

**Addiction**

lies tangled in your gut  
like undone knitting,

smells strong as  
an undressed orange.

Walks over the  
undug pit of you.

It sweats under synthetics,  
under your inked-up rind,

a hearty germ,  
the stink of bones.

You were young and there  
was first after first.

Sometimes you were  
walking on the ground,

sometimes the Earth,  
everything running

around you: marching bands,  
town halls, rocket ships.

Then there was rage,  
a sudden fang thrill.

Then the afterward, duller  
than rage. Torqueless, no  
drama, no deathbed wisdom.  
And all these chances we have,  
minute after minute,  
to kill ourselves.

And all this language  
more dead than alive,  
drained of power, weak keys  
fitting weak locks all  
over town. News weak,  
sex, even death with  
its endless tubes,  
its metal hearts ticking  
straight through  
to underground.

So you took poison  
into the small house  
of you, lay it tangled  
in your gut like undone  
knitting, packed it into  
your bitter chest,

cackled it  
from your precious pen,

your rankle, your crank  
wisdom.