Fire is a Mouth Made to Eat Itself

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This flop-house isn’t big enough for the both of us,

And it’s burning, and it’s swallowed by soppy flowers,

cut by the rain, the falling of the sun, and the sighs

that are all on the other side of the telephone line.

The wooden days of summer burn,  too, and

dress, and hold the tools of dead men,

while the roast being pulled off the bone is less in need

of mending memories, and more in need

of the vines inside it, like the wilderness waltzing

it’s way back into our burning flop-house.

After all, the telephone on this sadness is not a road.

After all, You snapped out of my brown secret sound

and screamed Like a brilliant punch-drunk bell,

like diamond rain at midnight, still hungry,

still scratch, and sewn from seed into names,

And from names you grew song,

cracked like lightning,

lit like sparks burning meat from bones,

like a name can be burned from a body,

white heaped diamond clouds,

while the sky tilted

on a stone;

the cloudless sky, the sleepers,

the bursts from your eyes,

the body, this damned house, and this name

all, too, have their place in this fire:

From the song slipping out of the body,

How we can go from one space, one stone,

To the sound a name makes going far

away from song.