

The Family and the Fishing Net

Primus

Suffocated by mirrors, stained by dreams
Her honey belly pulls the seams
Curves are still upon the hinge
Pale zeros tinge the tiger skin Moist as grass, ripe and heavy as the night
The sponge is full, well out of sight
All around the conversations
Icing on the warm flesh cake Light creeps through her secret tunnels
Sucked into the open spaces
Burning out in sudden flashes
Draining blood from well-fed faces Desires form in subtle whispers
Flex the muscles in denial
Up and down its pristine cage
So the music, so the trial Vows of sacrifice, headless chickens
Dance in circles, they the blessed
Man and wife, undressed by all
Their grafted trunks in heat possessed Even as the soft skins tingle
They mingle with the homeless mother
Who loves the day but lives another
That once was hers The worried father, long lost lover
Brushes ashes with his broom
Rehearses jokes to fly and hover
Bursting over the bride and groom And the talk goes on Memories crash on tireless waves
The lifeguards whom the winter saves Silence falls the guillotine
All the doors are shut
Nervous hands grip tight the knife
In the darkness, till the cake is cut
Passed around, in little pieces
The body and the flesh
The family and the fishing-net
And another in the mesh The body and the flesh

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