

# Tiff Dressen

## Message: a theory (song)

tidal pools    the unseen  
the song that was

                attached  
at the inseam

*(our common lung our  
communal humming  
                lung)*

like bone pain  
like strontium pulls  
the one hundred thousand crimson  
flares

a loss of heart

a loss

of capacity

a staple in the chest  
                where the song  
stuck it  
                to the song

at regular intervals  
a song of water  
                splitting

a song of self-repair  
                a catalytic song

the executioner singing  
                the vultures' song of  
dismemberment

that I understood the song  
to extract    the effect

from the cause

*(the tides pulling in all  
night at the tiles beneath  
our ocean bed)*

songs of self-sabotage  
stitched to the throatdome

a song for stealing bodies

a hymn for children transported  
throughout the night

grave diggers working over

the song of homeostasis

a song for the organs (once  
and for all) revealed to the open  
air

a pathogenic song  
intoned

to the tune  
of cell birth

a song for the body water chamber

a pair of salt water  
lungs for the under water  
choir

*(for our singing)* the wire tapped  
breath between us  
we share

## Message:

It is as we said

the animals

naming them we said

“name them”

longing to be and

*(belonging to nomen)*

“No” as far away

as it was

belonging would

take us

## Message: parallel myth

She  
who  
forms  
the  
third

*(in  
the  
intimacy  
of  
deciphering)*

offers  
you  
now  
the  
second  
person

like  
a small  
fast  
horse