

Mineral Planet #32

In Chicago, nearing the end of the millennium / corridors of
statuary and cephalopods / biographies of luminescent fungi /

Ornate dinners among the Warhol wigs /

Our walls of tumbling floral wallpaper / our stairwell of yellow
night / mineral angels drawing roses on their pelvises / air
changing into light, breath into dissonance / the window blood-
ied from mistaken birds / the gray man finding his way below
us, into waiting basements / smelling of wind and sea spray /
leaving iron-gray hair in our coats /

Narcotic speeches at turquoise parties / funerals at the Gulf /
balmy ventures through the pines / moths enfolded in the wet
black garments / statues with underwater eyes /

Flecks of fire emerging from angel tongues /

Without foresight or design / into lacy black waves

Sun as cold as the moon /

Among these ashes and crepuscular tattoos /

Drifting into one another, intertwining and shredding out /
tableaux of rotting fruit dripping through numbed fingers /