

Michael McGuire

"Eve 5"

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EVE 5

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She was landscape language a painters witch to burn,
a burden of the

shapelessness that you have to earn, dreaming
hardcore medicine she

makes the devil's bed, takes the wish of what you
would and leaves what

you are instead, pushing skies of plunder Adam's
safety net, the apple

like a cannonball finds its target met, she leaves no
reasons wounded;

supplies the dreaming dead, the burning bush of her
body the apocalypse
of her head.

Undulating atoms the apprentice of the blame, the
moon of her demeanor

and the desperate need for flame, every moment is
created in the apathy

of her womb, the seed of your success and the harvest
of your doom.

june 99

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