

- BATTLE - FOR THE METAL KISS

SLICE HIS TONGUE AWAY FROM MY WORDS
I BEND HIS DREAM TO THE LEFT OF MY EAR



COLLAPSED ON MY SHOULDER. HIS CONSPIRING PRAYER

CINDY SAVETT

BATTLE FOR THE METAL KISS

POEMS BY CINDY SAVETT



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THE FLOOD

I write to expose the flood

wild bloom
in my mouth

dead father hanging
on the hooks of night

wilting
on the breath-branch

my wrist bells
ringing

I breathe the scent of his blood

bellowing
rags

his conspiring prayer
collapsed on my shoulder

I bend his dreams to the left of my ear

slice his tongue
away from my words

sword from my left eye
mounts the wall
of his closet

I grasp the axe with no handle

lean on my bed
of hunger

THROAT-LIES

hands in my cage
wrench me
from the beast in his eyes roar of throat-lies

his tongue craves
a field of raw
bone

we're the cast aways

planted in his chest my Knife before
there is father

EARTH IN MY VEINS

he holds a vial of bluewings
a metal
kiss that scratches the silence

with each beating
wing

(nightcliff wings
leaden across my back)

when his voice reaches my arms
it explodes the moist earth
of my veins

DEBRIS

his wood throat
impaled
on the fence

hinged to the dirt his sown
debris -

I open the cellar door
compose my bed *beneath the bridge*
 of kisses

- into a cremated
world where silence forges
 his breath

breath without
a life

FEVER

plains at war

fever crawls from his belated breath

and fuses his tongue
to the corner

fuses the hanged

covers the body in the tree
with wire

wrenches heat from his evening gold

ALONG THE TRAIL

I hold his pennies
in my dry mouth

his gold leaves and the stalk of omnipotence

I forage with the ants for hallelujahs
along the trail

pinces bend to the edge of sanctity
pauses dance in my palm

dandelions shake the premature night
off their stalks

who *is* he
without the knife

ink drooling
down his chin

(I
am in line for my)

CIRCLING

Follow him Home

plug his mouth
with the war
bared on his laced-up tongue

I circle the window bars
lasso his startled image
from the mirror

study the morning glass
emptied
of edges

CACOPHONY

his shovel fills with banging

so he pleads to unhook
the red cacophony

though he is caught again
snagged
on the hand of night

tasting my metal knife
on his tongue

STONE AGAIN

I come alone with the knife in my eye

and find him with stone in his blood

he swings me against the rock

a pine bough
defamed

sun droppings on the ground

deliberate

between the binding and the bound

I drape the darkness

with boulder and lace

my arms are the frames of suggestion

cement steps

and the cracked open sky

tracings

for the knife in my eye

NOON PRAYER

stars risen on the noon prayer
dwarfing my fathers robe

I am out of step with passion
with solitude
smashing the stone to prayer

my mouth has much to offer
still there
inside the huge black void

I fold my right to live as if a shirt
safely stowed
from danger

noon prayer
out
of step

CLIFFS OF TIME

the cuffs of time frame my bruised arms
his poison-pillow
over my face

my skittish palms
define me as they defend me

who is the ridiculed one mourning the sacred
with my sighs

two tongues emerge from my forehead
and speak to the naked wind

my breasts fly south
in darkness

my covenant
in his war of blue breath
explodes

and I stockpile
my tears

