


■  
DONALD  
DAHMER

Rhea  
Dillon  
■



Do you ever piss  
on your feet in the shower  
searching for the medieval folklore  
that cures ailments  
could still be true  
?

I pull the remnants of  
a blood  
babe unborn  
to join  
the remedial potion. Figures.  
I am my mother's keeper  
Kept her;  
mistake.  
Old born full form.

To release is to always have  
contracted prior.

What do we hold  
that we never let go?  
Wandering orifices  
looking for  
a sucker

to fill when the  
atmosphere is an untapped resource?  
Vacuous.  
Space, you missed a spot.

Inflate me with your sea


Men come and go but  
Woman is for life.  
I surround myself accordingly.

Buoyant in their love,  
drowned by their wish for  
true love's breaking point.  
Going steady. A supple skin beat of the drum.  
The Mother Lode.

THE MOTHER LODE







It is remembrance It is faith It is heal  
It is the glory whole  
that golden arch  
showered down your leg

It is left It is hot It is boneless It is  
I mean to say, it  
was a pretty poultry imagined

It is back It is break It is breach  
the only thing I know is BREACH  
Roasted breath  
Tonsorial rage  
Caught in headlights

Oh dear  
as  
as in  
suspense  
A halt  
Is it  
the stop  
It is the hand miggles  
It is the salt knowing movement better than water

Undoes my jaw so I can  
lay in the infringement of my people past  
It: me myself and  
Changes with takes from runs into  
yelling:  
"beholden!"

BEHOLDEN TO HOW PRETTY AN IT