

## Eversion

“...what they call passion is not some emotional energy, just the friction between their souls and the outside world.”

from Andrei Tarkovsky's film *Stalker*

I want to be exiled from choice. The which-which-itch of my six-fingered soul. I want my passion to be singular. A molten sphere ballooning in light, my glassblowers' lips exhaling...

It used to be simpler: before babymania, that milk-sweet swell—kiss them, kiss them, cherub cuisine. I want to be exiled from miscellanea. Humdrum haven of home, hoovering me inside-out. I want to get out

of my open-flame mind, that synaptic sandpaper smelt—relationships rub us smooth, raw. Give me a dirt-footed baptism, house of rain, rucksack of storms. I want a message in the gravel. I'll scrawl one myself, soul-shaped, winged. Wind-smitten. Lift me frictionless, lift me out of my fountainhead, carry me

back to the ground. I want to fall fail fuck it all up, till there's nothing else I want.

## First Awakening

“In the animal’s undelivered speech was perhaps the burn-whiskered  
cross of Chimayo.  
The animal was the world; it was the world.”

Tim Lilburn, *Killsite*.

A net of sunlight snared the cave-mouth  
and we broke it like the dawn, shucking night’s ash.  
We were the mother’s knuckles cracking  
the husk of thought. We were the children  
of the earth’s stretching for itself, we were the world.

There was a pressure on our brows,  
a flattening of bone, squeezing of brawn  
into *brain*. Our tongues  
rolled new sounds across the plain, like stones,  
like boulders. And we broke it all apart.  
We tied the grasses, split rock with rock,  
speared the clouds, we stalked the voices in the wind

and wanted more. We wanted the world.  
And the rivers carried us  
on the backs of their ferocious whispers and the beasts  
were beasts. But we were something new.  
We devoured sun and mountain, roasted  
the hearts of the dead, gluttoned ourselves  
on threads of thought, and wrung our brows  
till we cleft our heads open at the crown

and inside, we found the world.  
And kept it for ourselves.