

Miracle

feel your organs announce themselves in this harp speech interior

sense your windpipes sound themselves furiously outside-in

tinkle-spin-bio-warp yourself weird

with song so thin it breaks the ice we stand on

stir this miracle into waking

A Purse of Sky

give me a coin for the slot machine sky, I said
and she gave me the sun
and the polka dancing stars were sequins on night's black dress

give me a coin for the slot machine sky, I said
and she gave me the moon
and the day was a smooth blue pebble

give me a coin for the slot machine sky, I said
but she had none
and the horizons stretched
and the pale desert sky went slowly mad with waiting

Chrysalis

align mineral bodies star-like

synapse snap & fizz

slot thoughts in words

speak murmuring crystals

machine gun heart beat

nerve pain fires like ice

screaming through the face

soothe tonal arcs

soar and undulate

form hawk-like hillsides

slide into choral soap sud song

rinse a whirling cochlea

Organ of Corti spiral ganglion modiolus

a labarynthine wailing

Fingernail Song

sing through my fingernails till my half moons eclipse

fall out of finger sky instrumental earth

globe me apart dirt me into mud swallow

eons past lingual follicles past

epiglottis to my root-like speech lung

languae long time no speak telling me soiled

reform it in the mouth heart heat of the head

burnt thoughtless

Auriole

mushroom fungus from within

extrude vice algally

soak sea salt through your skin

glance window-like reflective

intravenously cartilaged

and manic with merriment

hooting saliva to the moon