

with a gloved hand i am reaching /
into this dream box i am reaching /
i am / but a mass of veins writhing
/ inhaling sharply / blue cords thrashing,
see / my shriveled circuitry / (blood
gaudy red, spilt still spilling in a heated
victorian bath) / is coming untangled
i am / but a ropy bunch that won't
unstick / this split sticky licorice it / will
not unstick / you may lick it or / lick it clean / it

she cries mortality, mortality

mortality, dear, remove your hand

remove yourself from the box