

all the stillborn dreams

in that field, that garden, that last, lonely, all-devouring cave
where all the slaughterhouses of the world turn to peace
where the unbearable torments of mortal existence melt into laughter
where the countless, unreachable, holy-grail pussies dissolve into tears
there, my killer, my lover, my ravenous, moaning own-self ghost
meet and slay me
cleave my forty trillion howling cells into the impossible stars of all creation
grind my sticky, animal, heart-life's blood into the unspeakable, terror-tinged,
longed-for void
and drop me dead among the skulls and corpses of every living thing that has ever
crawled this beloved, hurting, breaking Earth