

descent... descending no matter what else is true  
what is true is that there are criminals  
down there with the monsters  
and all of them have muscular arms.  
                                  the longer things go on the more danger  
                                  these things acquire and accumulate  
                                  in the old cedar closets of taboo and criminality.  
what roots are hung from the cellar rafters.  
what animals are harvested.  
what things are contained in those bell shaped jars.  
what are those things in the far corner of the circular room.  
what is nailed on the door by the authorities.  
what incantations find their way to the altar.  
what staircase is used for apparitions moving from the cellar to the attic.  
what sacrifices are in the refrigerator.

I watch the birds that are lifted into flight from this place  
suddenly  
drama  
suddenly  
dream

I watch things that cannot go farther.  
the children who marry the shadows of their parents.  
analysts oiled for ritual wrestling.  
the big push of big names into small heads.  
night astronomy without sex.  
gods and goddesses without divorce court.  
sea turtles swimming in quantum waves.  
the sweaty amusement parks of fantasies.  
moon observers assisting in the division of meat.  
the solitary confinement of leashed souls.  
released spirits with impaired judgement.

alchemists with intestinal distress.  
trackers judging ballet dancers dancing on glass.  
orphaned children creating parents that will come back.  
placed stones without boundaries.  
sleeping in the presence of big hands on small knees.  
the women who can melt ice in winter.  
the men who stay too long with the herd.  
men not caring about the gown of stars on the feminine.  
another coffin of salt dried flesh  
hand tools in the fundamental evidence of time.  
the disappearance of what you expected to be.  
spirit traps and votive pits.  
the loosening blouse of nature germinating.  
lies coming back for more.  
stale pig knuckle sandwiches at the fair.  
escape velocities without innocence.  
bar broke old salts with the horrors telling stories for demon rum.  
the wreckage of nothingness.  
whatever is truth in the hands of party members  
whatever is in the open wounds.  
bankers whose daughters are temple prostitutes with monetary policies.  
the cat watching the rat with no intention of saving its soul.  
landowners with urges and expectations.  
screams coming from the bridal bedroom.  
disobedient stagehands at the opera of deviants.  
cabin drunk hunters off their medications.  
amusement parks with fixed games and unseemly sideshows.  
astrologers with day old newspapers.  
unclean discarded mattresses on the side streets of abandonment.  
orientation committees in the castle basements.  
baby snatchers dreaming of maternity wards.

erotic verb conjugations.  
stockyard breeding.  
salt licks.  
items of personal use used very personally.  
theater touching with the lights out.  
musk animals marking existence.  
all the things we do not want to be in the waiting room of dreams.

the descent.  
wf.h.  
2020