

Cayman Tongue

Cave In

From a tree hang down carcasses
Branches have death suspended by rope

Open wounds offer blood to the dirt
Plant roots interpret this as a warm rain
See the bark celebrate, growing red
Leaves are now merging with mammal life forms

Drawn and dressed, unspeakable rituals
Growing red, suspended by empty face

Every mouth is filled
Our teeth cut, cayman jaw
Our teeth flood, cayman jaw
When the offering is blood