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The Mud

By Michael Ybarra

My love, our fortune dies but it remains
thus fused on skin, connected now to me.
O lover, scissor these restraints, these chains,
For fabric suffocates and rarely breathes.

For in the depths, this creature crude and brown
does bury needles, cleanly punctured heart.
And quicksand, mud, it threatens to surround
my eyes, my throat, cocooned in fun'ral garb.

Eviscerated, pull the sinew taut.

My limbs collide, gold thread and soldered smooth.
By mine own hand I mended, free from knots.
'Fore, I was me; Disrobe myself of you.

T'ward self content, I dress in my embrace
to cultivate this aura red, innate.



