

**All the
Beginnings
of
Everything**

I want to be the light at the very beginning,
when shadows steal away,
but still
remain in waiting.

I want to be the
dawn
of
man,
beneath the sun,
and
in the sand.

I want to be the
first taste of
blood,
first fire,
first ice-age,
and the
first
flood.

I want to be
Mother
of lunar eclipse,
of black holes
and comets.

End
of words
freed
from your lips.

Last kiss.

Final breath.

I want to be the dark at the very beginning,
when lights fade away,
but still
remain in waiting.

I want to be

All the
beginnings
of
everything.

Cold to the Bone

Lungs of disparities
breathe in
unison
gusts.

*I am
disproportionate,*

Speak my voices of
dissidence
in devilish
tongues.

I am the sick in my
own mouth of
madness, and

Cold to the
bone.

I am the moonfaced
ghoul that
lives
beneath
the firmament

And
above ground,
too—

Hell
won't even
host me.

Because I'm

disproportionate,

My many demon
voices
speak.

Red Paint and Beach Sand

I

In the kitchen,
my mother was dead with no religion.
She'd bumped her head,
and painted the floor.

Dead head,
red
linoleum.

Mama,
were your eyes closed or open?
Only
tabby cat knows.

II

Bloated
bag of bones,
spoiling
organs, and skin
leaking;

You
wasted
away for six nights
and
seven days.

III

Now you're drained and
taking space
in stainless
steel

chest of drawers.

You don't belong there.

You were our
lioness.
Goddamned alcoholic,
but lioness, nonetheless.

IV

It happened.

You've been made
into
ashes.

Furious furnace,
not
as furious as
me.

Pulverized bones
resemble precious
beach
sand in Tawas,
fittingly.

V

Pour your
bits into silver
vessel.

Hang you
'round our weeping necks.

A talisman.

VI

No one can hurt you now.
Not your mother
or your father.
Not corrupt Jehovah—
backhanded god,
cruel lesson maker.

VII

My mother is dead.
And it doesn't fucking
matter
whether
her eyes
were closed or open.

Those eyes
I'll never see again;
most brilliant
that beheld me the day I was born.

The ones
made dull when
she bumped her head,
and
painted the floor.