

C.L. KNIGHT

A Bell, My Breast, My Flesh

blessed with salt.

Sexton to the night-birds
and demons sleeping in uncertain shoals.

My fingers find my other hand,
stroke like one dark feather.
Skin, the cloth of illusion,
aria inside my palm resonating,
bright clutch, sweet fist — gathering power,
my flesh shall sing.

Flesh
that betrays
and shreds,
cloak that tears away,
that rents and billows in a terrible sea.

Single turn of my thumb and forefinger,
sound that splits an atom of twilight.

The mystery that flesh is bound,
yet free.