

The End of the Boy

Here, watch your excess
escape through every open
artifice—what a tangled, troublesome

form you always find yourself
in. Spill forward, let your body become
a cluster of mushrooms clinging

to decay, let yourself twist
and jumble, find your new body
running in different directions—

a rat king. Keep screeching, sweet
ribbonhead. You're designed to be
undoable, to chew through

your own safety net. Rummage
harder, keep searching for something
to help break your fall.