

L F R S

And if the woods carry you into their deep
and tangled. If the woods claim you

elf or sprite and spirit you
from me. Tell me your first re-ies

were enough, the lawn they candled
to enchantment. Because the dark

of childhood is mythed
and monstereed, but my dark

mind glints off every surface
sharp enough to slit. Tonight,

ice sheets slide like seals
into the sea and in Nice,

parents hurl their children out
of the truck's path. Their only

prayer, a heartbeat's worth
of please Maybe, like me,

the only god you can conceive
is a kind of wakefulness.

Feel the stream of night
tugging your ankles? See

the seams of night
torn with those brief lights?

Sometimes I ring
the bone bones of your wrist

with my forefinger and thumb
and wonder at the monstrous

love that ung you into this.
In every fairy tale, the mother dies

G U W

Look how tall the pines loom,
how deep glacial streams gash
elds of lupine. It is dangerous
to be a child. The starcut wilds spark
with rhythms and nothing rhymes
when her griefcry cracks
the Precambrian sky, a blue so ancient
I almost believe humans will never
touch it. But we are worming
up there too, parasites grazing

H

The stag's heart spoke (as it passed
through my throat) of desire.

I've held the strangest of strangers.

hides. How deep I've looked
with my gleaming knives.

Their eyes are open,
but their gaze is closed.

Like them, I've learned to veil
my face in breath, white as vapor-

bone. Behind it, my teeth
press my tongue until I can taste

my own blood, the tang of steel
bars in the rain.

O A ,

I did all the things you wouldn't. My heart beat

O B O W