

Love is a series of thoughts that entertain future loss. I practice diverse and likely ways of confronting bad news. Hero moments are the most romantic. I am often a man. Sometimes my sister is a man. We are both always women. And when the sun sits at flat noon, mothers.

We drew chains across the city to prevent escape. We hunted. Steadfastly murdered. Bodies banked the river. From your bed, dragged. From your body, blood. From your window, you. On, on. In my sleeve, the blade. Draw closer. Let me whisper to your shell. Remember how I hard entered and entertained you in Vienna? Draw more near that paunch-soft belly. Hyperbole has fallen from fashion. The hotbed of fanaticism remains.

“Complicating a literary tradition” is a pitiable creation story. The frayed fringe on the tapestry, the tarnish on the bascinet; marks of variation succour visions that there was once an else. I write on you to arrive you at your history. A scar is a gatehouse, a burn the barbican. A cut, deep, the keep.