

Butcher

Filet my body
into thin, long strips,
And stick a slender rod along the length of each cut.
Then stake me into the dirt,
So that I may sway among the wildflowers and tallgrasses,
Feeling the wind on my exposed flesh,
Dropping my blood like seeds to take root.

Sink

I do not want to go to heaven.
I want to sink
into the ground.

Concrete only provides a spring,
Always pushing back.
A lover eternally rebuffing your embraces,
Sending you to the sky,
When all you yearn for is their solid earth.

I should be already dead.
Or prepared to be,
By standing on the soil.
My foot is surrounded, sunk.
Taken up warmly by blades of grass and moist dirt.

I want to spend my days standing
for so long,
That gravity slowly pulls me,
Each decade more bones and tendons go under.

My ankles do not twist on uneven curbs, but stay steady entombed with the fallen leaves.
My knees are not jarred by impact but padded by mud and moss.
Spread across each of
my shoulders are snakes and roots wrapped and hanging daintily like a temptress' robe.

When I go,
Do not put me in a box,
Assuming I am destined for the stars.
I want dirt in my nose,
And rocks in my ears.
I want no space
between me
And the bodies,
whose foot bones touch the top of my once hairy scalp.
With just their eyebrows peaking out,
Above the grass,
Like little earthworms.

Crawl off our face,
Be free.
Do not go up onto the sidewalk,
Even when rain pushes you up.

Die, my child.
But surrounded,
Wrapped up,
Embraced.

Natural Causes

As I stretch my hand out feeling the sharp prick of every blade of tall grass,
I desire for it to cut a gash with such depth that no clot can repair it,
With blood flowing out eternally,
Staining the green stalks the stark opposing hue of deep red.

Reaching out, I hope a tick crawls up my arm,
And tunnels itself so deep it reaches my blood stream,
and scratches from my veins all the way
until it lodges itself in my lungs.
In fact, fill up my lungs with blood sucking insects
so that there is no more room for air,
so constricting that there is no way to breathe in or out.

As I stare at the sun beating down on me at noon day, I wish the light penetrates my face,
Creating wrinkle lines so ubiquitous and deep,
That only my eyes stick out from my unrecognizable and deformed cheeks,
With markings like the tally of days,
so endless they are now indistinguishable from the walls.

I dream of the UV permeating into the depth of my skin,
so upsetting my cells that they reproduce without control or end.

I yearn to make contact with the blinding glare
of the center of our solar system, that is so intense on my retinas
that all they can muster is to burn into uselessness,
infinitely branded with the singed circle of the sun.

If granted one wish, it is to die
by the instrument of my choosing.
A method fitting the sentence.
One of eternal power, apparentness, and consequence.
Only one such cause exists.

Take Root

I have too many legs.

Hack them off,
Or rid me of them by any method you would like.
But, sit me down in the dirt,
Where decaying leaves, small rocks, and pointy sticks poke
up at my open wounds.

Leave me for 30 years,
One spring or 100 rainfalls is not enough.
There are too many wildflowers, too many traveling beetles, too many colors of lichen
to get to know.

I cannot be permitted to walk by,
Or stop just a short time,
Only to produce carnage
as I retreat.

Do not remove the vines as they become entangled with my hair,
Or separate out our roots,
Or scrape off the moss that grows on my back.

Leave me,
So that one day,
I will not need to dismember
myself.
I will be nothing
but here.