

## *release*

the last day of January  
approaches like a roach; guard up,  
slipper in hand,  
fear no amount of showers  
can wash the unease away (I've  
said that before). wonder how long  
it'll take me  
not to think of enamel  
as knife blades  
out for blood and whatnot.  
it hasn't failed once since.

\*

dreamt of a tight shot of my mouth  
eating my aunt's *kebbé*,  
which would mean swallowing  
something she made by hand,  
which would mean forgiveness.  
that &  
a castle, where there was a princess,  
yes, with long aloe scented hair,  
volumetric light, chestnut-honey-grass,  
& I was in no rush to leave.

\*

the fever gets to me. all kinds of hairs  
dripping, sheets wet,  
forgotten cups in every corner  
—when you threw that shoe in the air  
laughing it made me sick & you  
sleep tonight having no idea why.  
head down  
I focus on my feet.

\*

the page wishes it were empty

but it can't be. shame

lurks. I think of

the word *enough* & the room

reels. on the 1st of March

no more teeth,

no more steel, no more

traces. virgin skin. just me.

it is a beautiful thing

to dream of child killers.

it is a beautiful thing not to eat meat

for the rest of your life.