

Josh Sterlin

Bone to Basics
(the earthly, remains)

We are unwrapped,
depositing our calcium
(in the river bank):
burial grounds
our hearts in our bones.

Laid out to rest
like clothes, unrobed
for ever-
 (unless the archaeologist
 unpeaces her together),
y forager now undisturbed by
its civilized heart.

Back to the land,
with no more movement,
Basically.

She likes it rough

She doesn't need to
buy all those products
to exfoliate her skin,
all she needs to do
is date a farmer.

Climax Species

I can smell your musk
partner, trail ing your
hide. La chasse for tail,
(quivering between your legs)
ends. Fur trapping.

Splattering brain
all over your face,
knees buckle, all-fours
fallen to the ground.

Eating you out
of your skin,
stretching it wear.
It's time for you to
meat your Maker:

Hunting
is a
wild game.

Shedding

Just like the rest
of the mammals
I leave my fur
everywhere.
I wonder if
they also find
some on their
tongues every time
they fuck.

God Head

To Jackie

The slow jams fade out as you disappear,
and in, resurfacing with you prostrate
wearing someone else's sweat.

They never warn you that
you can drown in your own body.

Going down on your knees is alter worship,
but here the god-head moans back.
The congregation may be seated,
this ain't no standing prayer.

I will always put my face
to the oldest, and holiest
city.