

gratitude or not  
destiny does not improvise.  
there are only three sisters of fate.  
fixed  
certain  
necessary  
even one more would make them

a bureaucratic committee endlessly negotiating  
the moment of birth in a thread  
the allotted measure of our events  
the rending cut with the manner and time  
the enforcement of the divine balance  
the enforcement of the natural order  
and when to unleash the castration blood born furies  
delighting in dreadful acts of vengeance and retribution  
for violations  
and its transgressors.

just illnesses  
unrelenting diseases of flesh and bone  
spiritual despairs  
insanity wanderings  
suicides in the night gardens  
torments upon torments  
two eyes for one eye reciprocities  
violation and violator monstrously hissing  
imprisoned in oblivion

chaos  
chance.

three fates are enough.  
that about does it  
living in their world.

some want the dull ignorance  
of personal responsibility of too bad  
so sad.

but i live in a symbolic world with symbolic chords  
tuned by the weavers  
who are busy with snatches  
of animalized dreams and burnt offerings  
these local neighborhood girls with local street dialect  
living their lives on a porch at the end of the street  
gossiping and working the craft.

i am relieved that is how it is.  
but one day  
after one night  
of dreaming  
in a floating reality  
with dangerous and stray creatures  
prowling in my mind  
with another possibility,

what would it mean if the unknown  
unacknowledged  
out of wedlock  
fourth one showed up  
or a half sister wandered in with a fashion purse  
or an ungendered figure claimed a sisterhood of blood...  
organization and structural breakdowns  
places where no one can say where it started  
nothingness for a destination  
no agreements  
reality floating away on its own  
no responsibilities  
dead whales beached without reason

intentions without intention  
regifted guilts  
no guilts at all  
monsters without birth records  
purposeless sunrises  
repurposed sunsets at the wrong time  
no one keeping the fire going  
speculation without clarity  
heroes without heroines  
heroines without diaries  
catatonic monsters having to live without heroes or heroines  
nothing affirmed  
nothing denied  
oedipus celebrating another anniversary  
no rebukes  
no best practices  
evil wandering in the human forests without purpose  
salvation without reward  
budgetless projects stranded by equality  
no repercussions  
no revenge  
no repentance  
no mercy  
no ancestral curses carried forward  
death plagues without symptoms  
no temple builders  
no sanitation engineers  
no animal sacrifices  
no vegetation offerings  
muddied sacred visions  
disorganized horoscope stars  
rituals that do not start on time

stars that avoid constellating  
slumming graces with party purses  
no trials in the tribulations  
fairytale dissociations  
comets passing by like tourists going somewhere else  
beasts committing identity suicide in conversion therapies  
storms meditating on the wind  
prophets in rehabilitation centers  
signs and wonderments of the vague unwonderful  
lust consummating with the problematics  
dumb luck and random mortifications.

there would only be spontaneous combustion without the three weird sisters.  
not one less and not one more.

the three fates.  
wf.h.  
2022