

# The Nothing

Lady Lamb

I am the empress  
My hair is pulled back  
And I am childlike  
And I am dying

Dark Eve bites Adam apple  
Licks red juices from chin dribble  
Purple plum and yellow night  
The Lord kickin' himself all the while  
Kickin' himself all the while

The perfume of pagans and angry angels  
The scent of her mouth somehow leaked into my winter layers  
Reeling, still reeling, cries outside the theater doors  
Rewinder breaks, remember those clementine oranges  
Chest roared hoarse (clementine oranges)  
Peeling ash off a Camel Light  
Smoke too many cigarettes in the back of the parking lot  
Never a word spoken unless from my lips first  
Reeling, still reeling from today:  
That hug we made long in the hallway  
Was I made animal?  
As if slept & awoke  
Having dreamt human form  
Became by morn  
What I was always  
Untamed  
With constant, steady urge to run

Hands hold ankles taut  
Soft while lips and tongue take  
Breath into lungs  
Held to hold fork firm to eat from purple street  
Rain fall and snow melts and everyday a baby doesn't make it  
King of owls perches in my chest  
I am child, I did not ask for this  
But everyday a baby opens eyes awake from purple street  
And the struck match burns at the point of strike  
Sharp cut to blue and then the light

Lip of a window, lip of a can, lip of a lover, sea lipped on the sand  
I'm a pale attempt at a full-limbed lion  
Were we a travesty?  
To love in the jungle of our hearts  
Tangled and pulsing  
Won't you tell me?  
We could be Adam and Eve again  
We could take our clothes off right here, right now, eat fruit into the night  
Oh we did not frolic like rabbits, we ran like hares chased by hounds Until  
we tripped and all was lost and our hides  
Oh, and our hides

And from the darkness erupts a sound loud as trumpets  
Hearts rise up in song to the surface  
I dare say, build your love big as skyscrapers  
I bowed in her essence and when I woke I found my face in my hands

Don't hold your dead dog in a carpet bag  
You will need your hands to clap  
And your arms to hug people when they're crying  
Sobs can be heard from the highest  
But don't look up, don't turn around  
It's unimportant  
But what grief it is  
To love someone as your own blood and watch them turn and walk away  
Too unhappy to cry  
This pain that decorates my chest, it is heavy as a piece of furniture That  
I must carry  
It challenges and weakens me and when I think, my spine might split  
The weight is lifted and I'll rest upon it  
And the beebuzz will not fail to seduce the flowers  
Thus reversing their existence, making mothers out of them  
I stand motherless and vertical amongst the others  
And there is something like a needle in our ears  
But we are not, we are not, we are not, we are not  
Fearful  
Fear-ful

I am the empress  
My hair is pulled back  
I am childlike  
And I am dying  
And my two options  
Are a boy who rides a horse and hunts purple buffalo  
Or a child who eats PB&J in an attic  
And still a fear of trusting anyone  
When the nothing is in my fingertips  
And when it empties out my heart