

[crēscere]

look like that
wrestling girl
on the screen

black bikini
love note at
a punchy age

was he urs
Vaiva? painted
in ur letters

pinching Belemnites
u be bird clawed
skinned-female

weighted wrong
in threes under
Friday moons

make it sorta
sweet with tickles
& tarred lips

say baby words
& [they'll] give
him planetoids

u birth
thunderscreams &
goat-legged shadows

crying murder lustily
like it was
a type of love

maybe it was kind
replacing mineral mammary
for orbital hush

méilè philosophised
into fossils through
one eye

[Weib]

it is that state of thirds
cut rough I
could only tell u
my age in full
sentences

out of water
r half prima materia
 prefixed fishgirls
 in pairs

of cradlesong
nonmuse
u were never
 written to
 talk

what did
u expect
be edible
ing

[they]

kept u
in trans
lation for lady
ears

out of water
[their] own
fault is
longhair wound
with mesh
 more a
 matter of
purple memory
washed-animal

Flosshilde u
live in
bubbled trills
fit for
theatre &
men with
wax

space enough
for incessant
regeneration renouncing
ashy counterparts
[they] read once
& replaced wisdom
for a wet domain