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

dust swirling
here horse on the ground
legs kicking copper insect

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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
tightness of the white eye

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

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

street below and the mother’s
face blossoming into a flower
of red and gray matter and
so many teeth

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

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

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

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

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

three times and does not exist
in the silence between