

Thick Rib of the Lamentation Animal

by Corey Zeller

To rub one part of *I* against another to create music.

This violin of oneself, this rough strum of *I*, arc of wing over thick rib. This masturbatory chirping like the meat of God clenched in your teeth, an apostrophe giving aloneness possession over the inarticulate, a bridge between chords.

Fugues of *I* divide into layers of sound.

Grass hums.

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Antenna of *I* bob like a TV set with legs smashing its machine head against a wall. TV is not lamentation. TVs are formulated by a principle of equal opportunity. *I* resemble them only in blankness. Their music siphons static for mimicry and brings filth back to the fly. *I* forms its own harping.

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I is the key of the thick rib.

Incessant collisions with *I*, always of *I*, *I* the eternal stranger. Do not deny it. Transcendence is the fallacy of music. Sing love. Love is a burglar in the house of *I*. Marriage is an exchange of voices in repetition, in echoes, in tonal dependence. Widowing is the gospel of *I* mourning itself. Death of *I* gives a quiet voice back to the multitudes. Lamentation burrows in the mouth of its widow.

There is nothing beyond what the thick rib says.

I

is never.

I is born below its own avalanche.

