

# ALTAR-ED BODIES



CLARITY HAYNES

## POSSIBILITIES FOR SAFER PERVERSIONS

Stacy Szymaszek

I ran an egg along the length of my body  
then flushed it down the toilet  
after having slept from midnight  
to noon

I'll try a familial ritual but only I know  
the way through my own sorrow or my arms knew  
as they started opening and closing upon  
my chest combing through the Atlantic  
as close to well wishes as I've come

what is forgiveness in a frozen universe  
I will not someday be any other way only more in sync  
with black holes my work boots

I stopped the boot man will never contact cement  
such as those of a town marshal

I love this story  
and all its players even the ones I can't talk to  
nomenclature lost in a hedge maze it is indeed squirrels creating  
rooftop ruckus I saw one jump into the tree the squirrels  
in Missoula are alarmed and auburn not

like the one who slept in my flower box  
most of July in Brooklyn I don't want to be a dry lover  
like a dry drunk what various forms we assume  
as gods!

the possibilities for safer perversions I have to trust  
are available to me via the gift of form  
reread the essay on rejection  
of closure in poems my sorrow –

the pattern of our common language was directed  
toward a single reading we miss even the longest suffering  
pattern I dress my stiff leather

future supple cradle for each  
maximally excited toe

refused to take them off in the house of a stranger  
who kindly made soup explained the mosses  
hanging off her spruce none of it made  
sense the holiday dinner the orange cat  
who growled at the door the offer for a splendor  
tour of this town everyone shared their  
timeline to leave it its splendor

notwithstanding

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