

sometimes there are difficulties in love... difficulties to the attached sentiments.  
how were you abused.  
how did you teach others abuse.  
when did you know you were not among the cured.  
how were you faithful to betrayal and its addicts.  
how did you create a sacred calendar from twisting snakes of nothingness.  
how did lies become less pain on the pillow.  
when did the protective charms on your necklace  
become dead spiritual helpers.  
when did false oaths become hymns.  
when did the animal begin to hunt the avenues with light.  
when was your mystery taken by someone else.  
was it

the movement into an elaborate scream.  
the small scream of no control.  
the movement of the choir leaving the special knowledge church.  
the choir swaying beneath clean robes.  
what you saw in a private library of illustrated books.  
what you saw believing no one could see you.  
the mounted horns of a matured forest beast.  
what you heard when you did not hear yourself in the echo.  
the voice out of hiding wounds.  
the wounds beneath the scars.  
prosecution in a secret court.  
a salted crime scene.  
what you could not otherwise feel.  
the only thing you could never feel.  
the only thing you would always want to feel.  
your small regrets about provincial war crimes.  
the center of a rorschach blot in the wrong hands.  
genetic policing policies of the other.

clumsy cartwheels leading purification processions.  
dense hospitalities floating in communal isolation tanks.  
handstands by the manger.  
handstands by the rock.  
handstands by the tree.  
handstands without hands by the zen river.  
the mouth everybody kissed.  
the denial you were ever there.  
the denial you peeked.  
the last bad breath of a bad season.  
the mother not allowing the father in the room of her children.  
the father who beat the mother.  
the father sealing up the womb when he was done.  
the mother who wanted her monster.  
the father who provided the mother and her monster the meal.  
instincts serving primitive dishes.  
oily films floating on the surface.  
layers of thick grease.  
the exhaustion of long service.  
exactly what you expected.  
the ways you did not expect it.  
the ways you enjoyed it.  
applied pressure.  
pressure released.  
premature suddenness.  
placental tissue with memory.  
nocturnal whirligigs whirling.  
windmill knights with broken lances.  
the working farms of disassociations.  
denominational retribution.  
spiritual devices seeking truth.  
spiritual devices seeking anything but the truth.

theocratic technology.  
mass panic gaining critical mass.  
the new growth boundary of slash and burn.  
hormonal panic with makeup.  
the meanest thing you could find.  
the weakest thing available.  
tusked men.  
beaded women.  
lunar boats.  
solar masks.  
institutionalized approaches.  
secret objects and backroom antique dealers.  
another scandal on sale in street language.  
day workers milling on the loading docks.  
seed stores in the great beyond.  
inadequacy asking for something then telling you to look away.  
spiritual monsters in gender suits.  
a charismatic binding laced up by servants.  
a ceremony of shaved heads.  
the delicate task of cathedrals and mosques when architecture ends.  
capitulated morals at the bottom of the tower.  
the war songs of demonic impulses.  
the wild nest of sensualists with soft skin.  
the working hand tools of slow suicides.  
nakedness staked out for the desert sun.  
regeneration.  
rebirth.  
resurrection.  
hairless and graven idolaters.  
unmotherly things in the belly of the mother.  
amphibians trying to form the word god.  
the lack of delicacy during conquest.

elaborate therapy with the full moon.  
the emotional responses of cannibals eating.  
accidental visions no one wants to hear.  
moonlight curses of unshared beds.  
monkey bones crushed by epistemology.  
trade goods in the forest with heathens.

well what was it...

not everything you can see.

what are you if you are ever released.

what are you if you are never released.

there are difficulties in love.

wf.h.

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