

NUT : NYX : NOX : CHAOS : A SPEAKING SKY (I)

You must not presume that soundlessness is here.
Always remember that watching has a frequency.
How expectations may be ridiculous.
Chin up, my pretty grain of glass, my sliver,
there is capability in what you will never know.
It has a drawing force, that wraps in on itself.
In some perspectives you are a dime beneath
my bespeckled torso, a piece of shrapnel, in me
and of me : a cast off under my dark open flesh.
It wraps in so far it unfolds and becomes dispersed,
just by you squinting at me, trying to near me.
What do you mean when you ask if I care?
What do you mean when you call me the universe?
What do you mean when you gesture hopefully upwards,
with all knowingness in your voice when you say, heaven?
I am here to return you to disintegration. Give me time.
All of this tying up into a parcel, everything with metaphor.
The Scythians pointed to their gargantuan bowl and said
we are this many, this much, consider
that as I may or may not look back at you,
that across time—you may appear a bizarre corpse,
something that I cannot imagine came
from my own curling belly.