

cover a hand in matte-batting bound for the mouth
worth numerically five, say throat, palate, tongue, worth teeth
not so a lictor rides whips from the skin folds in similar case
swathed hands haven't mass for maw-meats
should mouth exclude sate from the forearm in teeth
pigs fixed by mouth, ham of hand, fingers of foot



cleave as stone drawn straw

oppugn gable ends, ends poist, laid upon a finger

slough off directional stress

shew light, allemande, courante,

light sarabande, gigue, light

light chaconne, transom, kodachrome

the life of my life bound in a bale of life



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breathing face measured out in mouthfuls, whelmed whole-head
sacer in a tongue, chin, drape lacquer
issued breath from the end of the leg-bone
and still when the skull's at the bottom of a peck
we lose, mostly, took this one and fastened the share
and coulter to a plough, shaved the tops into *honzon*
pulled living from the well and fixed our minds on wood

*I am reluctant to have this band put on me.
But rather than that you question my courage,
let some one put his hand in my mouth as a
pledge that this is done in good faith.*

Snorri Sturluson

not a single fuck in a pound of chrome alum
in eight, each face lacquered for the treasure place
mother fell a well, strung a long pole
twigs dipped in blood, a finger-ring my peace
the silex is likely what slit their throats
not the knife, but the stone that made them falter

PAX

Michael Cross

for "thousand-skull" divide by eight, for eight-face
ends spat in a jar measured in mouthfuls to fashion a man
hewed by first light to fell and fight again
ribcage sprung wings made a ship from it
two-fluids-womb—three-world's-single-heart

*That sacrifice which has fallen by the right
hand of the victor is called the victim: when
the hostile troops are far away then the
sacrifice is called the host.*

Ovid

dreamt of his blood in the mouth of his brother
like gum-props one jaw for the sky, slaving gape
the lower bone scrapes off ground, salivates
slaughter-gaut, yawned with the arm's mouth
two-youth's white with milk-cured wool
so that laughing there will seem too few when the wolf comes
browstress the wide island meadow
bound by the entrails of son

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