

Dust Scars

by Jamie Grefe

A gurgle of sugar on bark-splotch or blips. A mess: blueprints, radar, or wrench. Lips swell neon blood. So much spit, the lunar tremors. Manipulated, blur flutter flicks. To lungs: choke on scraps of metal, lumber, nuclear. Stir the embers. She's a bone bath for crackle. The smell of woman-skin. A scrape slides roof, wall, past frame. We scuttle into damp corners. Pieces of you left sullen: lipstick on the sink, a pig, my gulp is a moan of fire. Time sags, all sliced. Dust scars teeth. The glow flits light in tones of translucent wire. There is no belt or healing. A landscape spreads before you, awash in luminous rivers of sludge. Stuck throat trembles in mouth. Love in space. Love split open: a rainbow of orgone, your pin pricked eyeballs skirting across nothing. Here is where tears melt.

