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Untitled 5

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Untitled 5

Before this door had a chance

your eyes crushed it though the thud

infected only one lid, staggers across

as if its fever was enough to burn down

your forehead trying to stay open

for the fire with nothing in it

and lift you from beneath

-it's a small place, a few walls

a mountain hanging from a sheet

stained by snow, by corners each day colder, a valley deeper cleared for whoever the bed can carry -your legs pitted from winds all day scanning your skull for its madness, for what's left where your cheeks opened

the kind you find only with X-rays

for sunlight and melting ice -a nothing bed

when the film dries, shows one side

left in darkness, the other

infected with despair and falling.

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