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## Cruel and Gentle Things

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Cruel and Gentle Things

When asking to know,  
you seek yourself  
against yourself  
a reptilian grace, a sunshine  
spectre of Siamese  
proportion prophesizing  
twin or more times per day

Carefully, I stand outside  
my quiver box; I stall  
within my security box:

All work, all bend  
for fodder our backs  
ticking at the self  
in predestined states  
of seizure the syllable  
on seizure's time-wound  
upkicking an uneven head—

Earthen envelopes  
of people fall like limbs  
asleep lightly crinkling  
a skin that settles  
hotly around our feet,  
those unholy linking hands

Holding, we bet the molten  
blue-eyed spastic rock  
relied upon, we stand each-  
to-each in iridescent flux,

tugging fitful stitches,  
cursing hard worship,  
forever glad to cut  
the faithful breeze  
beneath ourselves open