

Out of Research into Reveries

Give up the brain

Offer down its clumsy
meditations its blurred face

of fury its hell-bound
policies bugged into my throat

Cough out
that sickled attitude the ragged shelves

downing my ankles every
era of hibernation

It's all in the performance the butcher
operating on slabs

of my identity the bereaved dissecting
memories of an octopus

Lift out far from it

Careen the elbows out of murk
with wine taken by

the midsummer full
moon

Constantly stoneward
hunting toward heartstill

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