

Ignant

I have removed the route of naiveté, no *or*
to be found. I have a mouth the width of
an operating room sterile and firsthand
where I might find myself brought back
to life nullifying the truces of devotion.

That being said, I bargain with no man.
My thinking is if I am indeed star-slow
then there is no need to say goodbye.
If I am indeed a messenger contracted by
a holy trinity, then there will always be

a door cracked open and creaking aloud
so that I know where to turn my attention.
It is said that the earliest known name for
this practice was instead operating *theater*.
And alas, this is why some laugh, mocking

my intonations. Stretching and prodding
me until I am asleep and appropriate.
They want in and so I cauterize my lingo.
They want me to spin my words the right
way and so they brought their own gloves

made of vinyl among other things that I used
to soothe interpretation. They want to call me
son and before I can respond mid-aurora
they call the darkness my first name as if to
intimidate me. As if I gave them that option.