

Interlude III
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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.

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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.