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[MY SECRET BODY]

My secret body has a plan for me and it is a wild one.

In the navel of my secret body grows a phosphorescent dream. This dream is made of honey and gently stokes the underlimbs of the desert’s dry palette. Not knowing how to travel the earth, rooted in imperceptibility, I am half-asleep with embers, remembering my longing heart. I dream of leathered embryos who are omniscient and without a mouth, but enunciate clearly and with conviction: *If my secret body is not there, I don’t want to be there.*

It is said that we are in love with each other even in the womb. It is said that on my wings I bring air to you in those underlimb canyons. From being nothing somewhere, something final and small, the Sun plunges us reconstructed in the walking air. Disorderly, I shoulder you back to bewilderment.

Fast forward the videotape (and watch the seizered lines that cross the screen): it is my secret body who gilds me luminously as I turn through states, who sends bulls onto absurd epiphany roads, who buries branchlike pee into lace forest grounds and florals my boots and thongs with urine. It is my secret body who stores water wells in the trunk. In endless circles, I am mistress to the governance of the horned owl and bowls of smoking burnt up wooded cauldrons. As I drive on, my humiliations become
quite pitiless and brutal, as if a spell has enjambed me. I see I am now missing my torso, and I see that it has returned. And yet, at another turn, my fingers mist over and my palms appear to guide the wheel. When my larynx is present, I cling to beating song.

My secret body watches me and moves me and shocks me and holds me, covers me in blackness, in blankets. I shift in its undulations—what else could I do?
VEGA

scorpion salted smoke
extinguished hair
drop of bone
    the meadows
faux hyacinths, faux lavender, broom

twisted out heather
reaper valley sprawl
mounted limbs
thin leather winds  mother serpent winds
struck violin skins
DETONATED MIRROR

faucet sockets
purple consciousness cactus, fat blood clot boneyard row
dominion needs an author, vertebrae punches out of Dirt of
the Dead
mesquite and needles to cancel skin’s net, tethered with ice
limbs in
bedrock of rose quartz, PO Box, syringe
star circuit, animal rain droplets, cartilage horns, mouths of
scorpions
wheels of bespangled dust where I weep
I guess we’re in
rhizomic consciousness, was
lover of nightmare,
doors
MY MOON BODY HAS

my moon body has
        four faces
    they generate each other so
I can’t really see
        they gush into shape
unknown, dimensionless
        like a sword & a scissor

        they kiss dispossession
wear piles of dead
        lilies & snakeshead

I am a phantom river
I am an unpolished spoon
CINDER TWIN

ides of deer
  grate the eves   bodice paw

buttercream spotted
  tip of gun
  cinder twin
  hearts
  me barbed
  wire
  threaded with furs
I won’t sleep with a skull
specks   command amber open only to me
  pass thru veins

like all sands
  sink the rot---   I mean, Rocks
dereeper plea
  beloved knees
is it all about fleeing gutted time make love with the cursor
blinking penniless I draw to me certain selves knotted asteroids
seclude me longing is in the body words dimensionless they doctor
the gap slowly I lick my lips my hair scented with warpaint
this tissue-y vortex curls towards me a quadrillion buttered vulvas
I’m careless with intestines, devour all curtained things
just like that I am a snakebite
embodiment of sedition
I sing hot grief down the drain
I go commando an unwounded creature eating butchers
with shunted knife
one leg of fragility
what will you do my Lumbered Ejaculate but lay down and dream
may I realize a quality infinite to you
abracadabra nothing concrete my vulgarity hysterick a novel that
fucking falls apart such as all beings and rando things