

Crisis on this Island Earth

*"don't," i advised
and you asked "why?"
lightning making molten sugar in your eyes*

*(have you ever seen
what a human face*

***looks like wearing the sweetsick shrapnel @fterparty
of an exploding jawbreaker)***

*"because you won't like what happens,"
i said,
and reached for your hand,
but your fingers were already on the button,*

*mission aborted,
hypertime smashed back down into primordial
paper mache mush*

*i caught your wrist,
and we saw each other there in the moment,
our silent screaming faces quantum
pointillist projections on an obelisk
the stretches up and up and up*

like a redwood to an @nt

*when the flood came,
it was not clear,
but looked like ink*

*and as the doomsday clock
in the center of town rolls over and rings one,*

*i look out at the rocking,
rolling horizon,
my mocking, rolling heart over the mark
for the venus of the h@rd sell,
and down at the cards on the sand.*

*Sun.
Moon.
Stars.
The World.*

***Mistress h@nds formed this mass
from p@per cl@y chasing itself,
raising her from the sea***

*as your grip slackened
in mine,*

as i watched you f@ll into the sky,
*the frayed cat o' nine tails
edges of your dress
scarring your thighs
as you ascended
and my feet held fast
to the rising turf*

*now i look at the place
where the sea eats the sky,
like spilled milk,
spoiled*

*("Mother may i lay down here
to rot?"
"no, my dear, there's work to do,
so you m@y not")*

*tongue-tied and knotted,
a tantric tangled fuckpuppet
of Foolflesh, Magician and Priestess
and Emperor whipped and warped
upon the wheel*

*i look at the twin seas,
the he@vens and the depths,*

*and think of His feet in the morning,
walking on spilled black coffee,
serene*

i think of His h@nd in mine as He followed me
*down into hell,
as i showed Him His quarters, as i let Him
down gently
into my welcoming world*

*i think of Him back at our house,
between the orchard and the orange grove,*

*think of your fingers branding my wrists
with their absence as the world unfroze
and we lost our grip*

*think of Him composing some morning poem
as He tidies the kitchen,
watching the birds through the windows,*

*Red & Green all criss-crossed and caught up
and c@nary yellow delirious with love and loss
and pure orgasmic entropic bliss—*

*the yearning shore wears all the books
we burned and half-buried
like the scattered flowers of a fake plastic lei*

*“Wish you were here,”
i say, leaving the
c@rds*

*with their whispered wailings
for the reaching tides to pick up,
trusting they will find you*

*setting off for here and now
for here and now*

i @m here

