

Brian Lucas

Morning Stun

My home
 a metal nest
hums as I lactate

The sun
stares down my throat
plants children in my belly
their radars wreaking havoc
 with my transmitter

In the center of my body
is a mountain where static is grown
 I have developed a way around this morass
by floating in a moat to the other side
its greasy trees and dull shade
future luxury for plastic eyes

There's something wrong
with my mind when I speak
glaciers whittle down
to nubs when I stop thinking
I can hear stars
activate my nerves
 they allow me
the aroma of what's to come

Spools of Jeers

Come and see me breathe
in fact, breathe with me

Those who oppose me shall
mate with my worst aspects
the tentacle at the end of my hole
the lens-size hole in my heart
my laughter filled with bone saliva

The boat has left and I'm holding its udder
my palps aflame as I exit the box
on orders from innermost swirl
aura pummeled by assassin

Come see me give birth to a password
in fact, pass into this with me
shine but only
when I cry real spools of jeers
those spectral germs dipped in aether

Come see me breathe into lamb balloon
my crystal eye versus your mental throb
And here language burrows into reflecting pools
coughs up a nighttime tuned to abrupt dust

I stood in line with my ticket to a lost cause
they refunded me to myself
in a currency made of roses and hair

In the gleam and glow outside my door
I spied the maid bending over
her quim-labyrinth god welcomes

Quiet mandrake puzzles set out at noon
wheel of fern aflame this ashen buzz
in subtones where a question is stained
with the answer embedded in white churn

In hands filled with blood
the language of spores
conducted by eclipse in animal form
he told me it tastes like an aquatic dog
failing of a lost species
hands washed in black suns
its be'ebbed and diminished throne

Telepathic Bones

(excerpt)

I have *your* eyes
mine are scattered
throughout
an emerald cavern
veined with
every known form of
unreality
 a toxic germ
close to surface
disguised
as dense equation
 tactile maze
inhabited everyday

The last hurrah
of all that is known
 is now
within system's marrow
is collapse
 collective nod in unison
repeated indefinitely
I am emerald green
veined with catalysts
an all-seeing eye
 burned to a crisp

They found one part
of my brain
in the recent excavation
of a solar lodge

 From the other half
has sprung a tree