

Diane Cluck, Dilapidalliance

when the woman struggles over the men
when she sweats and struggles over him
dilapidance
dilapidated dance
dilapidalliance
my neck is sore
i danced last night
you have a parallel pain
we rest simply
in the stone made
simply and in the words again
you are my altar of bone in the greenery
smoking with meat on the rack in the fire
smoking and offering up what remains
we rest simply in this domain
smoke spirals up from the charr
unnoticed from afar aspiring ash scatters
til' i can't tell what you are
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