

Scorpio

It ticks in the rainfall
down the green leaves and litter
the soil's melting interstices
the rooting place of grubs and mold

It turns the dark space
back of my head, skittering
through woodwork and brush
rocking the hills underfoot

It nibbles into my tongue
transmitting through synaptic
micrometric delicacies
to pure white honeycomb

It burns the sulfurous
bowels of the world, seething, rich,
a liquid fire in the alembic
infumed with sublimated crystal