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

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.