

Two Texts

Katy Mongeau

Beyond the fire there will be locusts

water blooms again from the gown that covers the rips of my skin
persists in the eye i left hanging open. watching you
you are visible in the gorge, leaving her
i die of blood and i tell another succubus—
i'm in the near future, a hysteria,
fucking the one, its prey, covered with nausea,
serves me spit on a crystal plate
a curve of poison settled in the spoon
me convulsing, lust-fucking the mud
sun and consuming myself, dead fucking flower bud
tell them i'm lost, the end, an artifact. tell them hello
from down here puddle cradled
pushed against the whole of my master: the ground and all that goes with it
drunk then swallowed then drunk
a wraith and other misplaced objects i choke on

Two reliefs

I slept beside the birds on fire to steal a little of their essence. The horse on fire: I am persuaded by its mane. Taking turns biting off mouthfuls of black horsehair, I came and never asked for you again. Overwhelmed by a crusade of black feathers. Charred. I am sorry. I am slowly rising into trouble again. Normally I like to stay put underneath. I fell asleep with our innards like a long sentimental rope. The white pillar holding all of this up has a halo. You can be ruined but not empty. You can be a temple but not empty. You can be a ruin but not nothing, no.

I was ready to set the eye on fire—or anything—would walk away. Or anything. I will still set the eye on fire. I have been high and forgot that it's not okay. I have returned to the little teenage boy of my youth—the one I loved not the one I was. Because I never was. Shame, thief, whatever. I hardly care about anything other than the demise of everyone I've ever met. That's why I say serial killer, that's why I say pillage. That's why I light the match and stick it in your sawdust eye. Feel it. Do you still want me to come for you or what.

