

xndh

DARK MATTER

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scalpel logic

i am kin to none
a husk for maladies
containing a purity
too terrible

an essential, severe left-over especially unmanageable

the pull
that bends horizons
until [...]
is imminent

scalpel logic, anastasis, sorrow beyond infinite

the red of winter

black-branched trees stand guard

unnerving

gnarly

claws
deep in the anger

the red of winter prowls

the streets i run

each breath explodes swallowing knives

each bleak window stares sees nothing

halos crackle

stabbing

white

bleeds into the tracks behind me

quiescent

down the skin of my spine closing around the vertebrae your hand has me twitching, throbbing, desperate to molt -

disturbing what
lies liquefied
itching to mature
in its cocoon deep within
the gray
folds

if i yield the reins
restraint
morphs into asphyxia, ecdysone
spikes,
Godiva into
the cauldron of morning¹
remiges like solar flares
strike,
cold
among the stars; colder still
in the arms of that good
night² --

 $[\]mathbf{1}$ "Godiva [...] into [...] the cauldron of morning", from 'Ariel' by Sylvia Plath

² "[Do not go gentle into] that good night", from 'Do not go gentle into that good night' by Dylan Thomas



