

I began refitting the memories of my mind, the corners stretched, the creases folded, pressed, of you. I've considered lobotomies and breast reductions, took down those numbers of my skeleton shape, add and subtract and add again subtract once more until we arrived at the ultimate division. Or was it decision. One wall to the next. Now left standing on its own. Gaping hole in a crooked channel of what constructs this body now. Now I'm taking new measurements of this section. Pulling or passing out of different thresholds. What used to be. Trypophobia and other factors. These canons no longer have wicks or fuses. Now I try to light them with old tricks. Low cut blouses. Dipped hips. I call out in the middle of the great unknown to hear an echo similar to my own. I'm accustomed to rounding bends now. Though each one presents different. Along the edges I see creatures much to my recognition. A herd of beasts long hunted. Men point their guns, their triggers, their desperate mouths baring teeth-grins, cum-breath, what-not. And they run from their snare with logic. I envy them. They remind me of other scenes and times when we were the scampering party. When we maneuvered shadow heart walls without effort. These times are different, of course, I still have the cuff on my wrist hanging. Broken chain of command. I see a bird with a broken wing. Must've gotten out of its cage here. In the wild here. It perches on a dead willow. Watches us with determination of purpose. One threatened part of me raises its rifle, put it out of its misery. I lower it with my free hand. Don't waste the bullet, I say, can't you see, it's dead already. To compensate, I let them murder two geese violently. Rip out their throats with lust. I sat back and watched them devour with a familiar insatiability. I remember throats, how they taste with sweat drops, stretched skin, faintness of stubble. Arched over their captured. Grinding, wrestling. Keep them down. Red marks on white. What I thought was white, pure, authentic. We kissed like birds without beaks, sounds of Bacchic tributaries flowing from gaping lips. I reckon now what once was throbbing was always a decay. Rotting from the start. I let them devour hoping it heals. An elk appears in the distance. We have a staring contest. He asks how I've been. It hurts me so I go blind. I grab my knife to end it. Blink twice. Raise head. Gone. I missed it.