

Michael McGuire

"Eve 4"

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EVE 4

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Control control control that's what I need, I don't
want to be the bones on
the plate of this evil deed, I swallowed the placebo of
her history, to the
effect of a false cure for her mystery.
Chronicle of catastrophe fixed, planets fade big bang
fist.
Rigor mortis fantasy of gods and props, sequence of
event zero where
tomorrow stops, I squeeze the gel of her soul till it
solidifies, take the
milk of her blood to the alter to homogenize.
Perpetual past translation build, software bug in the
bounty of the futures
yield.
There she stands next to my meaning, like an angel
that can only fly
backwards, the prodigal son and this custom weaning,
a whisper found in
the city of lost words, a relic among the reality dig, she
gives the comfort
of the naked blush, I rape the bride of the universe rig,
and I float on the
wine filtered from the crush.
She's like a wound I pick just to know I exist, the
broken orbit vastness of
a goodbye kiss, a spiritual manifestation of the
hopeless physical
hemisphere, a way of touching what is always and only
near.
may 99

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