

Devenir

or, *flocks*

if our sacrum split and our ribs stood up,
like these black belts which hang vertically from the ground as we run
and if we could pant out until our lungs sealed and our tongue could hang such to taste the blood on our chest
and feel the pulse. perfectly. metronomic. slow. hard.
then we would know how our body feels
as we, near instantaneous, guide ourself between the trees,

“Did you hear that?”

Here.

Knots.

He, looking out from where he sat,

Noted how much warmer it looked than it was

And brought it to the attention of the others in the house.

They looked up,

Nodded,

Didn’t seem to notice especially.

Perhaps this was his sign to keep things to himself,

Or to run again between the trees,

it’s hot when we begin to run in circles
and when we stop and lower ourselves as though worshipping
when we curve ourself behind and beneath

when we know what is us
by what she is
and our heart is absorbed back into our chest, our bone reseals itself, and a flock of focus flies around either one of our eyes and rejoins itself, land-
ing on our nose, instantly retracting all that we were in one beat
we become the one who kills

Not. Is. When.

Looking up from beneath the grass, you may see a songbird. It doesn't matter which kind. All you need is to see. You may be able to watch the way her neck moves. A glint of sun may fall off her feathers and into your eye. And if you don't rub the glint out, and if the grass doesn't obstruct your vision beyond what is beautiful, you may even know where she's looking just by watching her eyes. You might wonder how you know, if they're completely black eyes, and if they have no whiteness around the iris which you can track the direction of. How is it that you are so sure, more sure than you were sure that you loved her, that you know *exactly* where she's looking?

Knots. When. Here.

“It's like there's someone talking . . . or playing something?”

You may be able to watch the way her neck moves. If you look up, if you can see, you may see where she's looking.

He, returned,

With the base of his skull and the back of his knees wrapped around either arm of the chair,

Noted the movement of the leaves,

And saw them as a tree,

And envied them.

He remembered the sign,

Kept his jealousy to himself,

And listened to the playing, or the singing.

“You have to hear it.”

“Yeah, it’s pretty quiet, but you hear it, right?”

“I don’t think it’s that far away.”

“Have you ever been in the middle of a cave and been able to hear a conversation at the mouth as if they’re right next to you, because of the echo?”

“It’s the opposite of that, I hate it.”

If the grass isn’t so much to obstruct your view, with the sun shining on the other side of it and turning it black against the sky, you may see her head jut towards the ground. In an instant, she may rise. Her and the grass may share a silhouette in front of the white sky, and you may be able to make out a beetle in her beak. Its abdomen might be bent between her jaws, and its wings may be disfigured, and its legs may rotate in six directions, and you may not be able to understand how you feel. You probably won’t understand. You won’t know what she has become to you, and this will scare you. If the wings splay outward when she crushes its outer shell and swallows as quickly as she rose, you will be afraid.

we	know	how	our	body	feels	in	frozenness			
we	know	how	she	will	feel	when	our	circle	closes	
as	strange	runes	form	in	the	lines	we	draw	between	ourselves
around		the	one		you	knew		you	loved	
she,			at			our			center,	
watching		the		movement		of		the	leaves,	
knows		we’re		not		with			her	

He was not with her

Here.

He was

Here.

Knots.

He was not with her when he watched a songbird under the tree.

It didn't matter which kind.

All he needed was to see it alone at first,

Then, like sand in a dune rolling down itself,

He needed to see her siblings draw strange runes around her,

And watch her disappear,

Become nothing,

No, something.

A single cell of jutting and rising heads,

Of splayed wings.

He swiveled to call,

Found no one,

Kept to himself.

He was not

Is.

Here.

Knots.

If she becomes a cell, you won't see a silhouette. The gaps of white in the sky become black will be easier identified. You will

Here.

You will hear the crunch of beetles. You may deny that is what you're hearing. You will hear the crunch of beetles. You will look up. You will

Knots.

Here.

“You’re fucking lying, you hear that.”

“You have to hear it.”

“The fucking singing!”

“You have to hear there are fucking words!”

“There are words they’re lies,”

“You’re fucking lying, they’re lies!”

“They’re fucking lies!”

“I’m not with her!”

“He’s not with her, she’s not”

she’s	here	with	us	when	we	close					
when	we	become	a	cell,	and	she	our	nucleus,			
and	she	is	no	longer	the	one	who	looks	to	the	trees
she	is	the	one	who	screams						
the	one	who	retreats,								
the	one	who	fails								
the	one	whose	skin	is	gently	pressed	against	a	thousand	jaws	
and	for	whom	we	freeze							
for	whom	she	is	frozen							
when	the										

When her head juts over you, you will look up into her throat, and touch the inside of her beak, the top with your left hand, the bottom with your right, and you will freeze. So will she. You’ll hear the beetles. You may feel gentle. Your pulse may slow. Your surroundings may still. For a moment, the crackle of shell and leg may be the most beautiful song you’ve ever heard. And then, your hands will be pressed closer to your body. Her skin will press closer to our jaw.

He, and no one else, watched you and she,

As space closed.

and what do I become when she, in knots, guides ourself between the trees? and what do I become when we, near instantaneous, have to hear? and what do I become when there are fucking words, here, is knots? and what do I become when he juts and rises, his sacrum split in belts? and what do I become when we watch the movements of the leaves, brought it to the attention of the others in the house, keep it to herself? and what do I become when I was sure I loved her? and what do I become when “I don’t believe it?” “I don’t believe her?” “I don’t believe her?” “I don’t believe it?” “I don’t believe it?” “I don’t believe her?” “I don’t believe it?” “I don’t believe her?” “I don’t believe her?” “I don’t believe her?” “I don’t believe her?” “I don’t believe her?”

Here.

Is.

Not.

“My best friend told me about the prophetess Cassandra.”

“How she never lied, and was never believed.”

“When I met her, and her hair reminded me of my best friend’s cello,”

“I told her about her name, what it meant.”

“She smiled.”

“And I could tell where she was looking just by watching her eyes.”

“And I was sure I loved her.”

“Or maybe I met my best friend after”

“And I never told the prophetess her name,”

“Because I didn’t know it,”

“I couldn’t have.”

“I don’t remember.”

“My god, I really don’t remember.”