

Jamie King

The Final Emitting Cloud of Gas

wetsoft sun  
stringing goats through milk

goats stringing sun  
into marmalade

a  
midheaven body  
slain in the cleft of exhaustion

we licked stars into bones  
no one  
watched me  
lay the sweet orange moon in deserts

dreaming of two goats  
sewing the sun's soft skull into  
a saddle, no one  
watched  
where water goes  
when it reins

## Neither on This Mountain

Let me be  
    hungry          it's how I am

human lambskin  
    because you are hooved

We trade sandals now that our fathers are dead

        I lick bark  
you chew paper  
        into blossoms

and there were only eyes          in the darkness  
        and the eyes were a separate void  
        like blood riding a vein

we were set in darkness  
        and a heartbeat came  
and came  
        again the void  
we this  
        trembling sam

        there were only votive vows  
and lamb forming lamb  
        I saw  
        the finite constellation  
in your numberless eyes

sometimes goats are born with six legs  
        sometimes chamomile  
                        splits its head

## First Light of Morning

All this hard harshness

hard like

upper tangent arc

slope shelf regretting its abyssal plain

harsh hard

in a neighboring curdle

so much hardness

little mouth says *NO*

and secretly

celibate hard

a bird biting

hard blood on hand dyed duvets

lifeblood like ridges, like *honeycanyon*

still young like ovulation and firm handshakes

hard tropes and hard harshness

like

shattering unbleached oranges

scattercells so hard

the gap between teeth is a prong

hard like gelatinous belly fronts

harsh like pomegranates

like Russian Dolls of Receiving

a beam cracks the sugartop

hard like carboard and larynx

there are so many different kinds of pill

hard at home

and *but it's Paul Newman!*

shirtless in a strawberry crate

harsh like icebox

like hard

for Antoinette Blue

early morning hard

peachface dead bird

barking hard

get up you sleepy

get get you sleepy hard

inhaling shadows

to soften the sun

## Second Born Moon

We don't use names anymore  
the moon is  
far away                      clouds come before it  
birthright makes rules  
fast like coyotes

we're all looking for water                      it leaves its bodies  
the moon  
   promising to return  
our wells

some waters are taller                      made of iron languages  
move continents  
   to feed birds

we don't name                      I forget  
who I'm with and why we're                      the moon  
is looking right at me  
and knows the song

Light Doesn't Mourn the Ridge

I am buried so many bodies  
    none more  
than I am

seasons downed  
    by the neck  
        I liquid  
dormant phantoms  
    into rudimentary wings

heavened ridge  
    dissolves imaginal  
black holy darkness

        victory!  
hallow from  
    deep molten swallow  
        what life is  
                    bound to binds of men

solvent mortal bag:

ATTENTION!

loose hanging cells  
    sinew a truss