

she took piss and distilled it
 into a looking-glass lens,
the edge warped with heat, its obscene ripples like labia;
a leap of faith is indecent exposure surely
 all that naked flesh in the void--
in the yellow world umber is king, or taupe its motley cotton accomplice
 soft and pliable. We cut little polygons
 from the underbelly flesh of a mole
 and affixed them to our tips
So when we grasped the lens our Browns would trump that yellow,
stubs finding their way
into the ripples
 I wish to somersault in that distance which is triangulated, inferred
By the concavity of the lens,
 those gentle lines of attraction between
 beholder and beheld--
 the rippled lens sending waves through my spine,
 those brown tips trembling, trembling.
the thread pulled through the shell
by the ant compelled by honey
 foretold the precarious relationship between word and object,
emote and impact,
lens and subject
 in fact
 the unknowing ant pulled a whole world behind her into that cornucopia
her carapace imbedded in purpose
embedded in old rebonded calcium.
 the sweetness of those slick caverns unparalleled
 she risked Amber entombment
in the pinnacle.
How do we get from here to there? Piss-Christ I've seen it
You can deny the ultimate but not destroy it.