

*from Martha:*

We are living here like demented gods

the moon is a cloud  
the light is a feather

under a massive set of legs but  
over a flash of lightning

the narrow memory  
is snaking  
in and out of my cordlessness

little swells of burning  
on the desert  
are absorbed through my genitals  
then I realize the lightning was just

a thrashing fantasy of  
an old friend

I cannot tell Martha my vision  
she smells the spirit of death jumping out of the earth  
and she will want to harness it