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*Reptilia (or, how we looked for form)*

A Thesis submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the degree Master of  
Fine Arts

in

Writing

by

Hanna Jean Tawater

Committee in charge:

Ben Doller, Chair  
Rae Armantrout  
Anna Joy Springer  
Michael Trigilio

2014

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Chair

University of California, San Diego

2014

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This manuscript in full is currently being prepared for submission for publication of the material. Tawater, Hanna. The thesis author was the primary author of this material.

ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS

*Reptilia (or, how we looked for form)*

by

Hanna Jean Tawater

Master of Fine Arts in Writing

University of California, San Diego, 2014

Professor Ben Doller, Chair

*Reptilia (or, how we looked for form)* is a collection of poetry broken into two titular parts: “Reptilia” and “(or, how we looked for form)” – which are subsequently broken into two and five parts, respectively. While the two main chapters have independent motifs, this collection as a whole meditates on metaphysical, existential, and material philosophy; human nature, relationships, interspecies connections, and mythology; ecology, biology, and physics; as well as pop culture and the arts. It does this through use of language, metalanguage, research, and interdisciplinary juxtaposition. The ultimate goal of this text is to subtly map conscious and unconscious human existence.

# *Reptilia*



*Pt. 1*  
*cartography*

## **Typhlopidae**

start with this

its tiny tail coiling around the tip-most phalange  
bleeding toward the knuckle

it can flex, extend, circumduct its little tongue  
you have options

you have a slender scaled black prehensility  
you have nascent reptiles charred and writhing around each digit

massaging at the reflexes.

~

start a stretch

its tiny body, an ulnic tendon really, extending to recoil  
a vibration against receptors clustered  
responding to a whisper, a hot puff of breath, a flick of a forked tongue

slaver pooling down the divot between thumb and index

a small necrotic scaphoid fracturing the creases  
in the twist of phantom appendage  
once engaging in fine manipulation with the forelimb

but you were caught in the tryst between page and wrist

you have a backspace  
you have a bruised serpentine hollow

you have localized tenderness within the snuffbox

(I'm so sorry)

~

start again

try it this time with the lens stretched  
moving back and forth across the retina  
try it this time with the residue sloughed off  
skin too taut for gesticulation

you have options

## **Crotalinae**

Fingertips possess the highest concentration of receptors and thermoreceptors in the body, second only to genitals. Imagine gesturing with your genitals. Stroking the surface of parchment with a phallus, grasping a pen with a vulva. Imagine feeling blind through a room with cock or cunt. Imagine blind wormy fingertips dulled by comparison.

Some snakes can see heat, while we can only feel its vibration.

## Hydrophiinae

slither an undercurrent  
humped protrusions

unlabeled archipelago  
snaking through a pool

of spilt ink

on a map

joints breaking  
through opaque  
glassy surface somewhere

before the continental shift

ridges at the edges of the trench  
where blind worms feed on sulfide

pelagic layers of pressure  
overlapping nutrient  
rich bodies  
water like obsidian scales

one long muscle making  
letters in the sand

**Acrochordidae**

sailed a shore jotting  
every nook and inlet

once we saw a tree  
grasping an edge  
and blotted out  
by a drip

once we saw the perimeter  
and turned our sails back-  
ward brushing under  
belly to the hull

**Aniliidae**

Q: What do a geographer, a painter, and a technician have in common?

Q: Are we general or thematic?

~

Rattlesnake

Death Adder

Saw Scaled and Chain Vipers

Philippine Cobra

Tiger Snake

Black Mamba

Taipan and Fierce

Blue Krait

Eastern Brown

Belcher's Sea

~



a scale  
a bent back fang  
toward a throat

a vestigial nib  
etching a signature  
along a fjord

~

*cartography is reality  
remolded to speak spatial  
resonance  
in accordance with—*

**Elapidae**

start here

thirty feet wrapped around the critical period  
pressure against its pretty neck

stunted neuroplasticity  
stagnating skin hollowed out and crumpled  
mute and senseless  
more easily digested  
condensing wave to stasis

~

sit pretty in this aphasia while I finish  
the topographical map  
charted each fold  
shaded each crest  
added a rose pointing  
toward the temporal lobe  
where the venom bled panthalassic  
in one paralyzing perimeter

added embellishments along the border  
entrapment of a median nerve

it's only neuropathy and even numb fingers can still curl  
scratching along gridlines

~

have a head start

write each word you remember  
I'll pierce them with a vibration  
stick my little tongue into each one  
and lap at air

while I think of something better

to say

compose a map of metaphors  
for poisoned speech  
a red-faced cloud blowing curlicues from the upper  
corner into paper sails

~

snake around each finger  
knuckle to the fibers kneading  
threading belly to the current  
taut and torn  
until it's just a scrap  
forced into glass

**Anguidae**

match struck against  
faded parchment stained  
and spreading out in fingers  
through thread

curled along the edges  
and floating ashy  
scales into a north  
eastern wind  
pulling towards sand

once we could have turned  
sails back towards more  
even horizons

once we could have colored over  
mistakes in the design  
an exaggerated tree  
a forgotten mass becoming less  
pangaeaic drifting further  
further off the border

once we could contain  
a world on a piece of cloth

and burned away with the tiniest  
lick of a forked flame

**Xenopeltidae**

we washed in an island  
no names on our tongues  
licking at salt

we waited in the sun to catch  
a glimmer of movement  
the juices drying  
on our fingertips  
the scales thinning  
flaking like paper

*Pt. 2*  
*iconography*



**Ouroboros**

start now  
pigeonholed folding

in on itself

swallowing my own  
alchemy - acid  
dissolving tongue-tipped and cute  
cued, the tip, my tongue  
sensorium, a museum

peepholed and shedding  
into my own throat

skin that was always there  
skein on the surface

with the tail lazily dipped  
into netherworld, my mouth  
impregnated small  
gurgle in a pool  
burst and gaseous

*anima mundi*  
kundalini force  
*eternal return*  
my own mythologies

always only just this one:

**Nāgī**

cutting currents a signature  
essed down the Mekong  
holding that entire  
world-balanced on your snout  
hoard of scales in your belly  
you fireball breaking glass  
leaning against a wet roof  
top heavy and laying clutches  
in sand finned ribbon tracing waves  
grasped and plucked  
petal tied knotted  
enclosed around a rod  
iron pull fish-hooked  
and squirming dripped in white  
slipping from a dark slit  
eggs erupted against wood  
faded stains jaundice edging on  
a timeless pinup

**Nāga Vasuki**

thin string in the center  
of an inter-dimensional palm  
tugging up a tuft of primordial  
aluminum a trans-  
human topography churning  
in a cosmic ocean an opening  
at the bottom of a whirl  
pooling mercury G-  
forcing into form an elemental  
taking on light years in  
directional aging in  
the fifth sea

stretch an arm across one  
universal, ancient soup  
fat of the surface solidifying  
into circuitry, serpentine  
coiling blue around a throat  
full of diesel, a crude nectar  
dripping from the turning rod  
onto dry basalt

**Nāga Sesha**

pick and plant  
a green scab  
for you, father I  
still bleed minutes  
and eons  
nebulae dislodged  
from under a crooked  
platelet of an im-  
material cosmo  
snuggled in the hood  
of ticking, the corner of  
an impostured king  
cuddled in cold-  
blooded rhythm  
string vibrating  
under your belly  
a fourth dimension where  
I rouse bearded and older  
dividing into a left  
over pile of spacedust  
inching along your back  
comfortable hoping  
you don't recoil

### **Nāga Mucalinda**

1. a parasite in the crease where hood meets neck
2. a necking under a tree of snakes
3. a snaking seven times around my gut
4. a gutting of a three-eyed milk fish
5. a fishing smoke in my wet clutch
6. a clutching of coils around a thin tongue
7. a tonguing at the crease where neck meets fang

it rained seven days  
 but I was cocooned with a cobra  
 a head around each leg beneath a billowing  
 sheet sponging venom from parted  
 mouth unhinging at the jaw  
 swallowing it all bones and everything

we're still missing one thing

**Ningishzida**

just only one  
thirds man a cuff  
off the shoulder  
a staff in the belly of  
the bitch snake twining  
around the other two  
thirds god or goddess or  
therioceph forked  
in the tongue coughing  
keratin in the belly of  
the inner core sulfuric  
burp in the continuum  
or maybe we were reversed  
anthrocephs writhing below  
the neck bottled into  
furry quadrupedal grunts  
clawing a cloying mark against  
the good tree on a waterless  
river barge wrung  
on empty vessels bobbing  
up and under currents  
of static and hellfire

## Wadjet - Renenutet - Nehebkau

1.  
 double headed again, two sides on the same  
 plane how can we be dia-  
 metric splash of *dasein* on the wind  
 shield unfastened in the collision  
 two heads are better  
 than two arms, fierce and with  
 more bite a shudder in the after  
 taste, scaly arc over the under  
 worldmaking and redisunconcealed

2.  
 harvest breeds war with the Nile  
 making it swell and overflow  
 into more fertile soil ploughed  
 molded into mud walls  
 a crust on the outer husk  
 a cobra on the crown relaxed  
 limp slaughter by gaze

3.  
 king or woman  
 in childbirth two  
 ladies, a snake with feathers  
 string around a circle  
 semisphere with a gilded  
 crest for every name scales  
 and feathers are made of the same  
 things, you know, a gullet loose  
 enough to fit the sun  
 swallow coiled around a head  
 or shaft or arm of spiraling  
 light and radiation tiny explosions  
 cosmic lady of flame  
 soundless  
 I have et

but how can I mean  
 in this perpetual sameness  
 how can I mean when  
 snakes are birds

**The Coatls**  
**(Quetzalcoatl, Mixcoatl, Coatlicue)**

serpent and twin both  
 interlacing loop the continuum  
 vacuum swallowing whole  
 fucking planets, the harvest, star eater  
 plume of multicolored gasses  
 sprouting quill by quill by quill  
 down my neck of scales

1. feathered

my god of wind current wriggling  
 through light years turn in the middle  
 bending back towards venus embodiment  
 of sky sun fable my conquistador vision  
 of underworlds seeing strange  
 sails on horizon father of fertility  
 my morningstar snake heart in a beaked mask

2. cloud

war, always, and the hunt eating hearts  
 stars made out of proteins, aminos  
 smoke river taste, nuclear rich  
 harvest across ashes, dust, ancient light  
 all of this into one, father, with his bow  
 drawn behind a darker matter

3. mother of gods

my mother of war, again, always  
 always chasing up skirts of serpents  
 back inside the dense mass pushing out  
 stars moons everything a man  
 fully armed tossing the heads  
 upwards becoming satellites an orbit  
 tracing magnetic to the one who devours  
 everything a ball of feathers rupturing  
 on my belly swelling my chain of hearts falling  
 from my headless neck gushing hatchlings



## Hydra, Ophion, and the Gorgons

fucked an ocean wrapped seven times  
around a bird, an egg, a hatchling in sand  
hoisting heaven against time, father  
fighting minutes, fighting directionality  
women with tails morphing into doves  
blood so poisonous whole planets formed  
in the space between words between ions  
this madness growing two more in place  
each second dividing in half ad infinitum  
slowing the rhythm of flightless titans  
snakes always mouthing underworlds  
always incubating other gods' spawn  
constellated mythologies hanging in star clusters  
each severed line doubling chthonic or cosmic  
divided twice more now into stone, sea daughter,  
changing gold into serpents with too many  
heads to count so let's say just one  
set of vacant eyes turning eventual dust  
eventual neutrinos slowed to apathy  
sluggish and waiting for reaction, father waiting  
for catalyst, eruption, a shift in the geography

**Níðhöggr & Jörmungandr**

tucked in wing bringing  
the end of all gnawing  
at the roots of corpses the world  
tree sucking up carbon gnashing  
teeth on the last great expulsion  
malice and villain beasts rooting  
forth from a gnarled  
twisted thing with feathers

---

sea thread grasping  
its own tail on the other  
side of world tightening  
continuous coiling  
everything and all points  
in time across one back  
of the sea child keeping  
all minims strung together  
until the moment we rise  
from the ocean to poison  
the sky in half notes and acid  
single tone vibrating  
a hall of twisted spines  
endless ribs from which  
to choose a newer species

## Rainbow Serpent

I can't be  
the only one who's made  
this connecting patterns on the back  
the beast with a lazy leg  
dangling over the edge  
like we were in a fucking psytrance  
or something and the edge  
of the infinite reached *us*  
a common deity if creator  
arcing over one pool to  
another mirror over Charn  
a wood between worlds  
charred afterglowing portal everywhen  
magic mythologies prism  
in a dried dying capitol  
slow decay of colored glass  
uranic war waking ancient  
unstable gods bleeding between  
legs radioactive and ceremonial  
gassing race to arms  
stretching from either end  
blasting outwards fingertips  
dipping into alternate dimensions  
of the same fable I can't  
be the only one who's here, father,  
slowly decaying across spacetime

**Ayida & Damballah**

coiled seven-thousand times to keep from sinking  
cosmic trench down through otherside into sky  
and breath gushing blood into every ocean he took  
another snakewife tightening around continents un-  
til they split open newer mythologies other patterns  
on more twisted bellies more gaseous nebulae  
drifting into a newer symmetry - balance - father, I'm  
falling through her coiled so close falling past all  
thousands of lines stacked again and again and  
again you are sky, cosmos, creator and here is a  
newer ecology where even air is a snake womb  
star forming cocoon of ions charges attracting  
repelling pushing further from the other pole  
eating my own tail my own waste keeping every  
thing too heavy hovering in time in immaculate  
minutes until a newer goddess and with less  
burden it's so hard holding planets inside me  
it's so hard being the only one who's here  
hard being here only  
hard being  
who's here  
who is here

**Snake Dance**

striking electric through sacred  
static grounds passing side-  
winding currents from multi  
colored clouds a head  
with feathers protruding  
from a burrow, a metal  
tube shooting messages skyward  
coreward down through rock  
and ash a dance erupting  
middle of a different gorge  
the other side, the rhythm  
of time, circle swallowing  
its end eternally recurring a wave  
bouncing back  
and forth between rocks  
slipping into new skin  
taking two snakewives bearing  
serpentine children darting  
naked and shouting  
for rain for rain for rain

**Odette**

porte-bonhuer - small green  
lizard from an African palm  
it is to you, father, I owe emeralds

eyes in an asp twine around tiny  
hands Cleopatra in the Coliseum  
lady cobra dancing a round waist

an asp on the tongue licks at royalties  
feathers, jewels dripping from the neck  
the medusa rhythm worthy  
of blindness of execution  
– by venom least terrible  
ways to die, she said  
destitute with too many  
lovers in the bloodstream  
heavy and heavier

a handsome woman  
on stage with two  
asps around the arms  
stretching across the crowd  
eight feet into dark  
materializing a beat  
against an hour  
too late and everyone's  
gone a lone striking woman  
shimmying into skin

**Caduceus**

we're alchemic again  
changing snakes into women  
things with feathers two  
heads entwined around great wooden  
rod dipped mercurial  
pool non-sticking  
we're metals again  
shape-shifting crime  
fighting shepherds for  
the flock the flight  
of wingless birds  
on raw bellies breathing  
fire breathing war  
breathing starting over  
a roar across black pastures  
heralding a boy too close  
to the sun too green  
for planting too volatile  
to be molded only good  
for knowing when  
the weather will change

## The Ophites

1. the light was the serpent
2. the serpent was the intellect
3. the intellect was the woman
4. the woman was the serpent
5. the serpent was the light
6. the light was the woman
7. the woman was the water
8. the water was the chaos
9. the chaos was the darkness
10. the darkness was the serpent
11. the serpent was the woman
12. the woman was the abyss
13. the abyss was staring, thrusting, erupting  
 everything into the dialectic the dia-  
 logos of havoc and harvest the older  
 woman bleeding still always always  
 iron into soil washing vestigial feet  
 molten and cooling into a newer fable  
 limbless and circling a heavier mass  
 folding under pressure into one prismatic  
 diamond child only everything everything  
 in this rightnow everywhen I am  
 the black hole birthing backwards  
 piecing my paper shell tighter from  
 inside where gold we change into  
 a brighter alloy  
 a more malleable metal



## Ouroboros

start here  
 a slip inside  
 astride, a lick  
 a flicking astral  
 I am Mehen, father  
 uncoiled and without  
 feet, always always here  
 and been only  
 only mhn and mthr  
 only here is all reused  
 points - möbius  
 terra formed and looped  
 I am the *prima materia*  
 and here is now  
 always only just starting over:

This he finished off, making the surface smooth all around for many reasons; in the first place, because the living being had no need of eyes when there was nothing remaining outside him to be seen; nor of ears when there was nothing to be heard; and there was no surrounding atmosphere to be breathed; nor would there have been any use of organs by the help of which he might receive his food or get rid of what he had already digested, since there was nothing which went from him or came into him: for there was nothing beside him. Of design he was created thus, his own waste providing his own food, and all that he did or suffered taking place in and by himself.

-Plato, *Timaeus*



*(or, how we looked for form)*

**I.**

*Non-count nouns*  
*(or, how we began to breathe)*

“all configurations which have previously existed on this earth must yet meet, attract, repulse, kiss, and corrupt each other again”

things in time

[sugar  
[milk  
[honey

concrete bodies

flat    projection

epidermic space  
may indeed disperse  
(finite nitrates)

holographic discrete  
sequences

[we were polyatomic and soluble]

recursion of numbness  
hovering baubles  
bawdy isomorphous

lust]  
heat]  
hydrogen]

a morphism  
again

recurrence of  
the smallest  
particles  
splitting

dispersion  
atoms with determinate  
numbers

motley pock mark

stymied motionless  
equating protuberance on a line  
graphed direct path

long according  
eternal laws governing

we govern



the numbness  
of infinite projection

combinations  
eternal play

multifoliate  
repetition

[we governed skin]  
[meant skin]  
[skin-kissed]

we gaped  
and gasped]

recombinant gaps  
culminating the devolution  
synoptic amorphous uncoiling  
disordering taxonomical  
subversion disordered occurrence  
excerpts disorder the ions  
holographic static disruption  
erupting polarized repulsions  
disorder the order of  
sequence compounding proto noise  
typical combustions disjuncting  
the bonds

the space

propelling

between

synapses

and we do disperse  
like observed photons

## **II.**

*Particles*  
*(or, how we came to be)*

“the direction of time matters”

toes circle counter  
concentric in the carpet

(where the wine dripped)  
mostly symmetrical  
in time

clock backward  
ward on process in particle  
preserve funda-aspects space standard

asymmetry in time

[parallel and unequal  
arms draped  
across the partition]

entangled pairs of particles  
like legs  
filling in the final

missing  
detail

operations wherein  
 particles we swapped  
 processes

(swapped partners  
 they watched the wasping  
 wisping of her hips)

across the plane  
 without words)

predicted quantum occurrence  
 differently depending on

a single shared state  
 a single subatomic decay  
 correlate spin into

[our bodies' non-  
 locality]

definite value at any

sub-se-quent pen-du-lous stroke

order our everyday demonstrate  
definite direction

[but immeasurable  
immovable]

(older and more decrepit  
that time tragically dropped)

- second most massive unstable  
eruption of temporality
- third time directionality

arbitrarily  
forward

as the hand froze  
on her face  
tracing backward to the first...



...most massive occurrence  
of particles coming

together, grains of sand

(it was not chance  
that brought them  
to that shifting sea-side horizon)

best of our abilities  
 one of four funda-  
 mental forces

violates the symmetries

criss-crossing arms knees  
 folding beneath the paper weight  
 denoted with subscript  
 across a red blanket

refer the makeup  
 but in no particular way  
 decay these processes  
 already known to violate

(so they were prime  
 and patterned)

by virtue of their common origin

(and we commonly crawled  
 cobbled like cobwebs across  
 stained fibers drying into  
 semi-permanent subscripted skin)

...entanglement: measure of the spin  
state of one revealed  
outcome  
(measure of its partner)

each pair was entangled  
upon production  
on the paper plane  
fibers threading through  
adhesive

bonds  
ticking spherical

blots spreading around  
a white wrist

redshift

superfine a slow

precision tick

a (g) c (r) c (a) e (v) l (i) e (t) r (a) a (t) t (i) i (o) o (n) n<sup>-7</sup>

a superimposed difference

we can't tell anymore

redrift

standing close  
a large body  
(your large body)  
slows time  
to a fraction

a fraction slower

slow enough

enough to catch

different  
a location within  
a millimeter

something

you tiny world  
contained on a speck

a redspot flashing

in  
and  
out

of being  
on the radar

that's where you are  
will be  
always were  
a slow second

a dual wave inferred  
a downward force  
in an accelerated lift

gravity pulls me faster

manifest space  
time bending around numbers

you took on naught  
two naughts  
and more mass  
your masthead  
wrinkling through a

heavier  
a pinpoint  
positioned  
framed in  
ticking sand  
cemented  
you to travel  
a centimeter  
responding to something

other

a miniscule ripple in the fabric  
the sacred geometry  
of: s (t) p (i) a (m) c (e) e



complementary state  
 our complimentary weight  
 limbs coupling perpendicular  
 in the arrow's spin  
 thrusting trajectory  
 forward and backward  
 in time and space

(hands trace defiance  
 patterned linearity

freight decay)

all the particles processed  
 into one expanse of sand

anyways

all times enabling precision  
 measurement of the different  
 transition routes

the sacred semiotics  
 of: **pmhaetneormieanla**

(we chose to be there)

there is one chance  
this effect is not real

**III.**

*Come in under the shadow  
(or, how we sought to unsee)*

“we are unable to transmit through conscious neural interference”

eyelashes brush against morning  
fog rusted wafting  
a grass stained glimmer

[gleaned on the surface tension of your irises]

[you saw it first]

a silhouette, hominid on horizon  
a homonym hanging

honey-dripping

from your tongue

(when we found we had the same name)

and they said,

it's simply wrong to claim  
we gave up on space

we built things that are better  
sensibly we sent them

instead the golden age  
is still

letters sinking deeper  
in the sinew  
across the surface

they knew  
we had the same name

but later that night  
word was the will  
the wind and site of resistance  
the shadow of the red  
rock in the cosmic  
system of force

a warfarin heroine  
unconfined

so we left the space  
for better explorers

in ink we explored  
immovable objects  
linear fashioning

dwelling in project

psychotherapy was recommended  
to change  
the way we thought  
the way we saw

various bits stitched  
destruction  
atoms in the eave  
to ease  
depression

note the trees in trifecta  
places our hearts can't grieve

while the dirt is only temporary space

but what if your eyes won't  
see between the idea  
and reality he said  
you were my favorite moment



we worry the anatomy  
fretting biological dust

we awoke  
spoons in the sheets  
finding cupped in our curving  
heat and the pleasure

principle in reality  
fingers the outskirts  
faux silk on skin  
gratification deferred  
eternal return

we thought we knew this place

but

the name had changed  
and the room was smaller

we resigned

*amor fati*  
the patient etherized  
stationary in an  
oscillating universe  
inverse of the overt  
nodes to magnetic  
waves infrared  
liaison in the multiverse

but still

I find you here every night  
in the oxygen and the wrinkle

## IV.

*Re-trace the lines  
(or, how we learned to weep)*

“the cosmic dawn happened gradually”

we are in transition  
pace of change is such  
as such  
you are ill

pieces of driftwood  
striking higher risks of dying  
drying out in flares

dead river beds  
baring the bottom of our arteries  
split open and cauterized  
static spilling from space we filled in  
and rearranged the place the lines  
cut across like metal wire

entwined around our many arms

they were noticeable  
quicker to launch  
lingering underwater  
cephalopodic stellar-mass  
black holes feasting on matter

we were hungry  
and wanted more

a bigger burden of disease  
a broad-brush portrait of seven billion people  
sinking into large liquid  
seas absorbing acid  
into metal  
a detailed etching on  
expansions of morbidity

we whistled a new song while helping  
the predilection of a collective

breath on the passenger

side moisture streaking down  
the window in the collective fog  
of our digital heat and dampness

in the dark widow hauls  
waterlogged contents of the flood  
black garment mementos of her husband  
exaggerated, if not fabricated

(they disproved the demise  
we only have to wait while)

confrontations become commonplace  
nothing more than change

of ownership (we migrated)  
and left artificial states  
inconspicuous parts of rubble



they built houses in us

and sealed the skin

the scarification itched  
and flaked apart into leaves

detritus lives in a town ripped open

[I think they are naked  
they have no secrets]

(everyone saw)

and after the leveling  
they cleared the pass

the path of smaller rivers  
rending, refracting

gobs of energy  
ancient light  
the primordial cosmos  
and expansion of space-time

flowing like a hydro  
through the suburb

we've previously identified lakes  
remains liquid on the surface

on the ridges of the moon  
still-living animals are roasted  
tears stream from their eyes  
collected and used  
to treat disease  
in human

we observed for many hours  
building up enough light to spot

extremely faint

distant objects

(could you see it, though?)

there voices sound oddly familiar  
hidden from one another

it aroused my resonance  
within hours of incident

we ran the carbon river across titan

**V.**

*Vibrations*  
*(or, how we left the page)*

“you grabbed my hand and we fell into it –  
like a daydream, or a fever”

we peered through pits  
in our stomachs  
watching outward

hollows we cored  
ourselves and attempted

to fill with words which  
gradually seeped

back onto the paper

and we held hands  
when the flame extinguished  
(like that solves anything)

witnessed our own dissolution  
into vapors condensing

on windows

remember when I pixilated  
the particles, in dampness  
we inhale petals  
from an apple

I gave you volume



we muted stations and stasis

that state where we hurl ourselves forward

in time we take to trace  
each other's face and the frame  
that outlines this place  
in sonic currents

trembling against your skin

we stood watching  
back to the film when the buildings fell

I felled out the void  
where earthly lines  
push out

bowing backward  
hollering hornlike compositions

sound waves against stone

fingers loose  
we acquiesced  
to the gape in the space  
where time became ionic  
frozen in the column  
called our name  
hushed like dry leaves  
in an electric storm

after volumes of my work  
I whispered  
so you could only feel

my truths suddenly  
were only a leaf

but you

you were an ancient  
bloom