

prayer directed at x
after serpentwithfeet

keep me tender in cupped hands

let dust turn back to felt,
cuts beget blooming,
arias from nail-bitten mouths

you can't take me anywhere
udah lama
let us stay here buttering dreams
in a genocidal neighborhood

keep me tender in there
keep me sleepywarm

freshly bathed as algos close in
for coin, raucousrock of death
could be any year

don't ever tell them where i am
where you cup me quiet
and teething again

rub cajuput oil on my
miniature back,

and when they ask
what you have there say
you're praying