

## Rooms shalt thou make

Alex Lee

The days are beheaded.  
Ceiling fan corrugating  
air into stutter, and hard  
to hold it in my gaze.

Four white walls  
wanting of direction, distant  
ideal denatured, and I'm still using  
that rusting spoon of antiquity, and

words like "antediluvian."  
To say so little but to say it  
often. The vestigial motion  
of a mouth mawing its tongue.

Curled in the haunt  
of locust skin. Estranged  
sensation, body being  
released of its Eurydice.

Clocked in my pillory,  
shoulders aching under  
the ravenous glossolalia.  
One must confess

the mind cannot be both  
judge and detainee.

So by night's unspooling  
by lack by amnesia these locust swarms  
are born  
breath against  
the hourglass cigarette  
its rounded dew  
and you  
to the surface  
under which

Flood has turned to Ash  
Prometheus has turned to Ash  
Descartes has turned to Ash  
and Ash has turned, turned  
to nothing.

Your giving fingers  
cultivate, clasping the crown,

re-roping the day that deals  
in teeming dirt. Nerves trace  
new skin in the capillaries  
of the earth. Knowledge is  
shucked  
like a grooved  
oyster. Tell me,  
what is born in its rooted heart?

How striking, the necklace  
you've laced of each  
iridescent day.