

could i tear through mother's silk with ease, if you took
my sorry hand and squeezed it like this?

our harvests fell to crown fires and
peasant melancholy. i have sampled heartache like fig kulfi;

the homeland is barren, but you caress your gold detector
anyways. unearthing nothing but empty plastic chairs, half-

buried and moaning in dunes—we set them up around the

temple and pretend it is a caravanserai where the bodies we used to
love may visit us. the undead teens steal persian rugs and smoke anjunadeep.

rumor has it mother feeds off of warm blood. the way she
draws death from men's lips with one stroke, akin to a single camel

hair—i admit, it still hurts when she chews through my fingers. i have
grown cold like crystals of amber, appetiteless through scarab light.

it's like, worker bees live
to serve and i have such little time. tormented, left arm limp, you feel these

are trials. so i will drape your body over the sun. calcinate it
against the sky, though licks of flame eat slowly—they often pick at

their potatoes, lone lightbulbs swinging against the universe's
dingy, cig-stained ceiling. while our eyes reflect new worlds. we have

three radio stations. my grandfather is unmaking himself.

dial back and forth, find tasteful
static, look out across the expanse, hear yourself die. it hurts.