I Saw My Breath in the Air

Fertile moon
dripping of flesh and stone
you bloom, silent as a bullet hole
probed upon and conquered;
one-eyed woman
suspended in her own thin throat—
feeding moribund life, flattening divides,
men are drench in their own slobber,
you must swing and slur your own
fishing line. Lingering syringe.

Half-formed arrow, slighted arrow, arrow,
g'morning, moon arrow
opening and closing through the sky
like the tomb of Christ,
plucking indignation from your dress’s hem.
Are we not creatures gone awry?
You should not think well of him.
You should not stay out at night.

Moon of verisimilitude,
you are too good for the carnage
of his volcano office rooms.
After all, you exhale
and the temperature grows aquiline,
monotonous, freezing
rabbits in the clouds.
Abominable sunset

scooping the crane who bobs to your pulse,
Can't you slumber to his phantom blue?
Can't you find it in you to forgive him?
Swelling woman, deserted woman,
mother woman, woman mother, delighted mother,
dead woman, rising, sloped, hollow, emerging
Woman.