

in the dry Texas black
her succulent dreams
hold back dim
 subtle blood

 as mine drips
 down broken
 knuckles

 on the burning
 Virginia highway

the prehistoric beast
that lurks beneath
 my triangular blade

 smells our warm
 life and longs
 to feast upon

 the wreckage
 of our flesh—

deliver me into your arms
with a single word
and cease

the cesarean birthing
of the furious king,
its mouth lined
 with daggers

 mind filled
 with rage

 save me
 with a whisper