

Ymir

by James Knight

Ymir used to be a big nothing;
Now he's everything.

His hair is the grass, the trees, the reeds
His scalp is the desert
His skull is the empty vault of space
His brain is telecommunications
His skin is a reality made of matter and mirages
His forehead is the Ten Commandments
His eyebrows are lethargy and a thousand easy lies
His eyelashes are the meshes of love
His eyes are stars, supernovas, lightbulbs, fireworks, napalm,
nuclear war
His ears are the remains of imaginary animals
His nose is a sad farewell
His nostrils are wormholes to another dimension where the Bird
King reigns from his electric throne
His lips are a debate on the meaning of the word *jihad*
His teeth are Coca Cola
His tongue is mother of all languages
His cheeks are zoology
His chin is Mount Olympus
His neck is an execution at dawn
His spine is history
His nervous system is capitalism
His shoulders are art installations attempting controversy through
the juxtaposition of childhood and terrorism
His arms are escape routes to Hell
His hands are bird cages or prison cells or holding bays or rooms
without doors
His chest is archeology
His ribcage is the phantom city at dusk

His heart is time
His lungs are the four winds, weather, disaster
His abdomen is sentiment
His digestive system is a labyrinth of corridors and offices
His hips are cemeteries
His genitals are every whimsical thought anyone has ever had
His legs are mannequins staring murderously at passersby
His feet are flawed arguments
His blood is the sea of dreams.

The rest of Ymir remains uncatalogued
In boxes
In a basement
Under the ruins of a building
Forgotten by the story-tellers.

