

“demistress”

you have slit me to a science,
a sigh, incensed
by sirens set to murder
the murderess.
you have made me a slut,
a slut out of me,
a shutout of queens,
waiting,
waiting for my screams:
what more could you possibly want?

“*the man!*” you’d demand,
as if this mistress could elicit
diamonds, efficient
words for you to witness,
among your shouts:

“*Madame Deficit!*”

deficits defined by divided times
call me cruel through my colluded crimes.
gloried, gallant, gigantic, I’m

cleaved.

I walk the line despised, now
talk incredible to the divine, now
dock lightning down my severed spine,
now

(down)

now—!

down.