

CARBON

I circle the site, and swing my head,
I am not so intelligent, so intuitive,
that I would know your bones from another's.

I yell to my mother that her hate for her
sister has as much use as a tumor
or a witch's finger.

How much more can be asked
of a body efficiently carbonized to the whites,
of a body efficiently battered by blue flame.

In the tradition of pharaohs, the body disintegrates,
and returns, maybe through evaporation,
to the intestines of the firmament.

The winking supernovae, and coruscating
nebula serving as lanterns outside of time
providing safe passage back to a space womb.

I dream that all of our bodies stand against
the ocean that does not part itself from night,
as we join your salt with the salt of the Atlantic.

I dream that as the clouds siphon water molecules
into gas that you rise with them. Or that hungry fish
eat your ashes, which end up in a labyrinth

of forever bellies, or you simply wash back to shore
and grind into the shoe patterns of others, then into their
carpets. Or perhaps blown back into my teeth.