Avowal

I could never go back
to that madness of mold, that shell
of false motherhood, that
pestilential hold of his hand.
How like a fossilized bird he held me
in stone. Why bother

lacing wire through my lips
when he wanted his tongue within them? Always
that dogged dominance. Pan to—

the dangle of the dandelion’s neck.
The pursuit of Daphne
is written by the opposite sex as— love.

A hazard in a branch of mazzard.
Did you know most houseplants are toxic,
they consume toxins

from the air like housewives.
The crucifixion cross was crafted from dogwood
and here ours are in their shameless bloom.

What does it mean to wear a crown
of thorns? We grew together like shrubs on brick
the core of our fruit poisonous,

the flesh, with its promise of rot.
You were no Apollo,
no matter your mad persistence.

Now I sketch laurel trees in the margins.
I’ve forgotten how to give, I gave enough.
This pit of years, my vassal state.

That abomination in nature,
that creature with a stick, crouching
over my vessel, my feudatory hips.

Elbow into shoulder blade
a wasp flicking against the lobe of my ear.
Slip, slip, slip, we fell as
doves sucked out of the sky

“Avowal”
into the masticating mouth of the bull,
who spit out the feathers.

Watch me as I thread them
through the holes in my ears,
a reminder of the wreckage.

Such a felony this love.
That small perjury of vows, rinkle
festering in my mouth,

amongst the wild divinity of vowels.

"Avowal"