

and crumble—

fungal spores

spread across memory

—whispered traces of fractured disc—

water stops all-body:
punctured supposed
spinal reflex

mist remembrance

skeletal remains

coral crushed

exposed garden
i wonder outside of this conversation

can i combat this illness the ways i’ve seen bees inside
glass windowpanes so strong for so long take me
instead weight swarming pulley-system secured in place
no matter how much
always sucked sour
dry concaves afterward taste buds sharp
against roof

this hole of a
house

and back in the basement dingy yellow so at home
warheads first pull
these cheeks a computer program still waits to load
an image until percolated

into waste others say somewhere else
lemon flavor
containing both natural and artificial ingredients citric acid + sugar rolled into
frantic form never fills i can’t open pantry
yet please close eyes for me nose—
this way we tend

the smell of aged sapphire sourced from great grandmother’s velvet hats

we wear to distract our grief four years old digging these holes again in the mud ant colonies’ once-homes these sticks we thought were helping now

only something for my dog to gnaw

i place the stones he previously placed in my pocket bottom of ceramic pot then soil on top to grow these seeds i spent an hour picking at the store there are so many things to reconsider when offering something beside yourself

stench stucco walls absorb

rotting aloe vera liquid stretch across skin after burn a form of blacksmithing we can still recauterize this house

if we tell

ourselves enough
the vaginal birthing of this

slow constrictions

suffocate me if i let them get close

enough to my breathing

claustrophobia pulls one last wish out from me
to feel fully these fears as they feed

volcanic hyper-ventilations

molten reactions superheating

ceasing this place

we can no longer fit this in this same space this
taking me

up and out this way—
this pain is evolutionary progression

grown sharp  simple

towards yet another hysteria

by the age of eight

this bark has sounds of thickness and

my brain must learn which signals sent

are supposed to be ignored

they either don’t exist  or exaggerated

  crab shells surround

  this inner cell

a pulpy mass

pleased  to keep reducing

substance into softness

  sound as form of measurement

  punishment
how much am i comfortable covering up myself

i say only the essentials this time

even though we don’t have enough

why these fleshy productions always so overripe

when we try to talk about this

selling out

we play these scenes on repeat

forest floor

mushroom highlights

we take these in

as if food portions or potent memories of a childhood friend
bringing, banging /we wrap ourselves in

sock me in the stomach to stop this trance

    if you’re going to do it right

    stab through every layer of skin

reach in    grab    squeeze even    anything to feel    myself’s

    last pained pulses

    your aching palms

    widen fingers

    slip me    ground

lay fresh sod

    hide dead weight

embrace dirt-loving worm body

—suncatcher dangles on the front porch—

    no wind needed    knot

loosened bone cries    bloodlines

we’ve tied    keep ourselves    intact

    unwound strings of flesh

    tightly swaddled spine
now some old spindle
so slender and capable
of snapping in your hand

the way you wish into
pools of my blood now frozen

shaven collapsed ice body
floating just above the surface

when warmed beneath geyser breath
all calloused rock accepts sinking

spite spreads out of sight

somewhere my mouth-scatter

the ground thawing ‘round reflected
dew you wade through

plastic

inevitably pours out
my almost-latched chest

offset from the rest of this room

this thresholding me

a width i can no longer provide

angles tearing sheers from cliff

mineral-soaked spine

around these holding claims

tetrahedral forms

slowed shapes

silicon and other chemicals

spill

over

fallen focus

low viscosity at center

amassing this

this soaking up this pain

this always wet until dry

keep staining

skin somehow

still smooth after becoming bandages bondages

sweet layers of sheet metal

a sheen turning somber and soft—
down wound

slow wait for metallic sheen to show my face

encountered cold slate the pavement might make this appear healed or that

this soil consented to their use of space something about necessary

loss still the granite continues etching names i won’t ever be able to

hold reflections of pain we’ve polished in promise of moving on risen scar surface

my collecting of the dead a place where only stone can see us

(unfolds) these swaddled insects spider’s web strung along only part of

the pane reflections sticky pale memories wrung until only carcass remains glass and screen

this truth slowly slides down rests on the sill

watches from window another time

the scream always hollow stays behind inside this room

fallen waits again

(branches)
isn’t this lovely

all skin and bones and superficial wounds sent somewhere else for now

i’m lost in my old sleep again

always summoning me

absorbed in this orbit

this grave contract

this pain shimmers

impulses struck to the body like muck or molasses

we wade through our own violence and sing:

these debris these selves

these survival of the things we always let oversaturate

i must repeat this part of the story for others later something about validation

and yet there are some i still won’t speak outside of myself

retaken

faces of disheveled women i know

are strangers we watch each other in our sleep strip our belongings:

cold cement scraps of skin and still we know

without saying what has happened here
molten, my womb

site this pain

clotting magnetic

systems of sutures

clinging

squeezing

this place now

nulling to sleep

hands pull melts of

satin off

our burning
and we carry on in a semicolon

i can feel my body-flabs folding in

on arrested intentions  this flat  delicate smoothness of a

pebble’s bellyside

whites of waters’ eyes  cut open  one hand raised over head  what

have i done with these teeth  this mouth  now coated-

blue throat

a horned owl

asks the moon how to fly  hmmm

something in the way

my wings hum

a mobile-swung lullaby
spider webs cling

my arms

wrap themselves up

in little balls to keep

warm we interweave

our limbs

mountain growl tremble cold

cavern glow remnant green plant almost

stained glass

my hand cupped around like this—
my secret this:

i was choking

on ingested plastic bottle cap he saw

my need now this sea this study of intimacy

between two bodies wishing to float all the way to the top

pockets turned inside out stones all over her living room floor

ripples reflect sun spores reproducing sweet gloss

re-covering everything

now this blanket warm around me this time a child

curled up serenity-scratched wool on the couch

stuck between two cushions

these fusions scorch our skin crack crystalline

somehow always screaming when we’re not enough

this glass only resists so much pull my guts

high enough staining tidal cool his reaching hand

always praising this single act of protection
look at all these different greens
always surrounding her

close up...
gown loosely wrapped
is a static soul around full waste
scraping
the lyrics from this page —still spilling
marks leak my guts bend
directly beneath and pull all the way out
pressure from inked instrument reaching this deepness
pieces full of adhesive forces too far
finally pull— down to have
—

melt me fallen
in ruin open
my womb sea floor
we are all wholly
deserving of decay shattering quartz
decorating unfurl
this heaping sands
placed in pain entire body
pilling medical conspiring to—
till dawn
pressed, round

i’m slightly bended over
   like dandelion or some kind of clover

my denim-blue now stained yellow-green

   ray florets not yet splitting

   nor these stems snapped

the most common american lawn is covered in white clover

the directions say always drown weeds with herbicidal rounds

   then chase with a more hands-on approach

       —these remedies       this pulling—

       —enter fescues and other grasses onto this new here-stage—

jagged taproot

   places nitrogen before pain

       now overrun bright meadow

       widely acclaimed kentucky bluegrass

   to be spread cross-country     sold     eaten if not yet out of style

   ryegrasses now

       zigzag-angled spikelets

       how continuous wild-flowering

       keeps eventual erosion down

   and what of drought?
the carcasses flowers should've left behind

forceful
misguided
mouth-mutter

inscribed with sutures
ran out

hardened pain
held

used witch-hazel
harder
till

scarred
body gave

always
this memory
first swarming

flawed
storming

bark barrier
rock reverberations
come back to

gift my kin
anxious body

plastic water bottle
retraced
what i need to say

to play with maybe
for this to say
i can only reach

help
some parts of cellular mound

break down
swatching genes

to see which best fits

sore
and pulsing
remurmuring fills this

remind
this will this

when its time to go
back inside
answer this cave

the ink keeps
once miami drowns, we’ll finally have an excuse to move

she’s the weighted-warm blanket

i need to be grounded earth–

without which i would float away

foaming celestial ash–

later forming swan and horseshoe and i’m sure

some other nebula made from sand sun–
my privileges pour over cement

blue
bend swung
high enough to reach bough
flowered webs
grab use
them to switch
position around
body spun thread
western black widow
silken drapes body deceit
cover where the wasting ends
flatten this curve this back
properly this always catching but not
releasing please reform resign
all this paperwork
without first consenting

throw the net out to see
what nerves we
can sell in our free time applauding
our leading lady-star bowing
though we don’t truly notice
navigation as necessary
reflection of compasses

never have known north without wandering

magnetic fields bright

drawn up by the shoulder straps
don’t acknowledge any pain until artifact

neatly identified

put away with the rest

personal belongings sitting stale

climate-controlled storage room

an extension of my mapping my

various prospects for empathy

show the moment others recognize

this body sway

always in relation to you

even when not conscious
an ode to the intimacy, or immediacy, of band aids

wet tire spine left on cement:

an imprint waning to express the importance of this attempt at a staying

i show you how to solder music to the skin

instead of playing fake ghost stories

that never quite stick right

to the tongue

always intensifies so far so fast this all of a sudden

sharp climax this loving the heated moment

bending glass this glass blending with this other glass you’ll glow in

the dark later thanks to our infused mass: we recycle old crumbs of song

into our new form

ancient scars of once-covered skin: an insidious marking in silence

ignorance of any other perspectives around this monument led astray

dehydrate this rock

this sagging melody loosen this ledge let

cracks open upwards: sings
this grizzly this stitching

rock faces weep
we splash through them use them to wash the warm off
and play—

ash surface i’ve flung myself
these rocks been broken many times ago
in hopes of survival brittle when bending
hard sharp even no longer flexible my body falls into its own shock
only slightly beside the violence
they’re still weeping even when we don’t
see
the sound of the spring makes me feel alone
but there are visitors all along
this why i would have preferred a more strenuous-rated hike something
about proving
my worth something about convincing i’m worthy

light strobes in between the trees i pass
too fast migraine inducing
the sun always knows how to bring the sick out mourning light i used to be able to use
without pain attached without vomiting up an already empty stomach
trees swing open with rusted hinges before ever becoming a door

pour phosphorescent  collect radiation  rustling breath

every

swell  a new alarm sounds  another apology  won’t turn off

this fastening  this blur

swarmed

curl closer to chest  keep trying—

there’s a

black and white ash

branch speaking

words in asl to someone
downwind:

how long can you hold onto this clasped howl

eelgrass brush between feet find the perfect place to bite anchor ankle

grasped thorned blackberry vine

pricked ethically from the right

distance

hover just out of reach even the tallest rung from our tallest ladder

can’t–

when i stop singing these vocal cords are still

vibrating are never going to–
these now strayed

i’m afraid to ask if i’m sick again plateaus’ soft imprint fog folds over

my shoulders and into spinal canyon

gargoyle geckos line the tops of buildings living in rain

cloud-space accompanies

forest

landscapes not too far from our names

sewn lines of sky together clouded thread mourns

needled touch

sleeping pollutants pelvic floor constellations broke

into sinkholes
collecting ancient light artifacts like tree bane

covered in cold embracing other only in order to defrost own sides

lights dim overhead shakes

take this hand

whisper your cry into it

runaway into sky-blinded

turbulence

white—
instead  

i turn this away

now molten pools

sulfuric steam

stuck in these drafts

my revising of windstream  
unfollow

the storm so you don’t have to think of this

again later

lost inside  

dissonance kept

—the destined waning

part of our eyes—

body and mind now some distant

memory  
down the drain
some we where i’m dead already and there’s cacti along the slit

something appears from the water  body no longer cold  left

frozen  as a means of coping with survival  there are others falling into shape

upstream

smoothened  not to be confused with softened  current’s

pressure

sometimes there must wait  to be thawed for the sick to finally

sink

in fully  this nausea rivets to the entire

body not only the head but

hands

stomach  slips  this memory

further up

in mind’s grip  and the same fingertips are burning  again a shared stinging

thick

and gooey through the skin  pressed silt like sleep into bed  lay back and

down again—
i wish to protect we or at least reuse

intestines smeared across subway tiles

try not to soak up that remark

only keep enough for future reference

store in the freezer next to tomorrow

night’s dinner and we haven’t written
to each other in weeks

or months now

it’s hard to tell the difference

in hypothermal white out

boundaries of uterus on steel plate

continue twitch to the signatures of time-stamped procedures

we can’t help but watch this this dancing to this beating

of this having to be

so fragile

like remnant feather

from northbound bird formed and burned and
gutted rope tied in figure eights

flung before you know these ruin
thoracic cavity

navel crater

obsidian center

release

needle through palm again

rephrase refrain

into a way anyone could apprehend

so disturbed this skin concaved this queer

until mine to sell to museum

floating

wish

this

softly distracts silhouettes

even when no light

this far down no pain

this far dark

fringing these arms
capable of holding so much warmth

maximum capacity flaring

can’t ignore

can’t ignore

this scar picking

lifts anxiety

falls

the beating of this beating of that

same outstretched hide

all worn and bare and shed

remnant whistle sounding

when reached highest threshold

treeline

mist

and the importance of projection onto a public scream
recognize swabs soaked with some of the other
notes slipped
open evidence read later
wait for recall
years of time setting now told too dry from then
to spill there
truth
prayers loosen 'round waists like magnolia all pure and pulsing
no need to mend this

mother knows alleged offense this omitting
or altering where's perspective
renewed rendition of this account

not all labels are guaranteed
ethical sourcing passed by
antiquing chairs
collect carnal
never admit blame
casualties scraped simple
aside disorientated appearance shifting speech

smoked out searching

left behind bits

dside effects include numbing— and instructed to scrap heap

before impaling

something about my wounds’ ability to sterilize

as a means of freedom

somewhere else: we see

survival

wait and wonder where this

practice is parasitic or fertile

habitually screening why these persist

mishandled dangerous contaminant violations

sinks down

memory

and as always—

modifies the roots
this fabric fade

whole
mouth frozen open
and wide
these legs
always wrapping
around
waste
monochromatic
sides of this
ureteral line
caves in
aging
room
pieces of belief
stained
cells shuff
off

old shell
this certainty
pressuring
commit
angry
power stance
ancestral
meteor
sides of this
ureteral line
underground
alarm
sound
when
understory
couldn’t
speak
fully
light shower
circling over
ourselves
without
beneath
skull spun
slow
gradient
flesh
grey
when they're already open, there's no need for breath

arm still hurts      moved radial nerve
way through bone     for better view      modern science
and steel screws holding body
    together     knotted fibers
    skin surrounding dinner plates

like, how many shades of red can you count at the top of your head

woven
marcescent
willow

this is the best hiding place    i promise

submerged medicinal
solution of sap

whispers in my ear      a marsh
water shields float next

reflections rusted-
    rainbow haze of a ring
suspending clouds
    slowly into our pockets
accompany us
in wetlands
    we'll never see
the bottom of

our thoughts stuck on the surface
like mosquitos when we try to swim in late July
branches protecting bare skin

it's hard to tell how much
hurt is enough
in these resilient feminine forms

strained from devouring
nuclear reactors

linger like murky
heather dusk

worn-white satin dressing
aged skin bark
cultivating up most mountains

why are there so many mirrors in this forest
or is it just the one
camouflaging
voice coiled

fragmented degradation
until just mulch

we rot faster in the ground
you know
we can collect more later
“stop stressing the figs out”

our strangling palms a trap set
with all the things we aren’t
ready to hear

you have to outsource to supply the most
or did you want the best

who can split difference
when it’s all compost and geode sediment
stalling until we’re finally—
there are things in this world that just aren’t visible from here /
and we can’t stop making this same old thing

they spirals between gripped guides prepare us for what isn’t here
gently our palms as if were waterfall hide behind
echoing wither torches dim breeze the way holes in grass can deform

we gravitate to the ones we get

lost within without a trace escaping turn the color of

pulling

our limbs further apart quit scratching now the

name we all have

left behind
we can’t risk dropping these again

smooth droplets of haiku glaze over this room sweat-silked skin soon a soft yellowing light until a molasses-like substance we slow my sides
discuss thinning boundaries

over breakfast this single-flip waffle maker we bought yesterday still providing some warmth

i wish i could fossilize this moment into amber before burning too much was ever a possibility this connection lagging or lacking or folding back into ourself bodied shrines

so easily giving to candle wax fake flavoring sprinkled
throughout this communal drought we flicker only when we think

we’ve figured the solution out paints with same black ashes

favoring the spread of blow flies until we feel something sticking

the roof our mouth:

wearing the same body howl as before

i begin to harvest

fibrous

trauma roots crops so small fragile in my sturdy

shaken cupped hands—
a digestion of sorts

shaking

from a cold

kind of

panic pressed again

my skin tightens

around stomach cover

to grasp desperate splashing turns

embrace

slipped into currents

refining me sun veins

spread and

i am part seabed
also, the sociology of sage

sixteen screws hold onto this chandelier
of bone sometimes other times wood
but mostly metal

the whole basement’s overstory is
sagebrush steppe
close to desert
not quite can’t

ward off all
invasive species
storing fuel for another
later fire:

h
ill

lig ht

s l ow
dow n

wa ter

still
dis
quiet

—even the view from this glass
dry seizing sky
fills:
i can still see still her burning from space still somehow still she still can’t get us to see still her sensation still
spines separate before being remade
slowly into some others’ twine

and decorate this life
with place

frozen coral
flecks flaking—
i flung her floral parts found at a festival
strung so she could be adorned in death-dried rose petals drowned down by this red
bright hung deep below the skin

holds one hell of a heavy shield
paths of microbiome

go ahead

look down

on through your surface

then it's just spun-spectral aches

kept dancing so not to feel heart sanding

too light to celebrate—

now

stand here

salivate until stung
are they strong enough hold all this body up

long defended toleration rope mouth

bug vibrates measured

house

made from there place there age i’ll remember

even after my memory of speech

slow acceptance looking around

life

decorated walls floors creeks hearth

remembered stored up my mother there

then here grandmother reassures rock shadows bent

small closer taste just to be sure

voice sinks

farther aware

this forest of cords appear—
this bruised

soft flesh thumb digs into pull slowly
prolong pain now down this
face overwhelms body’s exposed
scrambling
somewhere upward

static radial signals out of range
morning dew drapes thighs
prescribed above thoughts burnt prairies excuse this
necessary heating in order
to become fully possibility this dirt beating aware
ache never left
this place
or this placing of where this aches name a dwelling
before lighting on fire continue distracting architectural
integrity compulsive washing hold disinfectant froth

hope to comfort

traumatized specks of dust
there’s violence in the wardness of these words

change the station can’t stay in the same so long
i’ll recognize only anxious shaking can survive catapult body
ache risen from ground

before being placed on my lower back
fear folds into fjords

either side of this landscape

cliffs keep this frantic feeling

—all these graves—

for remembering elsewhere

let voice soak till chords come undone

panning soft reverberations of this aging phantom
a single flame spreads back and forth along my saking plain:

marks the skin

like the shadows of clouds right before it rains except these scars aren’t as temporary

these legs

no more restless than a cat’s kneading:

the actualization of comfort warm and weighted

toxins drain through the frayed edges of my malleable gasps

signifying this séance with anxiety met with bittered taste

and the cooling sense of disembodied language

only grasps—

rope left
and all i can do is watch

i speak before they collects

ant-embraced plastic-covered

skulls much deeper

than this stirring

stomach acid can’t dissolve

me all the way— i can’t

feel how much of this is me—

any more?
dear meadow of western red lily and lady's glove,

remind me how bad the fires were this past summer

where i passed    reflective signs

cautioned    body through

warned

where this wouldn't stop

so we kept

testing    absorption capacity

saturated so wide    compared compact
dense figure collecting

reforested    recombined

substance replayed like compost

such an economical compound

so soft    slender    our vertebra

burrows into moth-speak

no longer a burning

an unwanted    this pull    running water
so nauseated

soldiered foliage becomes

architectural design

read record  sentences strung

across arms  rough  outdated references

this stratified

over-processed surface of care  contaminants continue  pour behind

redismember  body over

sketched portrait  for your  looking at  from the wrong

museum

now asking  for donations to keep these once-

belonged views

i recline  or refine  all the way back

recall  directions  exit
is this smoke or fog

heathered

hymns between pews

//\/

plunged electric

turned

yellow means jump
these
holes in the smoke

\:\
\;
if you’re going to start

burn now

\\ //

\\ 
see the sand

:: :: :: :::

hha aha hhha aaa

ahahahahhhhh hh het

hehaha hat

thhhhtht tht aht thehe

athat htatt tththhtaaa

sssspat tthea

ssttppta sthta sthhh h

h hhh shh

eheshehshhhh

kaleidoscopic

magenta melts
hands as if shards

:: : :: :
sun throbs

mnmnm ma

amaaad dd md amab amma badssss bababab bdddb
abdddb dga bg gad ba ga dbasdasd gagadbd ds

ssss abadssags adbd bd bdbd
dadba dbdegs

agdbbbd

bbbeegs

climax now then bhhhhb

///// / / / /
pause b bh h
\
\

uuh u

pixels after pixels h h hh

buhhh and atoms after h hh h hhhhh h

headlights hhssss

reverberate hhh hh h hh h h
hush

golden

picked red

but also

stomped

pulse

butte amplifies

pond quaking

bogs where bodies staying

stained by tannins

we drink dry and pucker

acidic drains
shhhhh

oak root

summmmm hhhhu u

leathered ground

uu u

shhhuu shu sshuu

textured astringent tan

uuuuu hh uummmm

infect subtle

sssss s s s

s s u

barrels color aging

uuhhhhhhh u u u u u

tightening lining

pat stagnate before peel

ssmmm

hhhummm

so smooth

uuuuummm

garden
mumms mssuhh h

back shh

m mmmmm m mm m m

soothe

slaks dksd d d fta a fa tkasl
sat s

dksl dd s s ad
bd s sasds s s
s at a
t a

ft

a dsdas a sa
sdd ass daslksk dd ds
s s s s s s a e
flss s sisls f filss f uasl f filf le s fl

hr

f ls fl f s

l

o

s
always blurring

covered
encoding
sometimes freezing
never remains
open balanced
face upwards
could endlessly
ingest sky

rigid stretch
marks of incident

only the outside

included here

familiar encased homebody

anatomical this ancestry

nature is this rememory
dismembers my me when i was not
only me mostly though this moss sticky
like dna our membrane

only punctured embrace

reminds my rot

away like this

waist that once took up so much space

this wrapping with ties so tight

y they kept my insides

from so easily falling out

they

just for now wait

wonder if i’m the one that would change

for this frame
please direct all questions to my archaeobotanist

out shaped chest so swollen needs sliced open like casaba

or some other musk-kept form

slowly pulled apart

could you have numbed before using dullest scalpel archiving most precise pain

no it’s fine if you take your time

once you’ve forced your way inside you might as well listen

the acoustics in this thoracic cavity bone snap clean crisp vertebral disk

while away aloe jelly rot

drains from the plant in the pot on top of my dresser in the bedroom upstairs on the righthand side of this once forethought

fragrant stains

mahogany under ceramic tray soon strips thick flesh away

wait for me

to need
these sonnets stuffed into my side when gauze stopped working

this room has air pockets on the roof  tiny dew droplets risen into bloom

waterlily-drift between toes  cold water cradles jaw wound and nose

swollen light itches at the surrounding dark walls  grown calm

i ask  will this place feel safe again  before i brim velvet

whale tongue  lapping up particles  plastic bodies

similar to my old  silt silhouette  pressed

forehead  wish each ear bone

dampened joints

concaved  outlined

soaked safe  word in hands  listen

mollusk shell  encasing my crying eye

melancholy glows  lightly
slips

the gasps

what’s left my teeth

dawn saturates traced

truss chords pumice stones

stiff back adorns

mouth froth

gagging

visceral almost white

this moth suede this tale they—
why am i waiting for someone else / i'll permit this release

softly refined alabaster

finally carve themselves this jar:

test how long layers anxious shakes

my malleable

body vibrato

ruptured butterfly lining

punched at insides

extract exactly enough

wait
your request for me to leave

my own limbs dissonant

secretions darkened wildernesess

designations usually flicker

these infections dispersed sky

first in the lungs or the skin

we may never recover

our nature—

this

leaving floral—
knots no longer

linen weaving like bone marrow

we bind together before we break

bine slowly untwined like nebulas

sculpted stellar      winds radiate closer

leftover plant basts  or animal blasts in used bone

to date later remnants of activities woven

into the ashes around fire pits

are supposed to last

only parts of us dry     molten body tunnels

for more before we cool    thicken     let in
all this violence to tread

we peel these bees back so suddenly

pressed against bare skin petal flakes dry

sun-shaken pollen-shimmer

a concoction of the faintest of forms and i am also frightened

claim this here home this plot soon-to-be taken still we place

ourselves

now-to-be emptied
unconsolidate this soil to promote growth / softly

voice shovels stolen clay and again my nerves fill
this hole slow extracting endless dug deeply before stone hits steel frame
this matter actually conducts my whole body into demands first lean
back before shoving

high-pitched right

where shoulder would—
make sure to excavate this prying pride with crowbar-sized
attention pulsing check if they've been pouring cement
or not even trying to cover this crying smudges grip
wet
newspaper mulch for how long a time have i been a measure behind
please rest
this dug this deep this plenty
this entire song essentially sung now seen slips back from a
stunning steep—
i drape myself in painkillers
repeat
enter through the throat

climb and conquer entire body

leaving nothing to be left

imagination desires now

riming fragile

trace fingers along spine

count how many times i hesitate

let you in can you

see coral splinters

once cushioned with kelp

ready to fall—

cave's palate

diamond drill

chained to calcified lime

rust connects
salt and bone

set on fire create

intrusive light

i need to cover all this humming

stunning my body into peace

full like paralysis

here to hold

artificial bone

still resorbing—
my amphibian, incantate this bodily shape

cold rib water

aligns back to back

and back—

her jaw a rip tide biting down

my love for her a glacial pool

cool only enough to bare in late summer

white breath mixes

fertile only after cracked open

fleshly water close enough to swallow

uterine lining foams fills this cave
what color would you call this place

my memoried body wants to say sage or seaweed

    or some kind of pine       but all are almost indistinguishable

    from here

these lungs know better than taking such deep breaths

so i begin to sway

    somewhere    a child looks up—

    summer sun
grief no longer steeping in my celestial seasonings sleepytime tea

retraced

self-scattered

shrines

metal

cold

pressed

body

sigh

release
admittance, that is why i'm here

the way scabs start

the outside rings

shaping up

all it was supposed to

let me forget

now enters

somewhere that reminds:
root harvest / there are things we can’t help but cling

haystacks and cold fog my grandfather’s barn

the difference between my breath

between floorboards morning light rasps

rusted dance dusted guitar walls

give in slowly to these dampened years

emerald jewels adorn ash trees outside

no longer my time to hide under this belly

bark strips from the rest turns to sad wind chime
broken bodies tied together with cotton twine

we lay burden waiting to petrify

i didn’t know how to recreate vibration until my body trembled dread

i wonder what my dirt will be

an ancestor to or what

discomposure gave to me
the price of disarrayed matter

after selah saterstrom

stream disorient

tribute to ruptures and revelations collapsed like feral star

saturate struggle with water swallow

feet kept pointing
downstream in order to alleviate any potential

damage from debris

rapids breaking white

willing open to sea

this blossoming crossfire speaks—
humidity hums between these roots
gathered mulled remnants

forming gregorian-like

chants

hung dense against raw hide

there are holes in this voice

chamber

i’m tired of reminding are ribs

a sternum

someone’s clavicles

contour and attune recollections of memories steeped in black

amber before clamping down and claiming truth

ask convoluted howls

if they scraped the insides
of cages before escaping before oxidizing into aura before there is shape there has
to be surrender—

soil slow

i’ve been embroidered this film stagnant pond i will still
tell self let mouth fall dropped frog engulfed rapid
carvings basalt or serpentine body collapsed the swells

but we trust in their continuance to give

erode

lose track of where we started
recasted burial mold

slipped into remembrance  refocus

or  come undone

shreds of mulch

pat  press  flatten

as much as you can

water down for more stability

and then—
there are eyes where our limbs used to be

as slow as you can smooth

trauma spreads       witches hat turns to wingless

moth       i wrap around this rock       maybe then

this staying will last

hornbills balance berries

along aerial roots       thicken       eventually form

tree trunks       and again you plead to these

unhinged ecologies
similarly to swamp oak, i resist my shape

the bitten thing

marks left on body screen

salivation and cinema-smudged skin

(swell)

when mosquito circles

swat or spray or you’ll always stay

inviting again in other scenes

if i’m saying anything other than “fuck off”

they won’t think this not wanting is enough

so please know stop

(swell)

please no

(swell)
this soil-soaked
this hurt can’t be held in long enough
we must
keep on digging up until every anxiety spills out and all over
facts kept repeated
before becoming fossilized falsified

(swell)

i forget these aren’t solely
ice-encrusted
layers of snow

(swell)

i’m standing on a skull
i didn’t mean to
i guess i mean i enjoyed the view
i wake up
snow leopard’s claw

i kill i killing

i can’t recognize such a familiar smell
branch-bark

spine collapse no longer all pollutants were properly disclosed of in accordance with this

give’s law you signed the waiver after we consulted company attorneys for counsel the courts will
certainly come to similar conclusions regarding your complaint these scaled and scaling inflammatory accusations usually get dismissed anyways

tree becomes now

a moment of place etched inside

fire-frame earth-bind

foundation

body sand

opens

upwards dances

(swell)
keeps digging
these rocks

(well)

warming even where dark

icycles outside stretch too thin to stay
must

(well)

hints of cypress

entangled

(well)

(well)
after swallowed moth

grown dust i can’t see

past popcorn ceiling

cave igneous

bite early

swallow

plastic bodies

whisper

reminders of

name

knotted

inside new crochet

pattern
look what’s left:

crumbled ocean

under couch
earthen body, come (back) home
after ana mendieta

sometimes i become a volcano
steam cultivates intensity inside me
after enduring a series
of masculine insecurities
filling my mold with bullshit and gunpowder
press down nice and hard
pack tight create the best
no the biggest explosion we can
turn everything inside
my handmade hollow burnt-
black tar
will dry stiffen keep
my fragile shape for me
maybe even replace
me after the toxic shock
sets in

it’s okay though

because i want

to return

this womb

join transubstantiated vaginal material

until i am a myriad of benign neolithic weapons

hiding in your backyard

give me a chance to erode on my own

before digging holes

don’t deny you are always destroying

even as you excavate this body for the sake of your

irreversible sacraments

know
you’re allowed because you are able

to get away

comforting yourself

however you please—

know how now only

this spine is

sure
lovely, beastly

rogue planet-drift

isn’t a graveyard

digging to get

sun-sprained connective tissue dislocated

clearcut

banter with bones before burning denial keeps stretching warm violet

pollutants into a thin polyester suit we shape like silly putty for the sky to wear
when we watch the afterglow scatter we become a choir slipping odes under the
pews praising every natural beauty the gods granted us pretending our
fuel can’t be full of awe while also destroying
chalk body desert flesh stone swung-low
wishbone pull
apart when dry
pause find your flowering
flesh can’t escape formaldehyde and decay
even if identified as mine
cloudless blue

citrus-peeled

whispers

floods

slow

roots

fluid
crumbled cases        soiled laws this place

knew potted plants wouldn’t be enough to save

anyone

could grow        self-gloaming in this garden of loam and legume

spine-stretch     slumber-fold

familiar whistle-drift        old and spoon

this body will wake

dissolved-sea      floors      mirroring

burnt-sky        silences      breathing

tempered-air      slides      molding
honey-like weaving these words

spun-dizzy shaken grasses left behind

last calls grow soon dragging-dim

lantern-hung concealed sore

and swollen

—escapes gently—

most things are made in the dark and we are no exception

signs of imploding star blur

spider webs entangled skins
bloom-vanish

night-clouds move through
canopy-unrest

dissipates

how do i find you

softly unfolding?
*this forest a phoenix*

when we can no longer stand

        ourselves here:

        anticipation hung dry on aging branches

far away from wherever we are        a forest is on fire

        look outside        all the smoke we willingly bring in

        this hearth

there was a fire here almost two decades ago        admittedly i’ve tried to glance

        over the burns        they purposefully burned

        to protect the rest

        and an anxious body feels alive again

        still i’m never not only

lately    i’ve been thrown from vocal layers

        these folds of vibrating air        dehydrates

when i have to live in this state

        i finally see so closely:

        cracks held up by this same face