

night wind

wind whips hard against
the walls, her siren's nails
and dripping calls
scrape, ooze
erode, remove
the skin
revealing bone
and bile
some Cartesian smile
rent from a blood-laced
joke

her tiger stripes
white along the contours
of her undersized thighs
like a cracking smile
like spider-veins
in time, blue-broken
until a voice
splits the night
whipping walls again
returning calls again
removing flesh again

a red-warm doom taking
flight—align the world
against me
yet I will still alight