

in her hands

in her hands

static

staring into the flame patting the castrated dog

learn to sleep in the middle of the bed he is not coming back

static

the tick of the clock knocking the right side of my brain

into the left

learn to sleep in the middle of the bed he is not coming back

just to sink as the tide goes out surrendering to the pull

the tick of the clock knocking the right side of my brain

into the left

ambushing the house with blue and cockatoos

just to sink as the tide goes out surrendering to the pull

one metal ant scratches its painful way through veins

ambushing the house with blue and cockatoos

the flowers have been dead in the vase beside my bed

three weeks

one metal ant scratches its painful way through veins

my feet mis-spell

the flowers have been dead in the vase beside my bed

three weeks

my feet a century away

my feet mis-spell

the smell of vase water on my hands

my feet a century away
time is chilled in water
the smell of vase water on my hands
this is the day when the heart attacks the bird in the sky

time is chilled in water
is the touch of tenor on fingertips
this is the day when the heart attacks the bird in the sky
a knife under the pillow for cutting memory

is the touch of tenor on fingertips
the bare ribs of words the wind blows through
a knife under the pillow for cutting memory
falling off the edge of the page

the bare ribs of words the wind blows through
staring into the flame patting the castrated dog
falling off the edge of the page
in her hands

The evening is loud with life

Leaning on the language of leaving
and the road a line from a song,
the door smiles open

After the crescendo
the tick of the clock
and a car driving past

Headlights behind her
she is approaching me
moon walk with my daughter

just

light arrives before the car drives past and is gone

just placed in pebbles the words *amore mio* in the cemetery

headache cicadas deafening the river fast

breath is happening the rain is happening here there is
no better

every seventeen syllables cicadas leave this shell on a blade

Lineage

Like half eaten apples
naked mothers pose for their well-dressed daughters.

Wind in a glass drowning in its own voice.
In the throat of a rose language is strangled.

The world is a hollow humming and
the limits are lace.
A thousand tiny fingers make beautiful mistakes.

The traffic is a ripping seam.

A wound to the back of the heart.
An axe in wood.

Prayers on my fingertips.

Soon

Lying on a hot
rock by black water with a
friend soon to be dead

Children jump on a
trailer load of leaves, adults
scratch the earth with rakes

A bird call
a crack high
in the closing sky

White-tail

Mistress of arrows, Arachne

Give me rivers of reason

Form a back water

The pillow spiked with spiders.

I turn from the smell of dreams

sweated on sheets

lay my head down on the pillow that bit me.

Meticulous thinking left a scar in the middle of my forehead.

the window is a prayer, a glass prayer

the window is a prayer, a glass prayer
breasts, money, a baby
sleep is the stranger who forgets your name
shadows fucking under the wisteria

breasts, money, a baby
why be afraid of my mother's love letters
shadows fucking under the wisteria
why be stressed about a day at the bone

why be afraid of my mother's love letters
confirming thinking temporary
why be stressed about a day at the bone
she creates me as mother

confirming thinking temporary
lines and borders appear
she creates me as mother
she interrupts my reading to hug me

lines and borders appear
sleep is the stranger who forgets your name
she interrupts my reading to hug me
the window is a prayer, a glass prayer

Crime

The stone of self worth
I thought I was spirit and didn't matter

A fall and a view both sides
on the ridge of wiped memory

The petals blink in the rain
like a child who cannot hold her hand out for the strap

Asking for naked photos back

You may as well enjoy it
Because of you I don't want to settle

His words crawled like snails out of his mouth into my
pinned ear

I kiss the cold of seeing but not opening

Her body like a flag stuck in his skull
The rose of surgery

Revelation

Dali crashing through plate-glass while struggling
to position a fur-lined bath tub

revelation: this morning is butter between the sheets

real: using a fishing rod to fly a kite
in a carpark, on a cold spring day

balance: black swan with red beak
pecks black book with red corners

continuance: a fine rain raising dust
they cough and carry scaffolding

oppression: a blind mouth burns with butterflies

truth: somewhere in my body
the story slows over the rise of my hips