

# tacos are a flowering plant just south of here

*by* Bobbi Lurie

i offer myself to be swept clean of agony deserted and denounced  
due to conspiracy late at night i ate taco shells from the cupboard  
tacos are a flowering plant just south of here i admitted my part in  
between mouthfuls of blood old photographs as images which won't  
lift in this landscape which requires i swim in my earnest bathing  
suit though how many changes necessitate a purchase shaken earth  
so many girls waiting to be women lied to by their mothers about the  
infinite distances as if a world of rivers and fruit stores filled with  
insects not to mention the holes in my autobiography such fragile  
sticks against the doorway like boys once were devouring an  
innocence with equal innocence meaning myth is what the other half  
listens to we are all headed to be forsaken by animal hearts a  
mountain of poor attempts unredeemable once denounced cows pigs  
sheep blood the perfume merchants cover that scent of putrid flesh  
every handcuffed ended relationship drained of muscle and skin  
such basic substances compose the human flesh hallucinating hunts  
that resist the murder at dawn each sharpened blade splinters for  
the pleasure of dying in bedrooms other than this one no one sleeps  
in this panorama of open eyes bitter incandescence no one sleeps  
mummified into the violent chill of biology i bristle as if serpents  
waiting claw and caw of birds who glow like roses in artificial sight  
to be frivolous in the taverns any flamenco dancer worth her weight  
in weather dreams of damp earth connected to every glass of wine  
like that rose grimaced between teeth let us not pretend protest all  
you want

