

Drumbelly Gnosis

Someone scraped red across the sky. My tongue broke blue
Like painted bone. I maybe meant those sparks in my maybe throat.
Black birds bent from flight stitched a sigh through leafbright branches.
There were eyes behind my other eyes. My new and brightest eyes.
I slacked the wire between my thoughts and jaw. Unhinged a sign trained
By teeth. Wind shook water into shapes of prayer as blacker birds
Lapsed to brittle shine. There was time but what was it. Praise but who for.
I unmeant who and directed the object to whom. But whom for. Lonely dogs
Circled the blackest birds. Whose beaks broke news of future angels.
Whose hollow bones slowly filled with glue. Someone scratched my secret
Name onto the whisper post. Delivered a wing wrapped in twine to my hidden
Forest. Weather was a thing that happened. Measured by unsprung clocks
Powered by an astronaut's tear. At night I polished my troop of invisible beasts.

I spoke their names in imagined tongues
and meant every terrible sound.