

# from Tsalnaveth

*by* Raymond Gibson

Anastomose my veins to  
yours so we may  
share

a dream pooled between us  
handfast  
this Tophet of systoles a complete fire  
the charred curled fetal  
and a vagitus  
there

nerves bristle like hairs on  
end no  
clothes for rending  
we must leave  
behind

here  
in this valley our numbers  
barbarisch  
after

