

bone stretched identification

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this bone stretched identification
of constant game
suicides
like an old dealer of smiles
wishes
crying laughter from his stage
(I am praying as the politics of the soul)
yet darkest betrays me
an entertainer Christ
the voice of it scrapes my skin
dangling some continual validity
I swell
stuffings of a dream rip open to the wind
a destined handful capture of sky
registers how worn me here
where I want
and cast a savior's shadow bleak wall
till dream begin to come alive
mostly meadow covered feels
the mahogany wish
of an essential performance
crawling dawn a.m.