

Under a Bridge

Tenacity, my boy.

Narratives are fluctuant birds
Inside of themselves like a pit.
Words are creeping inside of you, sniffing
For massive delusion. And you
Are merely standing there.

Interpenetrated: sticks on a hanging wire, is all.
Conversations lost their manicure
Multiple androgynies ago. Don't
Beat them so. Don't dredge them. Don't
Keep eating them so, my boy.
Flinging itself in an arc from my back
Across the brow that shattered into a forest:
A frog's scream, bulging from the depths,
Such fullness, so beyond
My vocal chords' simplicities of brick.

Traveling:
In a caravan:
There are no deserts, not
In the books. We are lines.
I miss the forest,
I miss its vines, I miss
Out of line. To remind is
Never to kiss. And I want to be kissed.

Why use numbers for this?
They crash in the sand, spinning.
I felt them dissolving into the infinite ether
As manifolds emerged from the mist
Like Titans entering Olympus.

Numbers fell out of a massive God, many layers below its angels
Onto the empty grass fields by a village:
They reproduced,
multiplying,
Until their twisted hands
Held us by our nipples in their grip
And worship of Mathematics,
God of the animate, always-flowing world,
Was beheaded by a snarling 10 with a flaming percent.