

Dear child, why do you dream with bones in the night?
I see you split into seven thousand centipedes, crawling through the cracks of time.
Each segment moans—each twist weaves a web of symbiosis and devouring.
The pain of disassembly and reproduction is sharp;
you knock on the door of the mother body,
on the edge of violence.

Dear child, why do you carve holiness in a puddle of incontinence?
Beneath the trembling folds, the sacred and the filthy rub against each other.
The leaking sanctity seeps out—slowly, without cease—
flowing from your body to the ground,
then crawling back from the ground to the mother body.
Holiness is nothing but the light upon an unknown water surface,
a flicker whose source cannot be seen.

You lick the flesh and dust,
like a spore forgotten by the womb.

My shadow growls within the winding patterns of your flesh;
it is a desire not yet given shape,
seeping through the depth of the crack—
like a placenta rubbed and rubbed again,
lingering before any breath is born.

Your offspring take shape in phantom pain, nameless,
leaving a genealogy without blood beneath the eyes.
This place has become the outgrowth of your bone.

Then,
can the “new mother body” no longer be forced
to serve as the vessel of desire for life?

Whispers come from the wormholes,
another night forged dense by centipedes.
Through the repeated withdrawals of the newborn,
mucus devours itself into stiffness.