

tacos are a flowering plant just south of here

by Bobbi Lurie

i offer myself to be swept clean of agony deserted and denounced
due to conspiracy late at night i ate taco shells from the cupboard
tacos are a flowering plant just south of here i admitted my part in
between mouthfuls of blood old photographs as images which won't
lift in this landscape which requires i swim in my earnest bathing
suit though how many changes necessitate a purchase shaken earth
so many girls waiting to be women lied to by their mothers about the
infinite distances as if a world of rivers and fruit stores filled with
insects not to mention the holes in my autobiography such fragile
sticks against the doorway like boys once were devouring an
innocence with equal innocence meaning myth is what the other half
listens to we are all headed to be forsaken by animal hearts a
mountain of poor attempts unredeemable once denounced cows pigs
sheep blood the perfume merchants cover that scent of putrid flesh
every handcuffed ended relationship drained of muscle and skin
such basic substances compose the human flesh hallucinating hunts
that resist the murder at dawn each sharpened blade splinters for
the pleasure of dying in bedrooms other than this one no one sleeps
in this panorama of open eyes bitter incandescence no one sleeps
mummified into the violent chill of biology i bristle as if serpents
waiting claw and caw of birds who glow like roses in artificial sight
to be frivolous in the taverns any flamenco dancer worth her weight
in weather dreams of damp earth connected to every glass of wine
like that rose grimaced between teeth let us not pretend protest all
you want

