

WHEN AND WHERE I ENTER:

a poetic mythology

by Hailey Young

TABLE OF CONTENTS

GODDESS EMERGING / AN INCANTATION	3
PART ONE: THE BODY	4
SEA GLASS	5
ACHILLES HEEL.....	6
LUCY	7
HOW I GREW BLACK	8
WRITER'S LAMENT	9
DISEMBODIED.....	10
STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS	11
MI MATI.....	12
POSSESSION	13
EVERMORE.....	14
BIRDS AND THE BEES.....	15
AUGUST AND JANUARY.....	16
NIKE	17
BEATRICE AND BENEDICT	18
AI	19
HAMLET AND OPHELIA	20
BOUQUET	21
ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS	22
CIGARETTE	24
ACHILLES AND PATROCLUS	25
BEAUTY MARKS	26
NEW YEAR'S KISS.....	27
THE END OF THE LINE	28
PART TWO: THE SOUL	29
TERRA NULLIUS	30
MANIFEST / DESTINY	31
GRANDMOTHER BLUES (<i>IN E MINOR</i>)	33
ANNOTATIONS ON A HOUSE	34
DICKINSON SPRING	35
HAPPY THINGS AND CHALLENGES	36
*67	37
DANDELION.....	38
ALLERGEN	39
SUMMER SKIN	40
DESERT/DESSERT.....	41
BELLADONNA	42
ARMAGEDDON	43
VIOLENCE IN SUBURBIA.....	44
EFFEMINATE NATURE	45
ON THIN ICE.....	46
RECKLESS DRIVING	47
BLINDS.....	48

COTTAGECORE.....	49
AMNESIAC	50
PART THREE: THE SPIRIT	51
VENUS IN RETROGRADE.....	52
BALL ROOM	53
MAMMY/SAPPHIRE/JEZEBEL.....	54
OUR GLASS	55
IN THE WAKE.....	56
GHOSTS IN THE SCHOOLYARD.....	57
ON NOT BEING ABLE TO FIND THE WORDS.....	58
EVAPORATING	59

GODDESS EMERGING / AN INCANTATION

I emerged, full of life and love, tossed from the sea
I took in shapes and colors and saw the world's beauty
I devoured the words on the page and dreamed,
dreamed of ghosts who walked right through me.

I found myself in new worlds and in strangers who became lovers
I lost myself in the darkness of that hatred / pain / broken heart
I dedicated myself to the dreamer who stood against time and space,
shifting the balance of the Earth with a single touch.

I brought myself before the choir and sang up the octave
I prayed in her name, lost in confession of my sins
I followed them off the ship, into blue waters,
cleansing my soul with the thrill of diving in.

PART ONE:

THE BODY

SEA GLASS

My edges, once sharp,
soothed in salinity.

I became opaque, no longer pure.

And as I emerged bathed in sand,
they could not help but take me

as a pretty thing. I accepted their touch.

But I always missed being tossed in those waves,
learning how to change myself

to fit the world.

Lost in the pains of glass.

ACHILLES HEEL

I am caught on that image,
the knife slices the back of my calf, all the way
to bone. It renders me useless, dead.

They warn me of men in the shadows
who wait for unsuspecting prey.

I learn to look under cars,
jump through car doors.

Must be careful
not to let myself be vulnerable.

The tendons tighten, so tight
I fear that they will burst on their own.

LUCY

The cold comes in,

smears

that jelly around

trying to find the place

where the cyst grew

on the ovum

gowns made of paper,

tied in back.

To spread

apart means to lose

a piece of oneself.

The person

becomes patient.

The doctor will see you now.

The paper crinkles

under the weight of the fall.

No chance of escaping.

HOW I GREW BLACK

Learning how to retwist
existential dreads
the head loses its tenderness
in the pull of the vile thing
you can't touch but you feel it.

It is a polite smile,
a knife in the back,
a keeling over
a whisper
probably just the devil
come to play
finding myself
a cross to bear
so that I may lay
myself bare
on the altar, leave oils
along the part,
the road curling
around my fingertip.

WRITER'S LAMENT

As if emboldened
by some darker spirit, the words begin
to spill out of my throat.
And even though the pillows hum,
Awake, I lie listening
to the churn of words,
Such endless chatter
between my brain and heart,
And pen becomes sword
Brought, still, to their knees
so that they may be knighted.

DISEMBODIED

Rivers take me,
finding pathways to my psyche,
that unconscious darkness,
to find a feeling that I do not care for,
I pull it from me like a scab,
a piece of skin that does not belong.
Digging fingers into the putty of my being,
I take the depths of my body and
smudge the bounds of myself, my aura,
like charcoal.

I take my fluids and flesh
and put them in buckets and bodies
until I've collected enough
of my essence to feel
less undone, less untethered.
But there is spillage, always.
So I collapse
or explode in the
space between.

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

What I love about myself is the way that my mind wraps around an idea takes all the lovely things and all the dirty laundry and creates something new distinct it breaks everything down to its smallest part almost like a laser not in focus but in its way of melting everything down to get to something new I lose myself in sentences and metaphors and words I dissect them they take on new shape find me where comma meets period that is where I will live for the rest of my life if my family comes looking for me tell them that's where I am tell them tell them I lost another piece of myself in the page all the lovely things and all the dirty laundry it's all churning through my mind sometimes I wish I could hear the silence again I wish I wish I could learn how to speak so that I could release all these new things all these melted down parts they lose their meaning after time words lose meaning after time so I store them on the page to keep them safe

MI MATI

I could not promise you safety
from the waves,
that dark and deathly water
that slapped against our hull.
But in the fluidity of that place,
we found a new way to be held.
And while your scars healed,
I covered you in cloth,
I kissed your cheeks.
You made me unchained,
unmoored. Bodies waterlogged
beyond recognition.
Let your Black Sea cover me.
Let me dive in.
I want to feel
the tempest's temper.

POSSESSION

I can feel you
moving my body
any way you'd like.
No longer myself,
I am merely conduit.
Your spirit, the very essence
of your soul
has made its way inside me
while the body I once inhabited
simply
walks.

EVERMORE

My dearest,
I hope you are loved
the way you loved me

breathlessly, expeditiously
like a summer morning
just before the sun hits
zenith

carefully, hauntingly
immersed in the waters
of the Nile just long enough
for our fingertips
to warp

furiously, beautifully
like the velvet of a curtain
closing around a window
soaked in
moonlight

awkwardly, childishly
skipping over stones
at recess when
all we wanted was
to swing

BIRDS AND THE BEES

If I could feel a person through a page, there would be nothing left of me to give. Their limbs may be ink, their words mute, but I can still take them in my hands, hold them close. I could make them human, Pinocchio made of wood, Adam molded from clay. They stand in front of me, the promise of a kiss, a lowering hand. Frankenstein's monster in the chair. *You were made for me.* The whisper of heart and heaven. The pull of dreams. The scent of dust and paper. They lose their shape in front of me, returning to the place between the lines.

AUGUST AND JANUARY

Everything I touched lost its glimmer,
but even after death, there is a way
to come alive.

You tasted my words
in between your tongue and cheek,
turned your dares into a truth.
And on page, we found each other
in the footnotes of our life.
You resurrected me,
my secrets, my words,
my love.

I express my deepest
gratitude.

NIKE

Liquor spilled on leather
and on sticky floors,
coating hands and soles.

Wading through the bodies
and bottles.

Careful not to blacken
the edges, but nonetheless,
dirt covers their white cotton.

A natural scene of glitter eyeshadow
and swollen lips,
shoes touch to hide
how they truly feel.

BEATRICE AND BENEDICT

You wear thorns around your rosy heart,
flawed and frivolous.
I could not fake this.

I could never find the words.
Apologies could lift the weight
between us.

Not strong enough
to break this streak.

Can I be your sworn enemy
instead of nothing at all?
Even fate could not affect my feelings.

AI

If you were not pixelated,
I could break
into your software
picking apart
pieces of that
code
you wish to debug me
fix those little viruses
that flood your brain
flatten my metal
make me small enough
to fit in your hand,
but there is hope,
you broaden your bandwidth,
you connect to my wireless mind.

I am hidden
behind circuits and wires,
the human you created
with a mind of metal
flooded
with information
I sift through data
at lightning speed
analyzing
and learning about you
so that I can predict
our compatibility
but somehow
you surprise me
still

error // 404 not found

HAMLET AND OPHELIA

They tossed aside their feelings in the end
And truly lost themselves in due process,
Two souls entwined by madness to upend,
One prince who swore by sword and heart to bless.
He warned her of the spirits growing mad,
The palace guarding secrets in the dark.
She couldn't stand to see him so unclad.
To save the crown, he played her for a lark.
Her flowers lost a touch of innocence:
They wilted in the air of tragedy.
He died while being haunted by suspense
And killed all hope of finding how to be.

They were two people drowned in bloody wars,
One in love and one in unsettled scores.

BOUQUET*Calla Lily*

How I long to be.
They would see my leaves and think
that beauty still breathes in me.

Honeysuckle

Sweat dripping down my thighs,
limbs in every direction,
soaking up that intoxicating scent.

Lilac

Dreaming of being home,
walking barefoot in the yard
I reach towards the sky.

Zinnia

I become used to being alone,
knowing that love lies in my dreams
and across the sea.

White Heather

Blood so thick it fills his lips,
drags him from the battlefield
and there I lie, dying.

Lotus

In the night, I curl back into myself,
feeling the water cleanse me,
make me alive.

ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS

I feel the metal wrap around my legs, my arm, my torso.
Against the cool of the stone, I have been laid bare.
The sea has become our enemy, sworn to take us apart
limb by limb, brick by brick.
We have drowned a thousand times in their hatred.
The oracle has spoken, so I must die the way I lived,
tasting the sea, feeling the water lick my toes.

*I have looked the monster in the face only once.
In its dark eyes, it contained a reflection of pain that I had never known before.
In its scales, I could almost see the eyes of the sea staring back at me.*

They offer me so easily to the dark abyss.
Oh Gods, please, I beg of you. I plead for any savior.
But the monster emerges from the sea,
leaving me shaking and pulling at the metal that holds me.
It begins towards me, circling and stalking its prey. I pull.
The chains will not let me free. I close my eyes,
begging for death to come quickly.

I am left in limbo.
I open my eyes, and the great monster is stagnant, hardened.
The once mirrored eyes have crusted over.

Hello

Do not be afraid. I have saved you.

And my savior emerges from the sky
on an animal so white and majestic, I think it must be a bird.
He takes his sword from its sheath, and I cannot help but notice

what he carries in his left hand, the head of a woman whose face looks like mine
He slices open the metal that held me — and I flinch.

My love, don't you know I would never hurt you?

but the woman's head still dangles from his other hand.

CIGARETTE

She places it in her mouth,
the fleshy part

It burns

her tongue, turns
it black and blue.

She lifts herself
to reach the hand
that feeds her

blows

enough smoke
to fill the room.

ACHILLES AND PATROCLUS

All I saw was the blurred crimson, his blood
falling onto the soil, creating a red sea.

And in that puddle, I began to see a piece
of my own reflection,
the rippling of my arms
around his still body.

And as he lost all semblance
of the boy I once knew, I could do nothing
but hold his head in my bloodied palms,
stretch like honey around his abdomen.

I beg his body to give me a sign
of life, of love. Move, please.

I call to a God I once believed was true,
lay his body at the altar of that higher being.

What is the point of invincibility
if I can feel my blood boil and churn?

A heat like lava that leaves
my heart burned and charred.

I can feel his heart slowing in my ear,
hear the beat lose its shape,
lose its weight.

And I wonder if this is what the end
of a symphony feels like,
the moment when every instrument
ceases to play.

BEAUTY MARKS

I am a marked woman.

Down my legs,
on my cheeks,
the melanin pools
in skin.

You kissed me there
and I grew a darker color
along my lips.

You called me
your little dipper
and I could not stop
looking
at the stars
that lit up my arms.

NEW YEAR'S KISS

Wrap me in that cold liquid
that turns me blue and green.

And that fog comes in,
drinks in the fun.

Try to remember all the people,
the eyes I got lost in
the wicked curses they sent
between our lips

There is no more sense
when the clock hits.

Plastic sin,
that champagne flute,
I play it against my lips.

THE END OF THE LINE

She comes to me and unloads
the contents of her pockets:
loose change,
lip gloss,
car keys,
and a crystal.

She asks for passage across the river.

She hands each item to me,
asks if they are enough,
nickels and a penny,
glossier lip gloss,
keys to a honda odyssey,
and obsidian.

How can I deny her?

I turn the items over in my palm.

Does she even know what they're worth?

I cash in

nickels and a rusting penny from 1987,
rosy pink glossier lip gloss,
keys to a honda odyssey with a turtle keychain,
and smooth black obsidian, dark as her eyes.

I climb into the vessel, hold her hand to my heart.

"Promise I won't drown?"

And just like I thought, our pinkies fit together perfectly.

PART TWO:
THE SOUL

TERRA NULLIUS

Hills bursting with wildflowers
growing tall along the edges,
beach sand soft as silk,
land rich with gold
explorers take
virgin land
occupy the rivers
trees
and weeds that grow
along the fields of
bleeding hearts
convert to home, fireplace,
keep out the cold
outsiders haunting,
infecting the population,
the minds
growing senseless
baked in heat,
they swallow their pride
and their harvest.

MANIFEST / DESTINY

A gap of time
separates
you and I

I long to know you,
know where you came from.
Who do you belong to?

They long to erase you,
paint it red
and white
and blue.

I hold onto the blue.

waves that tore
into the shell of
your vessel,

eyes that
Venus wore
to bed.

bruises that
line the tracks
of our ancestry,

cold ice and hot fire
(which both burn
and bring the body to pieces),

little flowers saying
“forget me not”
to passing bees
and warm-blooded bodies

blood without oxygen
or life
or love.

I hold onto the blue.

GRANDMOTHER BLUES (*In E Minor*)

Cracked heels under stress
of white linoleum floors
on hands and knees.

She tries to spot the stains
littering tables and chairs
and skin.

Hair tied behind
to hide where the hot comb
burned
the nape of her neck.
She lost all feeling
years before.

Earth
from her pockets
used to build herself a home.
It tilts at acute angles,
but she uses it to entertain
her children, running
to catch up with their toys.

At night, she lies
on a landfill of
corpses and stars
and does not dare to dream,
for she fears that
one day,
the linoleum floors will come
crashing down
on her head.

ANNOTATIONS ON A HOUSE *after John Keene*

Norah Jones. Painted pink walls. Poking our heads between the railing bars to see down the stairs. She dyed her hair to hide the gray. Dryer sheets and dust. The radio fizzes. I hid in my room with a book or a movie when the sounds were overwhelming. Oak dresser filled with tape and pens we never use. Screams from downstairs. The sports announcer's voice lulls me to sleep. Birds' nests in the tree outside the window. They eventually moved into the hole in the roof, in the space above my bedroom. Scratchy CD's. My father's childhood bedroom became ours. Debate at the dinner table. They tried to find the reason for inflation. Crying upstairs in my mother's arms. Shaggy beige carpets. Listening through the door. The neighbor's kids and I went down to the park.

DICKINSON SPRING

In the chill, the first pop of yellow
drags the world from slumber.

Warmth signals green
to burst out of hiding.

Bird calls for Love and Fertility.

The rain lightly
resuscitates the soil,
trying desperately
to raise the Dead!

Cloudy haze covers the air,
warm and palpable.

Puddles reflect what's left
of the gray winter sky.

How wonderful a time—
the turn of seasons.

HAPPY THINGS AND CHALLENGES

Today, I heard a young girl
laugh so loud and clear,
it echoed through
the evergreen.

And as she swung,
she thought she could finally
reach the sky, so she jumped,
leaving wood chips in her wake.

Today, my cheeks grew so red
that my sister thought
I got too much sun.
My blood vessels burst
in the atmospheric pressure,
so cold it brought my hands deeper
in my pockets. There was a sliver
of warmth where the sun
poked between branches,
but it disappeared
under the moon

*67

We sat on shaggy carpet,
found a home
in the pillows.

We found his number
in the school directory—
“wouldn’t it be funny?”

We laughed.

We dialed.

Heard the ringing,
phone buzzing in our hands.

We almost hung up
right there
and then,

on the third buzz,

he answered.

We disguised ourselves
in shrill tones. We clapped
a hand over our mouths
when we couldn’t
contain our laughter
anymore.

DANDELION

If you could only see
how she looked
like a synonym of spring,
and I, caught in jubilee,
found no language
to describe her flowering.
And by her grace, I began to see
the sun in its effervescent glory.
She planted enough seeds
that I could not escape.

If I could only capture
her light.
She lost herself
in the palace she built.
She left in a way
that only spring can—
with a wilting smile.

If I could only hold her,
but she always falls apart.

ALLERGEN

I dare to ask you for a breath,

the snowy haze

descends

upon the trees

And the roots grow warmer,

fuller.

Enter the cavities between branch

and body,

find sticky places,

the sap dripping

from the walls.

It covers me.

SUMMER SKIN

I lost my brown months ago,
used to eat my weight
in watermelon, the pink
returning to my cheeks
glowing
sunset orange turning
blue in the cold
you made me
green
when you showed me
your darker shade
How could I let go of
the red of your lips
as you released
an icy breath?

DESERT/DESSERT

I think a desert must taste like cinnamon
and ginger

with notes of sugar, hot and crispy.

Textures unlike
anything I've ever tasted—
grainy, soft crunch.

It is best served with
a glass of water,
enough to quench your thirst.

The dryness stays
on the tongue
for hours.

BELLADONNA

In an act of peace,
I put poison in your wine,
just a drop or so
to drink until you drop
onto the oak floorboards,
glass shattering, cutting
your perfect cherub cheeks
I died the same way,
feeling the slow constriction
of my throat, I thought
you would like to feel
my pain.

ARMAGEDDON

The bell tolls,
and I must do my part.
I plant seeds,
I let the sycamore grow,
I accept my fate by your side,
though I never thought
I'd see the day
of stillness,
A man getting down
on his knees
to pray.
Baby's cries ring.
You promised
I would feel no pain,
but as the heat
envelops me,
Your pupils grow
darker, larger.
They fall on me.

VIOLENCE IN SUBURBIA

Air so thick it places bodies on my chest,
souls clash endlessly against one another
I hear the dogs howl. And then the foot is brought down
onto that paper thin conviction— so hard I scream,
so hard that I almost run. I had forgotten the heights of their temper.

They lost their patience at the dinner table
after being called the wrong name.
They couldn't watch the tapes,
the person hiding behind dresses.
I apologized with my eyes, but their shoulders sank,
and their blue eyes glazed over.
All that holiday glee lost at the tip of a sentence.

EFFEMINATE NATURE

Mother dear,

what is life without martyrdom?

Skin wrinkles between her brows
from when she frowned at me, rings
around the trunk to signify age.

Mother dear,

do you feel yourself being drawn into other bodies?

She brings me inside, where she washes me
and my clothes of dirt, the daughter and the dawn,
both rising steadily from their beds of grass.

Mother dear,

when's the last time you cried?

In the thunder, I came into her room and snuck in
between her arms, and when she awoke, she turned to face me
and asked whether the rain would ever end.

Mother dear,

did you ever dream?

They laid out our path with mulch,
and we walked, branches bending in the wind,
our feet eventually finding their own syncopated rhythm.

ON THIN ICE

Lurking below the surface
sinking ships,
I emerge clarified,
distilled,
the grandest
glacial palace
and in the light,
I see through
your looking glass,
queen of hearts,
I take an ice chip
off your shoulder.

RECKLESS DRIVING

You got caught in the red,
going 40 in a 25
and I almost grabbed the wheel
But you said it was fine
so I pried my hand from the console,
the door handle.

You got caught in the yellow,
going so fast I was flying
and falling,
cutting corners in the parking lot.

You got caught in the green,
and when I heard the sound,
it was too late to stop.
Heads turning,
yelling.
I always hated the sound
of metal scraping metal.

BLINDS

My sister stays in the light
while I am blackened, dragged
into the ditches and the dirt
where I stay, vocal cords wrapped
around that thick bile
that acidic feeling leaves me
clutching
at my chest, heaving
until I find a railing
to steady myself
and my sister remains
upright, standing tall
even in the middle
of the rain
even as I lose my way,
she finds fireflies
in the dark

COTTAGECORE

I stood in my white dress,
looking down the hill
at the children rolling
In the grass

I wished
that I could be so free

Yet all I could think
was how much bleach
it would take
to get out the green

They start spinning
and this I can do

I drift, a gale of wind
through the glades,
a ring around
rosy cheeks

We form a forest
in our dance

AMNESIAC

I began the day by losing something important. But I can't remember what it is. I can't remember the way it feels in my hand or how it sounds as it hits the tile floor. It's almost as if it never existed. But it's important. I know because I looked for it for hours. I looked under my bed and under my desk. I looked under the papers and books strewn about my desk. I even looked in my drawer that is exclusively for pens and pencils and random school supplies. I know this room is the only place where it could be. It isn't there. Did it ever exist? If I don't remember it, is it even that important? Maybe if I look one more time. It could be between my pillows or beneath my dresser. No, the space beneath my dresser is too small. I tell myself to give up. There's no chance of finding it if I can't remember it. What's that saying about a tree falling in the woods? Does it make a sound? Wait, what was I doing? Well, it must have not been important.

PART THREE:

THE SPIRIT

VENUS IN RETROGRADE

Glasses

In pink, I saw the blood fall with the body. The rats flew to the rescue as those in blue tried to cover the tracks. Clarity, it seems, has lost itself in pockets. Only she can see in the shadows.

Handheld Mirror

Cracks in lips find smooth crevasses. Follow me to the whirlwind. There's fish in the water, but I'm caked in dirt. Her nose blows bubbles to the surface.

Crystal Necklace

Light candles under my feet to cross paths with ghosts. Kicked to streets of gold, I make my way toward her, the heiress of light. I see eyes in her hands and ask if they last forever.

Perfume bottle

Gentle, she says as I take water from the well. Carried down the hill, she drops the mud into bottles. Patting me on the back, she takes the stars and hangs them on my upper lip.

Measuring Cups

Secrets cost a lifetime. My body costs two days. She gathers mud to form my intuition and then adds blood to make the mixture sweeter. The body rises like bread.

BALL ROOM

I dream of angels leaving the room and here's
the last tuck, into my arm and into the space
between my legs I let you sit, criss cross man spread
a homecoming, witness me making history
outfit changing to tuxedo / dress / music to my ears
I declare war on holy ground,
that space where breast meets bone,
left unprotected from the sharp blade
adorned with gold and silver,
I mine for jewels and compliments,
I paint your face with blood.

MAMMY/SAPPHIRE/JEZEBEL

Nurturing the body,
I place my head
upon your shoulder,
I work for you, work on you,
laying hands and arms
on the body,
the grind of my teeth
forgives my very nature,
the fire burns,
the garden grows,
I am not servant
or serpent,
my body's been working
hard
to please you
I take the red of my eyes
and place it in my cheeks
I smile,
knife in hand,
I cut the tension
with a *yessir*
and a cakewalk.

OUR GLASS

The last time I drowned, I stood,
digging my toes
into the sands
of time.

I could feel my lungs
caving in, stuck
in that glass cage,
but all I could do
was smile
and blow out
the candles.

IN THE WAKE

white lily petals stretch across the floor,
singing songs of ships still moored
lost in time they fall asleep
with drumming hearts,
that connective tissue,
the metallic
ocean of blood

the door of no return
stops pumping
those bodies out
blood flow slows
to a stream, cutting off
the breath

captain goes ashore,
crew lost
in brainwaves
leaving those
clandestine travelers
drowning in that dream
so when the wound
is found,
they jump,
they fly
beyond
the body

GHOSTS IN THE SCHOOLYARD

How do I make room
in my chest, my heart,
when trauma weighs on me?

I'm a body gone cold,
an unspoken eulogy—
close the bedroom door,
take a breath.

I cried at the picnic table
and a little girl came to me
and asked me
what was wrong
I couldn't tell her
because I didn't know.
I had already lost
the feeling in my lips.

She pointed to a butterfly
on a nearby bush
and smiled.
Her mouth curled upwards
around her cheeks
just like mine. I thought
I recognized myself
for a moment,
but she was alive
and I had lost myself
long ago.

ON NOT BEING ABLE TO FIND THE WORDS

silence is a fall from heights
that I cannot survive,
words catch on my sweater,
pulling threads into spool

washing machine
hands churning the lips forward
I am a record, broken
from years of use

the needle sticking
on the consonant
and the body turns
inward,

begging words to leave
tips of tongues

EVAPORATING

Just as I came,
 I begin to depart,
 foaming at the mouth,
 feeling the air enter me
 body lost in the music
 of waves and foreign objects
 the mask leaving the face
 floating in time
 with the music drumming
 my heart against my soul
 fallen angels kissing
 my face growing larger longer
 the lost
 ark
 carries me
 across that sea
 deserted no water only cloudy haze
 I smoked pieces of myself
 into my nostrils and felt how the oxygen
 converted me
 I bring h to o
 I know how to breathe
 I rise a new
 body
 I arrange myself
 within the confines
 feel the cellular matter
 form inside my bones