

Carrion Comfort

1

wrenching from the middle, going outward,
tearing from the centre, not expanding,
but leaving the centre empty, just leaving it
empty, just leaving it, leaving him, leaving
it empty

and there's such a thin skin left
around now, such a molecule of thickness slick
around the nothing nature can't do anything
about because it's not there, because there
isn't a middle, because just not there and you
can't take a hole away, you can't take it

not
ending it. anyway, there's a bit somewhere on
the surface (it's all, of course, surface) that
firmly believes, he firmly believes that it
may get better, he firmly denies that it will
get better, it can't keep from bursting, it
keeps from bursting, it doesn't burst, he

he
darks; he finds darkness inside, and even that's
translation, even just such a fine void.
anyway, too late

2

there was a quickening elevation, one bell, then
three, kneeling, empty, but he firmly believes
trans-
itions from this journey to a longer or damper
changing, and the inside shows through his eyes;
his mouth he keeps shut, but the eyes aren't
deep, but not even depth applies, only the rims
and then

she crosses to the window, and in between
the double panes of glass a fluid drives up and
down, the view seen now through clear glass, now
through a(n almost membranous) red liquid that
shifts with thermal-chivvied shapes and bubbles,
now not seen at all because she's closed his eyes;
it's a hinged pain he holds now, just fluttering,
opening

flies, and falls, and tried to flutter
weakly up again

teeth clamped

