

here, the horses  
 on the pasture green yellow dust swirling  
 here horse on the ground  
 legs kicking copper insect

veins taught  
 and searching over the field  
 of vision  
 the thump of the beating heart the beating

there the man with the iron  
 erection in his red hands the freckles  
 churning on the hand backs  
 his bleached hair fractals here

heart the beating heart the  
 beating heart the beating  
 the pulse and squelch the siren  
 calling from the street yellow

the gun to horse eye and  
 then the blooming of the wet red  
 petals suspended  
 in the Montana sugar air 'round

<p>in the chapel of the          hollow egg new womb          spoiled blue where is          mother why the sky          peering down with legs          open bleeding why the          intensity of the white eye</p>
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street below and the mother's  
 face blossoming into a flower  
 of red and gray matter and  
 so many teeth

horse's dark head  
 and the rolling black eye the image  
 pivots and the blood hangs  
 like a cloud or air bubbles

as mother waits by bluest  
 window with hand on round belly  
 with navel protruding and the black snake  
 squirming out gold leaf corona

trapped in glass prism like those  
 bought at flea market  
 with the ghost of the Virgin Mary  
 and galloping horses inside

bursts 'round mother's head  
 and the church bells chime the longest hour  
 and the room is so dark but mother glows!  
 mother's naked skin glows

horse is like a hologram  
 and the blood is a hologram and  
 a glitch that the blood and the horse and the man  
 pixelate into black

fragments of mother's face dance in space  
 like shuttle shrapnel like petals  
 of a rose suspended in the dark quiet  
 the stars clanging and singing

blue and chartreuse and see  
 through stripes of fur and flesh  
 the bluest sky and violet  
 field swaying and dissolve

these angels of soft fire these angels  
 singing death songs to the empty room  
 the vacuum  
 He doesn't listen all is still all is

away are gone move on  
 across the field toward the swaying  
 tall grass susurrant of grass  
 sky humming like a hive

quiet He is tired leans head to rest on comet  
 tail hands molesting milky way curses the  
 angels waking  
 outside the window a bird chirps

the white edge of horizon  
 fluorescing and here in the belly  
 of this egg this warm red egg  
 with mother's heart beat

three times and does not exist  
 in the silence between