

From **Elegies for Slaughter**

III

The guilty river god of the blood
looks up from the white waves
of the Stuck to spy
an accident carved out of the starfield you called Aquila

a thunderbeing's lightning bolt
carrier whose feather festoons
the last lust hat you'd burn
on an island named for an ancient chief.

And time may stop
but the stars do not, nor the churning
finite inside lightning
that begins as black plasma and imagination
which you in your youth thought infinite.

The lunge
the grunt
the bolts shot out
in a primordial white fire/magnesium flash
delirious juice you only now don't take
for granted

like the way your palm stroke
made her eyes shudder
or her nails on your summer back
or her bent before you
or you her, delirious.

In the night in the shadow
below the white of the July starfield
you wonder if this is the product
of your own slaughter.

How many breaths left?
How many thunderbolts
in your quiver
in your early A.M. tremble?

The rose petals rightly hers
now deferred to a bust
of Kuan Yin

and urges inside are the wars
of the bloodline
the hungry ghosts
or wolves
you haven't yet learned to starve
or feed.

One angel kneeling angel cocksucker wiping it off the chin angel fixing a south side flat tire angel punching out a bully angel offering a hand for ash angel w/a greasy back door angel who takes it all angel wants to learn to swallow angel who says no and means it angel feigns an abortion angel w/ an endless backscratch angel in the morning in the afternoon bedroom angel who calls it a nap angel who takes time undressing angel of undetermined gender angel craves it in five star hotel rooms angel who makes it go faster angel who needs a nip to elicit the wet reaction angel who makes sure all the food is different colors who warms the sake who delivers who's wide open after 5 years who resumes the ancient play of tides and smells like the sea and craves your scent angel who makes a puddle under you angel who chokes on it angel makes your feet spin angel who makes you throw your hat in the fire to combat lust angel with a Cuban cigar and a wisecrack at any given moment angel who rescues your migrained head with Canadian cranial sacral hands angel on the telephone angel of email angel who heals your body from above tough love angel who slaps you angel who wakes you from your deep psychic slumber angel in pussy fur angel who dives endlessly from the Stuck bluff angel vegetarian angel who started it all and has earned her wings and keeps on giving and giving and giving in the ancient primordial silence who rescues you with a spirit song of your own making whose ingredients are blood and trust and some kind of unnamable juju Lorca calls Duende and Yuan Mei calls Xingling and Rilke calls angels and each tries to put wings and human attributes on a force that lies just beyond the grasp of poems where glaciers' dreams of muscles become mountains, verdant stomping grounds for limitless unseen angels.

