

The Empty Ruby Universe

I would put all my possessions in the front yard and write numbers on circles. I wouldn't dicker about the price. I would traverse the mall parking lot carrying a rough sack of skinned possum. I would stuff each meter with a quarter. I would ignore the elevator and run up the stairs. Over the roof. Down the loop of black metal links. Across desolation's continent. I would pull out my pearl-handled knife to cut vines or the nails of elephant hands or my own frenulum. I'm ready. I promise. I cross my heart with a chisel-tip pro. The cave's paint is fresh. The cave's palms are open. Let the sole emerge from the shoe and see where it falls. My cheek is turned. It all comes from stone: Water. Death. Traffic. Eternity. Coffee is not a solution. Wine with dinner. Wine without. Whiskey before sleep. Sleep without words. Bite down. Bite down hard. Bite down so hard the cheekbone splits. I want something. I want something. I want something.

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