

Untitled

The night sky bears prints of departed thunder
While a man in a house struggles to put on a shoe
So he can go outside. His back is
Turned to his unclothed wife,
In whose throes he has just been.

Askew are the flames of the
Candles in the house,
And free are the rafters.
Outside, his soles are wet.
He finds the black iron heart
In the leaves, precious,
Nascent in the formulating dew.

He masturbates into a bush;
This process takes several minutes.
It makes him whole again.
The splendor of the spasm is lost on him,
Simple mingling clockwork.
The cock will announce the day
Many quiet hours from now.
There is a whole night to be burned
In afterglow, in small strides
Through this damp forest.

He takes them.
The vanilla grease of the spider's web
Startles him doubly awake.
She is snoring unconditionally.
The path is short
But there is much vegetation

And he only mostly knows the way.
There are six small stones
Chanting
In a circle off the center of the path.
They have not as of yet been prayed to.
A moth is sleeping who would be flitting
In better weather.
He is still tired.

Rotting bark conspires with aging rain
To create an aura that is nothing short
Of palpable.
He is drunk with the musk of midnight
and kicks one of the stones, by accident.
His heart is elsewhere.

Shaking a tattered image of himself
Is like wishing on a polaroid
Which can only be so permanent.
Somewhere a door shuts.
He whistles a tune
Inaudible to anyone.
It is an old American song about loss.
It occurs to no one that he is almost
Singing in the rain.