

**Psalm 6:6**

and this is how a young boy finds manhood |  
at once constructed and crushed | into the body | on his back  
drunk cheek to burnt floor | ass wet on fire and lifted toward  
the sky

of the den | a circling of wax-wood laths | the circle of his face  
slopped shut | sodden | rugged scratch of skin | no sheath but  
slick  
not ghost but gone | and one thinks it is better like this | his  
mind tucked

in the black middle | his mouth muted in the liquid-smoke of  
his body  
so even if or when he comes or wakes | there won't be such  
proof of the un/doing  
beyond basement on hush | beyond the hip's record of bent |  
beyond nothing ever

happened | not the hand cupped down on his neck | not the  
half-dirty draws lobbed  
| not the throat snuffed | not the picture of one's mother on the  
wall watching | not the  
mother crying with her son crying | not the young paper flesh  
ripped | not the bed he's  
made to swim in