

Snuff

Doug Sanders

i/

Night shifts its margins
to the thick of plot.

Either sun-birds interpret
harm or hum-drum is coming.

I rehearse this masque
every day and cannot get it
right. It's not my body
but the others' being stretched
like a chord from tree
to ken and back again.

The night plays its blank
reels. The dark performs
calculations over my head.

Digits repeat as fingers
lifted one by one
from the small of the back.

The room, that unit
no longer exists.

The cubit, as my arm desires.
A boiled stone peaks
my street, moon frozen
scar to the sky. Also

the stars, the fixed
presentation. Once the night
picks your locks
you think of nothing else.

ii/

What sets me off
from the sprawl of guests
confessing here? They're stripping
down, thinking no one can see
them now, hooked bones
rattling their cubes for more.
Hand over fist, my harder days
scrape up the vocal cords

but the arpeggio can't compete
with the rousing round of "point
him out" going down, the pre-
screened, the one I should really try.
The fact of our sex spreads before
the platitudes exchange. Ribands
of gossip from vulgar mouths.

We should probably fuck right here
on the rug, but hear how he talks
his body reminds me of puppets
of the crooked bones that pair
and part and lay each other
down to creak. Aubades fill their heads.

I think, again, I will slide back
into myself. There is a night
that can't be seen. Morning
cleans the spill.