

Aus Seinem Herzen Keine Mordergrube Machen

(don't make a murderer's hiding place out of your heart)

how abhorrent is this vault, your hideout
of enflamed atria & ventricles—only this,
the human heart in conflict, at war with itself,
is worth watching:

*flames, how they
lick up crossbeams of the body*

before I took up a torch
& set everything alight,
I envied you in your laziness.
your only effort
was in knocking ripe pears from the tree
with your cock & offering them
to milk-faced girls too stupid to see
where the fruits had been.

though it is true enough
most lies are told with words,
it is also true that your lies
were fashioned out of silence & fruit pips.

you entombed yourself
in a fallout shelter of your own flesh,
seated on a throne of overripe pears
& you asked me to stoke the fire:

it's no wonder
you didn't notice me take your dagger
from its place on the mantle—why would you? —
there was no reason to question
whether what I held in my hand was a weapon
or a bit of kindling

& so this is how we will burn together,

the syrupy taste of fermenting pears
licking the pink swath of my tongue
& your own blade yawning to the hilt
in the meat of your back

our lips, like fruta pulp,
bloody wet & disbelieving
the cruel intentions of my hands—
how they should have offered up an apple,
instead of a curse.
how sweet you make damnation taste.

*I wonder how it is, then,
that we made a murderer's hiding place
out of your heart*