Catherine Wagner

My What to Replace My

Stand on the concrete sit on the grass.
Whose.
In the name of God and country
give up your name.

In God and country
given up and given.

The hoard of flowers
opened in his side
burrow in
the maculate room
a quiet gigantic fucking

I was eating his side who made me

I burrowed in to invent him further
more and further in
grammatically to please him
in my pleasing dress Damn it

Bled irregularly
and late from the stem
banish it and damned if it's not on the bed

fasten inside the soft boated blood
a tiny carcass veined all round and eyed
absorption and the dissolute conception
a little self and is not what I am

What demon come to stick her eyes on you

That was my portion God was all of it
who took it me
Abandoned me, flouting in the wood
My hands are up my hands are good
and branching

sun yellows yellows yells in the gray twigs

I'm not in there
I saw it from out here
I wrote it from later
leaned on a wood thing
greedy as a punch
to make it go like mine
desk, this book who are all of you
willow burst in fur
the prairie burnt
burnt willow burst out in tiny animals
she all flowers
hussy practice all my
hurray to my governing my or

There Was a Place in the Brain, a Red Knot

My tiny babycrat
Loose in a pool and dying
My tiny cat
Is hanged up and a-dying
My little bracelet
Bangs on the page
My proud babycrat
Smut-faced in her rage
Go away little dogface
Go away little phage
I'm driving up to Providence
Investigate the gauge
My speed is like I pass 'em all
I don't pass anyone
Singing hard I give 'em hell
I sing 'em down the drain
Delver, light a match to flare the stink  
and tell me why you are so bad.  
Are you the scourge of God?

The author has bad thoughts not me.

Delver, what is sexual?

Sexual is the secret and uncontained.

Why am I happy?

Everyone is nice to you.

Delver, I have no more questions. What is wrong?

You aren’t sick, you are rotting

YYYYYYYYYYYYY You dug in a wrinkle and found hair  
The red knot dug out with a shovel  
rooted deep
It wasn't the id it was what they wanted me to do.
The mass grave morphs into uranium I have millions!

ÝÝ Whistle through the caverns and steeples, the school and the bright columnar people people gone.

I walk left and abort my future.
Turn right and pow a new world.
The past flew up my crotch and infested my brain.
I birthed a big one.
America: a prophecy.

        Delver: we still are.