

No Reflection

Born Gold

dress up my bones
with your hungry stare
i cant tell your breath
from the sober air.

the heaves and the moans
of your ancient sighs
and black young devil's eyes,
dead model eyes.

never say a word
that doesn't sweat.
you told me.

did i pass through fire
to the smile that shows
the caverns of your skull
in the screen's dull glow

disaster and joy always nearby
and black young devil's eyes,
dead model eyes.

your spine's little chicken wing
a twisted gray wisp
you should hunch from each end
but a frame built in ash
isn't likely to bend.

your split little cloven hooves,
the desert's rolling corpse
and i'm still out of sorts.