

H A R K H E R A L D

1. *eleison, eleison*

at birth, we're coming in through the catflap
don't you know the front door of the Earth was made for larger things?

every queer body born irridentist
give me back what's mine, what's mine

most lessons need learning only once.

at a certain point, all that leather stops being a fetish — now only clothes,
just clothes to wear and wear and wear and throw away...
each tight black sheet of latex in the goodwill bin, devoid of power,
wear and throw away...

make a mess and never clean it up —
it all becomes performance art eventually.

spring brings its own interludes —
our icebox, overflowing, overlapping, all botanical:
blood oranges and lemons
bells of st. clements
juniper and currant
the master and the servant
ginseng and coffee
world turning softly
parsley rosemary anise
tilting on its axis

quiet moment of violence —
the last *you* that you were finally stops breathing

— it's all ceremonial!