

David Phillips

we're not in Kansas, anymore

I watched my grandfather die in his voice. hurry boy, “your light points to the sky”. he says it’s a figure, a luminescent metaphor for something else, but all you can see through is a pierced calcite skin, bloody ingrown nails and an incorrection. Adonai, Adonis, open my sword lips, then my mouth will praise you. the wild dogs cry out in the undulating skink night, “mother will never understand” why I had to leave tonight. Clancy got loose and ran through an alley with keef, kefir, with champagne on the nightstand, and four dozen roses I once destroyed. I’m up in the woods, now. it’s good in the dark, good in the dark, hoping, hoping and hoping. grind me up and scatter my ashes, Ba’al Hadad, I submit. I lie to you like a dog, like Shaitan or Kafir soft in your ear, and I can change. if it will make you fall in love easier I can change for you. I will be your umbilicalised hero. correct and repossess and play “sleeping satellite” with my scorn tucked in a mason jar, the one thing left. she only hears whispers, “I just think of him as a child” and I can bend and break when you want to snap me. cleanse me with hyssop and I won’t be clean. wash me and I will be blacker than coal. if my truth is wrong I want you to gouge it from me. use blunt, hoping, hoping and hoping. let me hear the sound of joy and gladness so that the bones you crushed can rejoice. it’s waiting there for you. maybe one day my skin will be stripped enough. one day I get to cry Kri’at Shema lying down. I get unbelief. one day I will be calx and cure, what’s inside will be me.