

Crossroads

Dana Curtis

This is the last time
we'll walk in the ghost, the only
incident to curb
the appetite. *So* is
the morning wail: *so*,
so. Glisten this
gray river awash in
metal. The chameleon, bright
red, terribly
visible—we'll boil
it in coriander

 This is the excuse,
reasonable consumption,
cast-iron blackening sun.
A fetish drags itself
through skin. And then the
two-headed snake on the path
writhing onward to
the place where we are
split like facts.

Entropy

Dana Curtis

I wanted to tell her
a fairy tale: no end
in sight, out of mind.
But it was me,
wasn't it? I am
an invention. I wanted to tell
someone about the glass
coffin with hair waiting
for a necrophiliac
to delight it,
catalogue it, unhinge the cells. I am
an infection. The woods were never
an escape, but I escaped,
trapped in roots and mushrooms.
There was never any her, not
here, no longer, a little
longer before the film
of scum eats the pool.
Tell me a story: no knots,
a shipwreck maybe, a tragedy
without end, or
an end less.