

Addled

the crevasse of my waterlogged ear

damaged sound mixes as a hexed voice spreads spreads

you bite into her/my scalp down to the gray

one mistake

she/I listened to you paid attention to

muddle heard heard

how life on a rock causes the sun to be low

how the stars are no longer seen

where everywhere they used to be

used to be

to just be to exist a living thing

look at the convulsions in the ocean steel-engines

there her/my breastbone snaps snaps rings

allowing my chambers to fill with blood crushes down

like compressed throats striking air litmus red

I stomach both lungs drowning in skin

stippled with dots short staggered line above lines

an old tattoo on my chin fading fading disappearing slowly
the period between two thuds thuds

two contractions one long delayed breath

four minutes short of a solar day

my windpipe constricted like a slender

stalk of rhubarb sharp tasting tight cords of time

a pungent rain silhouetted her/my

sharp bony cheeks before her/my kamiks

hit the ground patpatpatpat
bound by snow lilies and arctic hares

a winch reels in thought of tinkered eternity

and a whale losing her long-haired cheese clothed

piece of baleen floats smelled faintly floats
ashore on Crow Island

in the rock niches around those subtle

thoughts of dropping the star

and slicing the blubber
of the belly a gut rope of death

a hundred and two times over

a blow hole slicing down

to the distinct tale as sea nymphs

wait for the parka

death feels like his enormous

blue baleen jawbone

let me free to the krill and brine to

eat the mites

lice and sea spiders

she and I carry bird darts for the future stalk of okpik