

IN AN ANIMAL IN AN ANIMAL

I was cursed to love the world forever
And especially now

Sweating it out, spitting it out, drinking it in
Before my heart becomes unbeatable

A friend who's not afraid of death
Says deathfear is used as the ultimate lever

To make people do almost anything.
I am afraid of death the way I'm hesitant

Before heroic psychotropic doses, forgetting
What feet are what names what faces are for

I like these forms though there must be
So much more in the universe

That in the afterlife I'll be like one of the mindblown
Who took so much acid they never came down

Hungover in the MRI tunnel I prepare myself
For this, or for losing my mind while living in it

Which to me sounds worse than death. I like my sanity
Too much, and this planet

And I said to my friend okay but
If dying is no problem, don't souls still need a livable

Place to come be fleshy. His premise being that the problem
Of dying is solved in returning, and he would know –

So I guess we'll all be tardigrades, jellyfish, echidnas
& billionaires, which sounds like a plan to me

This is the kind of knowing that got me a B-minus
In Philosophy of Religion class

Before I learned the ways of the academe
And shut up, or said it in a certain way

You know the way & then exhausted
Return myself from forcible forms & travel

Into my own mouth & labyrinthal
Guts, the multiheaded situation

Of me with no demands but that I be planet
To numerosity and receive their dews

Which let me live which let them
And we live

Out this vast body by the grace
Of subvisible evolving geniuses. I know about

Being a body from a body
Through a body because a body in a bigger

Body that needs to go on so I can be your
World, trashing

And filled with trash I didn't ask for
There is a toxin that just keeps travelling

The shrew of all moods is curiosity
I secrete in my guts when I'm shut in

By reason, which is somehow the auspice
For melting & burning the world

& this is why we have to be witches
Ending the empire that feeds on forgetting

To end. A theory afraid of plants
Songs, darkness, wind, water, dreams

& a caterpillar hanging on a thread
From her ass

Who all know
How to end

Not-dying is the apocalypse
Just ahead of being cooked

In wine

Curative for forgetting. When it ends

The world goes on

Transforming, generous in ends