

Incarnation

A slicing vortex curls upwards
And around, cutting into tender
Meat predominating the precarious discontinuities.

On a ladder, trembling, waited
My oozing liver, dancing
To you.

Unfolding its wings,
An eagle opened its single eye
And swallowed the universe.

Swirling amongst the intertwining stairs,
Ghosts ate themselves raw
Penetrating into a point, twisting
Itself across the stars in a leap of breath -

In the rising pantheons of mist,
My chest is liquid steel
Pouring across your forehead's grace.

What was once a contraption
Spikes apart, swooping twists of burning birds
Streaking cheeks:

In the glowing silence of the eternal end,
We became the primal, dancing with itself.