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Angst on Tiresias ascending

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-Angst on Tiresias ascending-

Sloughing my skin in moist tongues,
bloody placentas,
i follow my stillborn--over sand that murmurs
secrets to my feet:

"Through this room are my lovers.
They are the succubi.
Troubled, dark and incestuous."

So i trail my pale grey stillborn.

Thinking i will take one in my arms,
and cuddle in some vaulted stone
until the lynx
tortures our night.

* * * *

Can you imagine turning claws against my face?
Tracing words in my cheeks?

I am the spidered lightning.

And i have seen

Tears on the breast of a madman,

Milk on the cheeks of a baby,

A mother scream after a dead dog,

A father slip on the brick streets,

Swans drown in a forest,

Tulips killed by the winter,

Children cut their own bellies,

Old women sell their bodies,

Young women buy plastic erections,

Broken men trade a pocket watch for whiskey,

Healed men kneel at an altar,

A leg all pale on the roadside,

Ice kill a baby.

I have walked at noon
and felt the sun burn out forever.

I have heard you scream without crying.

* * * *

Hugging my cold succubus
is the clown. I am
the stranger, the bleeder--

The child of twins.

I would not help to walk with bare clean feet
in a drift of whore's tongues.

We may have bitten at lady heat.