

e a toles

altar reflections

father of my wounds
it was you that spurned my desire-
the stigmata was real, it tasted
of pomegranates.
the seeds stuck to the roof of my
mouth.
it took two days to get them
from between my teeth-
some of the altar boys still say
that they are there.
roots may be sprouting,
whatever it is that grows
from these seeds.
maybe i will have the resolve
to listen to those tales-
they could provide some sense
of soothing, some sort of calm.

wakeful

mornings are meant to be lonesome
listen
outside there are no birds
strange men wander through the garden
the film of your eggs
nearly translucent
oblong ideas meander
dripped in caffeine
an orgasms:
liminal embrace of an internal
clockwork god
multitudes of presence
spirit seeks after self

negro bodies, a spectacular sight

the black as a site of cultural affirmation
the black as sacrifice to the land
the black as a repeating memory of violence.
the earth soaks in our blood, this land
feeds off of us.

each dead black tells a story
the black as ungrateful
 (you weren't
 born a slave)

the black as proof
 (black on black
 crime,
 obviously they
 don't deserve
 to live)

the black as human sacrifice
 (see how they lay
 writhing
 crimson in the streets)

each dead black is a spectacle.
this land, our cannibalistic mother
this land watching, steely blue
eyes of Cronous-

 bullets like teeth
 in our
 backs

the black as a terror of the past
the black as an infinite burial ground
the black as an altar built of bones and bodies
 our blood,
 constantly flowing

three refrains of thoughts on losing faith

first speaker:

this morning, emaciated.

I have missed my lover,

she is only held

in archaic dreams.

second speaker:

i took the icons

down nearly six months

ago. now only two golden

eyes are watching.

third speaker:

focus

slips in and out

mental bastard

of a thought

all of these worlds

hues of blue