

to build you a cathedral like a deep sea diver  
i erect ribs  
    create breath  
        where bats may nest  
            a giant octopus holds the space  
                tentacles scaffold the void  
enigma arches  
from mineral cloth  
    coral pipes pulsate  
        pendulum swings  
            pelvis whistles:  
                this is the cycle/the cycle is this  
                    sound  
                liquefies  
            all

a woman charts a circle with her leg precisely before conceiving

    says i am ready  
        make me compass  
            make me a blueprint for when i die  
                pink folds restore horizon sun cracks a piercing tongue  
                    stars birthed in daytime  
                        sign up to shine under the sea, enlist in the abyss  
                            i land in her damp vessel, stretcher of starfish ligaments  
she rocks me and photons from the sea  
    planktons float in her stained glass  
                . . . . .  
                she is  
                    a well in the ocean basin  
                        a nave for dreams  
                            mother-faith-sediment  
  
                her keystone  
                    a sponge lodged in her plexus  
                        for the emptying of the filling mystery  
                            if i could kneel under water, what i would pray for  
  
                make me alluvium  
                    stitch my titles after your tendons  
                        Rock, Fossil, Broth-of-the-Earth.  
                            Colossal fish spine.

*arc-boutant le souffle/un poisson-volant/j'inspire la voûte/j'expire l'ossature/j'abdique les ailerons*

*je cherche un témoin/est-ce le soleil que je vois/j'appelle tes paumes en contrefort*

mini-flamingoes rise  
over and over and  
so so many  
sunsets on the  
same goddamn wick  
and so so much wishing  
in the melting logistics  
of a candle light  
prayer is a sunscreen  
paradox of the pregnant seahorse  
this planet a shell for mud mirrors  
soil for the motherless  
desolate proof  
this lie of  
enough  
is our grievance

take it to the solar flare paradise

a new circle twins the sun  
dances in  
the woman-vault

*sous l'eau  
respirer  
ton soleil*



to build you a cathedral like a deep sea diver, i erect ribs, create breath where bats may nest.  
a giant octopus holds space. tentacles scaffold the void. enigma arches from mineral cloth.  
coral pipes pulsate, pendulum swings, pelvis whistles: this is the cycle/the cycle is this.  
sound liquefies all.

a woman charts a circle with her leg precisely before conceiving.  
says i am ready, make me compass. make me a blueprint for when i die.  
pink folds restore horizon sun cracks a piercing tongue.  
stars birthed in daytime sign up to shine under the sea. enlist in the abyss.  
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