

dedicat ed to jack parsons love and paranoi

a

i.
 i banished with a magical sword,
 and it disappeared. his right arm was
 paralyzed for the rest of the night.

ii.
windstorm continued,
invoked twice
invoked twice.
i turned to him and said, "it is done."
the feeling of tension and unease continued for four days.
invoked twice.
a heavy windstorm.

iii.
my vessel must be perfect.
keep silence. there shall be ordeals.
invoke long, to music indicated.
(this i kept secret.)

iv.
a plate of food, unsalted.
showed signs of exhaustion.
he rested a while. i opened the door
and cursed him.
i am willing.
i succumbed to a black mood.

v.
i await you in the city of the pyramids.
for you nothing is more magical.
life, under all circumstances.







i'm thorns. i'm teeth jutting through rough of mouth.

"Animals are multicellular, the biological kingdom. Animals consume, breathe, grow from a bollow sphere && have complex interactions." it's autistic animal red. a heaving, breathing we trapped in a two empty space, the animal world is omnicellular drums is a dark-blood thing, the thing of my inside sits on the wall and peeks in through the moon'd windows, its tongue licks cracks into glass and does not break, its sound is nothing:

empty breath.

wet thorn tongues lap animal blood and scratch animal growls with deep plosive chatter of broken teeth, tongue licks, spit thorns into the mouth of the river and get dogs and horses and complex animal interactions in the dark.



bone language, bone heart on white paper with marker. the hope of ages past this one.

the freaks come out at night and stamp their happy magic into baby cradles.

warm milk. salt lick after horses. frogs and stars croaking outside shut windows.

changeling autistic will o' wisps. giddy flames in homeschool.

the dark is the dawn and it's coming, pen in hand. the heart bruises i got after were too soft and blue.

alone, i faced your dad's house.
your window waved with open palms
at the street and shed its screen
like the skin of an embarrassed orange:
in three soft pulls.

you saw sidewalk parades from a hole dug by a thumb into overripe fruit. i, a fly, fluttered as request. pull me in.

"the world out here is too made of meat," i say to the silence on your seedless bed.

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