

3.

I wake up Sylvia Plath and Virginia Woolf. Desert within and without,

changing

week

month

year

overnight.

astral bodies pass my body into others

I lose boundary of time,

lose my swimming gasp into our breath.

Our breath has nothing to do with wind on sand

Our desert is fraught with lightning storms.

We become semi-nocturnal in order to be with them:
Fulgurite.
Ancient Dragon.
Raw and alive, once.

In the unbearable glare of midday we crawl into a belly
cavern, a deep geologic, squamat-avian.

We feel at home in a ribcage.
Heart large, green-grown and
aqueous with time, plentiful in its
loneliness.

We put our hands to the beating surface, but soon we bury our head in it like a tick.

In this way
we drink our fill,
learn to measure passage of time by degree of death.

In this way, we worship what we don't understand.