

**Interlude III**  
Cassandra Troyan

why can't we shake  
these skin leashes  
dragging  
they cling behind.  
Keep traipsing around  
until they rip free or tangle indefinitely.  
Release only by proverbial crack  
and a beak sliver shrieks through.

*Look how we are born crucified resurrected all the same. This is our  
flesh now we made it so*

*cum to blood sweat ash.*

WE INITIATE THE DEATHLIGHT

When draft of a shadow arrives, make no motion as it snuffs  
itself out.

Dissipates to vanish into ourselves  
relies on eventually there must be drought:  
pools will drink themselves lapping  
up the dredges slurps of silt.

Until our gums crack  
peel to expose hardboiled jaws  
twigbone fingers compose woven nests  
cradling the last dusty sweetness  
of each other's bodies.

And now, there is nothing more.

### INTERLUDE III

I don't know the means for and/or which a day makes itself  
anymore.

Lost track on all the shuffled cluttered paths

my lady's train seeps so red.

Crinkled feet leaving tracks

though no one is swift enough to follow

to duplicate

to make counterfeit prints.

I've finished throwing bones to the jackals of fate

any traveled sinews meshed to the path

becomes the path.

Irreversible weight of this self-loaded task.

Hooves disappear tatter in sand

gulping up blood.

Will she ever feel swollen

under this hammer of heat?

Bloat in my belly

though her ribs still apparent.

Barometer of sunken flesh

wraps organ cage.

There will always linger a quiver as we repeat the affair  
again, and again. Rise up on our throne of blood call it  
CORPSE MOUNTAIN built from what intangibles  
uncertain.

Survival defeats boredom as the curious eye seeks lifeblood  
the desire to see ourselves in a distant floating apparition.

Such a stolid proposition

of where can those hunting

no longer be prey.

Perhaps our wrath

twists its back

sinks talons into our flank.

Maybe that is what pools

## HOSTIS

the fluid behind our lips  
sweet self-infliction.

We mix it  
overflow pours down our chests  
collects in canyons of flesh.

Snatched in the shimmering  
caught myself seeing me  
peered through to underwater umbrage  
rumbles distant pleasure  
in a mossy swamp depth.

Then suddenly, I collapse into  
focused longing.  
Her water flesh clings as  
rolling sheets of glass  
encases trunk of thigh  
then a wrapping fabric pulls

tight when I first lifted  
her onto my lap  
pulled up her hair. Lips to a  
flickering neck, contracting  
stream of bones pass  
underneath.

A slithering behemoth of want  
was born that night.

Initial desire floods back  
multiplied in flashing frames  
retroactive passion pours mammoth waves  
crests peak above our heads.  
Brine brimming in cavities  
lathered gag of sea  
paints its salt  
to greedy lips  
tide replacing breath.

### INTERLUDE III

So close to the end  
yet the body calls upon ancient tastes  
instinct of appetite heightened  
with the tongue of death swabbing  
our throats  
clears the way to opportunity,  
caught between a pulse or murmur.

#### LOOK HOW ALIVE WE ARE WHEN ALMOST DEAD

Tinge of a filthy taste whets mouths insatiable:

*"I must have it, I accept through all terms"*

she bleats, all of her cranked open  
to sea, sky, with conjoined hips.

Spread onto the trails of now and those strewn with bodies  
torn by fever. We've cut an ugly wicked path, savoring our

promise to make still more until stuffed up to gullets, choking  
victories of demise.

The liquids of life mingling, +/-  
conjoin opposing ends  
as all of us spurting forth  
the final entrails sputter  
dry to roll over in such  
luscious sludge  
deflated essence squeezed  
to leave us as sacks  
of skin side by side.

so empty and so full.