

Birth Complications

The man who really wanted to see
finally understood that he must sup blood,
sup it at the juncture of red jello and the semen lagoon.
Jello because he had experienced broken placenta,
had watched one who had just given birth nearly die.
Jello because of the quiver,
the hairline between being and stopping bleeding.

This meant that he had to visit the spiders,
study the fairyland where madam dipped her chopsticks into her lover dinner,
then stood up on all four back legs
and beckoned Bosch to restring the instruments,
for something new was starting up in hell:
the Bach in Cage, the ragtime in Powell, Nancarrow
releasing arpeggios between cathedral and cantina.

There were now tongs draped in the web, sparklers set out.
Timorous crickets were inching forward.
A cicada with a broken bow (its leg) began to twang
and to understand. As the blood piled out in rich
pedestalian lobes, the man who really wanted to see
was all ointment, a furry widower in a fake
beatific get-up, nosing into the hose of his lady.

What he tasted were cleats,
spiked heels strutting through the spider orders,
the nose of Odysseus, clipped by the Cyclops, planted as
our maiden voyage. There never was an immediate response,
no response, in fact, as long as any system was embraced.
Catholic rage sweeps down the nave wearing a tottering crown of maggots.
Christian anger redoubles by the ikonless porch.
In the DMZ, Purgatory was glimpsable, horrific dividend,
death cowed and sitting down for chess.

So it was nice to shift to a beach
with a terrier-faced whore, barking us on to a seaside grotto
where the honeyed mass could be lapped,
and the thighs of every other churn with the negation of the saints.
For the self is a dubious eraser glued to vanishing lead.
The well of the mother yields nothing, a nothing to be loved!
It yields and it yields, because—who are you?
You are not always even something!
Sometimes: grasshopper on crutches, before a den of festive ants,

each with a hardon bigger than both of your crutches!
Thus it is good
to sob hard against an antinomian window,
good
to sit in the plexus of snow, reading your own shriveled paps.