

cosmology always comes down
to the woman
who pushes
us along
as long as she can
or as long as she wants to.

cosmology always comes down
to the woman
who collects
us as debris
as if hired for the job
because she was the only one who showed up.

cosmology always comes down
to the woman
who cannot remember
why she should remember
the faces of her lovers as she roams
through the generations of replacements.

cosmology always comes down
to the woman
who is carelessly indifferent
to the circadian rhythms of children
focusing on her childbirth body worship
with symbols of open fertility nesting in the milk of the great beyond.

cosmology always comes down
to the woman
annihilating the sacred
when it begins to bother her
or her attendants cannot deliver what she needs
and she becomes bored and wants to start a new dance.

cosmology always comes down
to the woman
who does not want to be annoyed
with the details of good and evil or life and death
when her heart and soul are unmapped nomadic mysteries
seeking new world treasures and foreign spices for her pit fires.

i once heard her speak...

i am the woman with a serpent tail split by the terrible darkness holding the moon.
new life is not kicking in my belly
that is the fight of uncontrollable appetites
with a gruesome desire to be the one that comes out.
i sleep with knives under my utilitarian pillows when i tire of the random.
if you are seeking an explanation talk to my idols and graven images.
i am the original state of love
too difficult to get into a box or a reassurance
i am the energy that passes through waves.
leave your expectations at the foot of the bed.
push other men out of the way if you want to get into bed with me.
do not fall asleep in your dream unless you want to become my dream and a creature in it.
winter will be warmer than my indifference.
spring will be floods.

summer will be desiccation.
fall is exactly what happens when it is your turn
to be pushed out of my bed.
i never close the windows.
i never lock the doors.
i collect bones and string them together
with weathered strips of human sinews for my wind chimes.
i am the rough breath of that wind
making the marrowless hollow clack without humanity.
my mercy cannot be substantiated.
i am why you do not sleep well at night.
i am why you think one day you will.
my laughter
will
never be for you...
 it will always be about you.

men and their cosmology.
wf.h.
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