

SEAN KILPATRICK

The All Encompassed Drowned

Her bible-long fuck rolled on pelts unmade, skin of an Uzi, sockets like a queen, smell underground of men balled in fertilizer, husband to the till, snow bit land curling. She got fragged in her garbage. A bowtie slit so askance as to backward ambulate time through calendars once new. Combed into her own puddle, stomped to blood, heaped in our eyes like a sequin prayer. We put our arms up her like a carpet of scream tread stinky we walk, a little witness chewing mud below the dress hugged somewhat born. What hammy doings. We sit on her stomach until feathers cough. Craters of son dangle forth, the bark-textured mound passing wind, salad in the kweef. Another spools her clam with fiddle string. We flute the gun, slapping river next to us jealous with flow. We slit her body to tell time, squat and gulp, her tumbling bald by the fistful. Body trafficked soft, she is nearly loved, nearly welcomed alive. Her gullet cartilage cracks words, beaming symbol for squirrels, the rape sample good, thinking as we come, mother of chickens purr, growing fungal in the smell, fishy with the carcass, day's done, making of her a poor imitation of the lesser statements our parents said. Computed bowels thrust home, I machine gun holes already there, popped fat and changing posture, the leak fucked sunset high. The meat is getting into a rare compost of god. Later the face as it burns squeals from beneath a liquid so sharp to the tongue a filter on how we see becomes.