

## Feast

You have just  
sucked love, o love, eaten

(Why do you ask them)

the art of the one you loved  
so deftly.

(to heavy-lift)

Taken between palatal arch and tongue  
salted featherlight flesh.

(for you?)

We fine things had fine wings, we fine  
breeding birds—tumbling molten sing

(There's something hard-wired)

hers, we fine bleeding creatures—just, eaten  
so deftly.

(to fail.)

We are your love-embrace, tuned to  
the tangible muscle in the stomach-fold.

(Perhaps your hands are)

Tangibly lull me, gull me, love—o heart  
here is your platter of heart.

(viscera?)

Love—just, survived, o eaten  
deft heart-blood, heart, blood, muscle, mud

*(I'm not that nice<sup>1</sup>—nice is a*

molted. We find the guttural tendon  
encased in blue breeze—how it stares

(shit word.)

up at us—the one we have known. The soft  
touch of the slight shoulder. The cells

(Cut your own steak.)

bore—tusked to life with insistent  
thrust. Still try to instruct—we

(Eat your own heart)

carried up, lofty.

(out.)

(Stop begging your lovers)

Tell me—one, who has  
eaten your own  
blood, do you tumble with  
molten wings, as well?<sup>2</sup>

(to be kind to you.)

<sup>1</sup> MGMT, "When You Die" Little Dark Age (Columbia, 2017).

<sup>2</sup> After Gudrun's tale in The Volsunga Saga