

The Earthworm Speaks

pore to pore
We are net work

Nightcrawler
in fridge-night

Pay to open us to the sun

You move us away from the light

Until we are stunned,

splayed,

ammonia frozen under

the light above dissection table–

And look there is still dirt inside And more than dirt

*What would it mean to become part of you?
Mingle insides and have you,
ancient enigma, be my vehicle into the dirt?
How old is the surface//how far does time go back
in the deep?*

I can't remember
that fragment of our lineage

We are earth knitters,

hollowers,

the tubage of transmogrification

We are hermaphrodite

both and one,

and still in need of
another

Binary uncoiled strings

wiring together in shared mucus sheath,
in subterranean closeness

Coil of flexible rings
married to the earth
doing gut work
richly elastic-ly

If we
Press

ring

15 to 9 or 10 or 11

*How do you know when you have it right?
How can you feel a number,
or rather feel what is not a number?*

You press me into hook
It is now my seventh day underwater

You trap me make me into another trap

You are trapped

Little girls fishing with father-knowledge

One carries everything
Helps the one who cannot hook

You know I do not belong here
I am not as delicate as you,

I feel pain indelicately.

I will consume whatever matter comes before me

Bringers of air to this earth,
breathing through the skin

sieve as savior;

what falls through richer after the falling
after the separating
after the transit of organ labor the lessons of looseness

Smell the sweet air of another band beginning to darken

Teachers of slippage and knotting
The inner tubes of passion and passage—
The slime of aliveness everywhere churning

We are slippery and mudslicked,
amniotic,
cellular,
fresher than dew-blades

When we are done, with each others touch

We both leave
a
Golden brown egg

*Do you remember how you arrived here?
When did you awake and start swallowing dirt
with generosity and ferociousness?
How do you know they will make it,
to squeeze that band-dance like you?*

we wish them to

sleep through winter tiny lemon,
the size of a match head.

