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.