



Red Collins

Aphrodite

Whet that blade against my skin and peal me into a rose.
Those hairy white petals seep red at your feet,
The prettiest picture of me,
Until you look up, a bloody waterfall,
and the dragon who lurks beneath.
His cock sits quietly in the vessels of my heart.
He rapes me with sacred flame.
That slushing of juices between snapped valves
And throbbing of chambers, confused,
Will one day end in an explosion of organs
And deliver me from the ritual of pulse.

Helios

Peel oranges in your chariot,
Burst clouds and sober the sky.
I can see my bones in those constellations.
This vehicle of sorrows,
Churns with an ancient black phlegm.
I lick it off my fingers and toes,
Where the skin chafes bloody
And leaves tracks I cannot hide.
My guttural engine, revving, pornographic,
Cuts off at the sight of you.
What does it matter if I have tyres?
They are huge and cumbersome
And useless between the cracks.
Shoot me and they will burst,
Stab me and they will flop.
Finger me and that orgasm will split me
Like ice through a volcanic wound.
There are children who crawl through my vents,
Stowaways who shudder in portals of pulsing sound and premonition
As I rip through tarmac like an icebreaker
And flatten pedestrians with my hull.
The wheel is forked, electrifying to touch.
The Captain squeals into my metal tracts,
Where the rust gathers, eager to be scratched.
I cannot drive over your mountain,
It is covered in footprints
And those tiny night creatures
That take shelter in your armpit
While you piss over our waterfall
And pollute the natural state.
There is a pig in my trunk,
An angel in yours,
the floodlights affix you,
and the deer you have crossed.
Leave me in this ditch,
With the rustling bugs,
I have a match and a rock.

Athena

Crushed bones, broken nails, and sliced cuticles.
They lie across the curb.
Where have these fingers been?
In the brain,
Scooping out words like a cannibal.
'Fuck it.'
My hands are caught in the capillaries of creation
And I will never touch the curb.

Zeus

I swallowed a spider
And laughed at the tickle
of his death.
Little did I know,
He'd climb into my soul
And clog me with his web.

Medusa

See a humped spine
And the fairy who tiptoes those vertebrae,
Flicking my neurons like a harp.
But off with her head, off with her head!
She does nothing for mine.