

The Truth About Northern Lights

I'm not right. I'm interfered with
and bent as light. I tried to use the spots
for months I tried with rings.
Only now I'm thinking in cracks
that keep a modern light
lunged. I keep the porchlight on
to burn you off in ghosted purls,
the licks of which filament me.
My day-glo tongue's cutthroat.
Though I'm not clear,
I'm a sight whose star stares back;
it's a new kind of dead,
it hides its death in my cinched
testicle. That bright burr makes me
unreal and itch. By the time
I'm something else, you're making weather
with so-and-so. Everything around you
wades in queasy waves; it waits
mottled to the marrow.
My mean streak beams neon
so I won't be refracted
or led to reflections. My eyes
trick god's and kick the careless reversals
of radio cure-alls. Rays suffer over me
until they clench the damaged night in me:
where I go out, gone as done
in a mood as black moving through.
Darkness sits there, pleased.
An iridescent ire could not go unaired;
my limbs wicking at the window.
Look out the window.
I've outened the world
to show you real barrenness,

a void a light
warps into want and then wants
until it warps all it glances.