

## VOLCANO POEM

Force the hand that lies limp and feeble  
To trust and guide over ash-bloated stomachs  
Where the land falls bleeding to the floor  
And wounded lungs peer gracelessly through wristbone

We beg not for your recounting burials  
Flaking skin as in burying paper  
But of your magma to flatten trepidatious hair  
To ply tendons under igneous scar tissue

He who knows the parameters of a  
Conversation's crusted sores  
And extends his back to arch  
Half protection, half ensnared

Mantle melting in arms tucked under my /  
Blood boiling in temples resting on my pillow  
Awake and angry to pull muscle from the skeleton like wet tissue  
Taking bites both tender and wet