

PARTHENOGENESIS

Laid in a single
bed reserved
for two pilot fish,
the line partheno-
genetically
mutates. Two lizards,
two bats. I think often
how I'll trim my
face. How my stick
legs thrust through
cold on hinges on way to
a haircut. Jaunty
the second I remembered
your name my lips
exploded a greedy cloud
and the bullet spun
through the shadows of
the night. Let me recapture
the morning I blue
flowered more than usually
cruel after coming, that's
a sign. The glass fractured
more than usual, a speck
worsting through mournful
diaphragms. I remember the
speck the mouth extinguished,

SHAUN PIETER

Clamp

and the constellated
storyboard drone of your
American, weepy
on its thistle. I cut
and sucked the milk like
a moth, batted my
obsolescent wings like cat
or owl eyes, a matrix
of disfiguration. Your waves
spat on the remorseless tidal wall.

My hobby is a flower horse-
flies happen to like. They sip
their nutritious reflections and
drunkenly avoid the shit
I capture outside the glass:
my hand on your hand,
my mask on your soul.
Carnations toll from your
eyes like bells I wither
to ring. You frighten, bird
in my heart, when I sing.