

Prayer to the Shoulder Wound of Christ

On Sunday I get drunk & buy every book by René Crevel
That I can find on Amazon. This act of bourgeois shamanism
Is meant to help, even though I know that all our actions
Will eventually fade into a calm, clean, & moonish dark
With no images to speak of.

Still, the fear continues. When
I serve you a mouth in the dark, you don't even pretend to act
Surprised anymore, which stings. The mouth being, of course, our
Lord's, & the surprise being that of indomitable finitude peeking out over
The ledge.

Being drunk, I am not worried about overdraft fees
Or the fact that I haven't read a book in months; I am only worried
About the sufficiency of bisexuality, the lantern of flesh poised
In the seat of the soul, & the way pouring itself pours

in mid-breath

On occasion. In these moments, history becomes a lavishness
That brutality
Cannot afford. Or a slavishness. Or a woozing of the heart & mind.

When the broken leg is so broken that thought stops
At the emerging redded-white (& for me it does), or when the shoulder
Decouples (flesh from flesh, flesh from bone, bone from dark)
& forms a new, looser unity,

every second in me burns to ask

The Question:

How many universes have there been? How many
Have contained you? What are we to make of the sex at this impasse?
It would be wrong to limit ourselves

to one set of colors, but

That was never what the snow was asking us to do. It wanted,
Simply, a myth—one that we might buck the trend

& tell our children.