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Just under the sternum, where the unspeakable

Greg Glazner

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Greg Glazner

Just under the sternum, where the unspeakable

was sentenced, swarm of small stinging ants
high in the rib tree, furious surge
choked back, red-declarative at the throat-jamb,

where it couldn’t be spoken and needed
to be killed and couldn’t
be quenched, the inflamed places
at the end of wondering How
to be thrown, if from nothing,
at least toward somewhere,

    that strain

where it couldn’t be asked, where it’s replaced
if you name it—swallowed
down the theoretical hush, where the dendrites are
and the neurons fire—

    that burn

you can’t chart, can’t demonstrate, the unkillable in

where everything, willow neuron invisible
illness volume integral hungering freefall

just to exist has to flicker and sear
in an ether all thirst all heat all feel—