

Blood Swells My Gills

Blood swells my gills and I rejoice.
My throat is lined with scar tissue
but I have spat out all the points
I used to riffle the flowing with.
My ears grow legs to stand on snow
to catch the single sideband buzz
of unobstructed northwind breathing.
You know my name but cannot say it:
the camera cannot know as the eye knows
tape cannot hear the sound of the ear.
I speak from that circumpolar plexus
within you where everything listens.
Now look at this threshold before you:
a ram on the brow, a goat below,
brass sickles facing out the sides.
Will you slice this throat in the glass?
or tread its fuming halide gateway,
crystallize echo light for transmission —
michelangelian sculpted ice
Lohengrin's swan, how pretty, Alice
caught in Igluk's borealis mantle.
Iodine her open wound.
Flouric acid her glass eye.
Black widow up her leg.
Keep a sharp ear out. Step light.
The air is thin for melody.