

Excrescence

Lara Glenum

O his creamy jets
of
dime-store hypnosis
are
luscious and spoiling
with a sweet poison that I slather on my
neural interstices,
while
he drags his pink tongue over my salt-caked spine. And o!
his sparkling
cotillion of zeniths &
fake rabbit skins! O his wicked
isotopes!
O his product-line of meaty heaving in snowpiles!

Meanwhile, his ribs burst open
to reveal
a golden button/icicle
which I
press/eat until my pleasure-domes
cave in
(And I,
in a crystalline fervor, silver strings of saliva
trailing
from my lips, kneel down, while a diamond axe tumbles out of the heavens
to chop off
my head.)
And electronic birds
sing
all grizzly and parsimonious and the tight buds explode like ammunition
in the creamy air.

And then . . . And then!

Funereal Landscape in Minerals

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In this necropolis,
I am Queen.

On the long, black-and-white tiled piazza, the shrieking statues
tick out
the dull centuries. (In this kingdom of
mineral half-breeds—
the zinc seahorses, the pig-iron clouds—all nod to me.) Each noon,
the quartzite surf
thuds into
the blind cove. For leagues around me, nothing else
moves. Only the blindfolded castrato,
my sole
companion, sings to me
in shrill mimicry
of the wind. On the horizon, the real wind
halts, afraid.

On a craggy cliff face,
I sleep standing
in my robe of glass. Starless nights, I dream I am fleeing,
stepping out
onto the museum of the sea, among the obsidian dolphins, frozen
mid-leap, the anemones
littering the mica-encrusted shallows.

For a thousand years, I have woken to the sound of phantom ships
breaking up
against the reefs below, the cries of
the ghostly crews.

Today, even
the mother-of-pearl sun
has rolled
out of the sky, and, for the first time in eternity, it is
snowing. By nightfall,
my antique
collection of statues and funereal sea-junk, the calcium cliffs—
all will be deleted in a static of white.

I, Medusa,
am being buried alive in the mausoleum
of my own gaze.