

From "I. Gods & Suicides"

FINGERPRINT

I am nothing but  
the empty net  
of human eyes.  
Who's to blame  
for this good fortune?  
Tonight fits inside  
a paper fold, inside  
a mouse ear as it  
quivers. Everything  
fed into the mouth  
flew away a million  
silver flecks headed  
home & gone.  
Tight rope  
pirouette,  
chasm in a  
grin. Could you  
follow it to its end?  
Could you hold it with  
the tenderness it holds  
you? The many fingers  
sliced from their grip  
make a lively scene  
springing on the floor.  
The word that ends  
this, is the one that  
began it, but no one  
knows what that is.

A tongue moves  
over helpless iron,  
like light curling  
in an ear. Mother  
of remaindered bones  
bubbling, I worship  
your fingerprint lifting  
like breath from glass.