

Ghost Bees, Sinai

you came
tumbling outwards across the bedsheets
across our mother's bruised, bloodroot thighs
while i gathered courage inside the omphalos,
too crooked and sorry to move

you came tumbling and i was sorry,
avoiding the knife and the guilt of a wound
you came tumbling and i was sorry
broke my first breath
on the shrub of a butcher's broom

and though we never meant
to chew off the lids of your eyes
Castor and Pollux, they spat jewels upon us
and raided the umbrial skies
and now we're forced to mend
the holes for the souls of the blind,
while we sat enamored
with jewels, spat and battered,
wet with the phlegm of divine

Tiresias, we are not to blame
one's your foe and one's your flame
and though the wetnurse cried, complained
of teeth marks on her fertile frame

you came tumbling and i was sorry
broke my first breath
on the shrub of a butcher's broom

indelicate
get over it!
tomorrow it's gone
it's all lost and forgotten
the shit of it
will make you sick
we'll laggle our tongues
as we beg for forgiveness

Tiresias, we are not to blame
you came tumbling and i was sorry
how did you know that her womb was all rotten?

one's your foe and one's your flame
you came tumbling and i was sorry
we'll crease all her corners and stuff her with cotton

and though the wetnurse cried, complained
you came tumbling and i was sorry
and babies make milk cries and cry when forgotten

of teeth marks on her fertile frame
you came tumbling and i was sorry
exposing the teeth to the gums that gnawed on 'em

you came tumbling and i was sorry
you came tumbling and i was sorry
you came tumbling and i was sorry
broke my first breath
on the shrub of a butcher's broom