

blood rush gone,
in its place wrought gates
open carelessly
unopen unfree

in their wake, thoughts of
flight possess me, beggar jaws of
castles and his choked up room

did he heave and ache
did his mortality strip and stretch like me

in november he wanted to rot, so i
held up his moth-eaten cheeks and face
until no more mold bloomed
until nothing remained to kiss away

in november
how many verses was he from the sun

i bared the graveyard curled
in my sternum to him
i played death hymns on my organs for him
he listened closely, closed his eyes, then
purged me of every honest thing

blue blum dog
blamer, blame me

i know i gave him grief
i placed it gently in his mouth
but it was he who let it sit
there, chalky, then smiled and
crumbled it
half vaulted palate, half tongue