

#83

I want to sway around glowing green monitors,
dancing decay, thrusting
fetishes of dead mice towards the sky, chanting
for meteor showers, asteroids
housing the bodies of gods, frozen
inside their own nescience and sprawling love.

Everyone is a requiem for everything,
thoughts enslaved to eternal coffers, estranged origins,
divination through inflamed entrails, a hope
of stopping such irrelevant orbits.