

Tumult

Singer of knives,
seemingly happy in your circle of plumed dresses
a few scattered embers still fresh you burn,
sharp fragments of cartilage and wing badly disarranged
like bleeding stained windows you hurt.

Tumult, the brackets of red eyes break
into film fragments of rainmakers frantically dancing,
projected your eyes rollover and spill,
bloated waterways you bury,
withholding like steel vaults your eyes
guard like sentinels.

In the wake of burning lights,
alcohol, the music like mountain peaks
folding and reallocating inside the stomach
of dance clubs, you celebrate the marginal experience
of scarcity, recovery.

Singer of knives,
your cartilage badly torn, purple fibers,
from the dearth experiment of quiet shelter
I bring you the blue color of dreams.

Steel sparkles, grindstone, angry words no more.

Orchestra, music please.
Slowly, close,
warm.