

The Face in the Embryo

The Blood Brothers

I spent seventeen nights in the city,
watching the horizon beckon for a buck knife
to bludgeon it's belly, to end the pregnancy.

I've spent seventeen nights in the city,
watching the face in the embryo,
traced by fleshy twilight, pleading for cesarean.

You can see it all from the rooftops
a swollen vagina in the sky.

Threatening birth
three shades of blood to soak its bed.

One: fiery red for the shutdown of the science bled sun.

Two: viscous black for the sex lives of the science fed youth.

Three: milk white for the impossible vista of the skyline as it shorted out,
crackled with static and was replaced by a network of newsprint.

You can see it all from the rooftops
a swollen vagina in the sky.

So close you can smell the morphine in its veins.

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