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With A Gate, And A Tree, And No One Near

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WITH A GATE, AND A TREE, AND NO ONE NEAR

I'm that fervid unicorn, cut in your
profile from a broken mirror, hatched
like serpents from a cock's egg that Cyclops
kept in a cracked locket. I am your
cameo, incubating in crystal domes
annointed with age. You stole my horn,
strung it between your legs like an arrow
shot from a saggitary bow. It struck
grey mares in Tufts Motel where winos slump,
dead flowers on my altar, burn me
with their eyes glaring through my casket,
assured some love-sick prince will never
mount this mythical monster. Your spread wings
lift me through their village, bouncing my voice
against the sky of a sealed bubble
your harlot now wears like a trinket. She
fears me, and slips my ashes out from rings
of posies grown for children who have no lovers.
You ride off with your chain holding no one.
If God tells you your daughter
is safe in heaven, He is a liar.

ERRATUM

Stanza 3 on page 27 should read:

I watched you fighting
through layers of glass, blurred by steam,
and wanted to take you back
through that tattered bloody exit,
to where I could breathe for you,
where I could touch you again.
They put me back in bed and brought me flowers.