

BLOOD MOUNTAIN

a mountain of skulls
with no sand of body
the whites of our eyes
we cannot decry
we cannot ally
we cannot align the unalignable
the skill and thrill of ritual
of the modern ancient pile
both light and dark are our ark
the tune of the iris
is in our hands
to do as we foul ourselves
dribble the potatoes and gravy
from your mouth like a moth
as you will. The last expression
of life's release after a century
of police the prison of this life
will not change the odor
that rises from the swamp of petroglyphs
chiseled by modern ads mad TV
as your congressed heart's fitful deliveries
of the savage totem we each display
and war against other totems.
Nothing washes the blood that floods
the abyss we've sacrificed into
that washes us as we are the beings who
in our profoundest moments could embrace

the late date and mottled gates
and stalk up to touch the sky
through the agonies of our ecstasies.