Cruel and Gentle Things

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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