

XM  
FO  
NR  
OP  
H  
la

Wheelhouse  
Press 2009

by Matina L. Stamatakis  
& John Moore Williams

Excerpts of *Xenomorphia* have appeared in *ditch*, *poetry*, and *Octaves*. Thank you to the editors.

Matina Stamatakis &  
John Moore Williams

zoom in

amputee's embrace amidst (slagheap city bared rebar of buildings twisted into nervetrees) a  
battle between cannibals (rough singing of limbgrind twisting, interweaved, growing in blackblood pool)

cast for broken bones (the slagheap  
shudders, distant heartmurmur of steelbeasts'  
growling passage),

dictionary of tongues' (dreams)  
escape into that (darkmatterbody, wombs of stars whispering the curve)  
flesh everyone has worn (outerworn, splitting, at fingertip's softly bladed insistence)

gaping wound of mouth's (shadowcavern awrithe with light)  
hiss between rosaries of teeth (distanceglimmer)

instinct of torsos (sing an ice-age-ending heat)

just a (gloss on the endless fritterings of idle hands)  
key to bodies without locks, such a (eye-rhyme of hollows)

lonely way to live (an eaten imminence of the remembered)

morsel, sticky-sweet (recombinant  
neck's nape, where we hide kisses genuflections  
orange, round and pored of intimacy)

patient (inmates of a decimated land-  
question asked in touch and haste (scape)

a rage of (neatly  
a silence (expounded)

ticket to a run-down carnival where  
urgency of fingers  
violence of hips  
wound an air shaped like  
xylophone's quiet harmonics  
yearning toward yourself, a  
zoo full of domesticated beasts

Zoon-id

womb shadows eaten raw, bodies without bodies without  
(discomfiture, genuflect) these  
glassy bows  
of silhouette these eyes

of wonderment

born of remembered kisses, lips and ligatures haste  
glossified and amber-toned iodine

how our wounds could mingle with each graze  
how robotic the tongue thrusts toward itself  
in a mad dash for loveless poison

morsels of bitten fur we hide ourselves in,  
idle carnivores domesticated --

bored intimacy, times caught in raw  
nude body curves splitting into haploidal  
synagogues  
we pray to touch, darkened matter  
limb nerve harmonics sculpted

into

(into eye remembered still-beats  
lash sickly-sweet beasts of sex/violence  
((hide the strophes of 3 elongated sighs  
((hide the way we feel like city beggars  
street urchins  
neatly stretched across  
a desecrated divide  
I

remember loneliness was conch to pillow  
((taking in ocean one breath at a time  
taking in  
the gentle murmur of softly bladed lights  
as they played across our brows

as fingers

intimate, stretched  
formed pillars  
formed (out of)

harmonics of lonely zoos  
((architectonic  
the hills of our elbows  
crooked with  
disentanglement

Zeno mapped such distances as hands (lips impossible of remembrance  
till touch becomes them) your hips a hollow cradle where I'll remember  
sojourn such glacial silences (that genesis got it wrong, where I'll come  
with lolling tongue

your mouth finds awkward as a ball gag, a (to mumble the unname of a god  
savage and erudite prostrate and panting  
in the bind  
of ligaments and lost love letters

xenomorph thought alone the hills  
echoed of a soft and pungent light  
wicked with musk the bodies' thousand mouths drooled  
in the withered and breath-rumpled sea  
wears three sheets windbeaten comfortably, tracing a hackneyed division  
violently marching the alluvial roads of the nerves'

(to) mapless tread (where monsters be)  
and a seraphic longing tolls out the porticoes  
of banks and stock exchanges  
and fails to pay the rent  
comfortably, tracing a hackneyed division the seven hills all asses and elbows  
where we walked to witness forgotten bridal rites,  
a coin in the lap  
drumming the skirt's knee-stretched skin of fabric

violently marching the alluvial roads of the nerves'  
ululating frequencies, as the uvula  
tenant of a recombinant spectrum  
secretes a word's liquidity to deconstruct  
the hallowed menisci  
Rorschach finds in an elided thought leaked to form  
as accidental as a fetus) will we retain the right to hide?

To  
our  
ache to burst?

Quiet. you lie side by side like twin peeled fruits.

will your tongue lend mine  
lips, then wander out to bear witness  
to the rustling of night-creatures

in the broad green tongues of two o'clock  
i can't sleep just yet. parole,  
long within its silence,  
your hopeful convulsions round out the mouths  
of hungry generations, wide and yawning  
with light, an empire dead and unwritten  
sleeps here in the erythrocyte-lit obscurity of your hips.

let me hone yours with sandpaper

oblivious oceans as stolid as  
nouns' cells bared raw and swollen  
a minimalist insistence  
leafed-through, you jungles of a soft and pungent light,  
whose teeming with alternate  
iterations of otherwise  
homolinguistic redactions, rendered  
glossolalia by the familiar that renders the  
foreign an  
effusive, if opaque and endlessly regressing,  
dénouement

cable your fingers pier stretched into

into needles to form  
    nerves' delicate crochet  
ballast your belly to sink  
    me in spite

recorded histories  
alphabetize and inventory  
    the things I would, as you,  
    say to me.

To hear them speak of it is to know that there is a distant poem, spoken in a foreign tongue, of which you are able to receive only the dimmest echoes, the voluptuous curve of a vowel, a consonant's starkly forthright angularity, but that it is the very foundation of your own tongue.

In a white hall: clenching silk worms, milk dew  
once outside fall tapestries part ash-veils,  
crackling ambers  
    Spring does the same  
synchronous shiver  
    between window sepia--  
dust the same parched tone

synchronicity, rejuvenating save for feeble  
Vidalia onions in lip-locked mason jars  
until the mantle is bulked with dry pantry fruits,  
mustard seeds--these vowels go on gasping.

I want to undo you like a shaken apple,  
    with hand reaching to dust the between.  
Leave your disheveled seeds  
    inside the fall spice ambrosia

until vacancy demands itself  
a burst capsule of onces...

leave your vagueness inside my tongue  
I want to save it, salivate with its porcupine/  
quill slivers

until more familiar  
tastes emerge, puzzles snap into  
place, until our one ambiguous being  
is replaced with solidity--the whites  
of our clenched fingers' milk dew,  
their home behind infinitesimal  
shutters.

No one will see us clawing for the siren gramophone--  
our tempered drones are not pillars

even if we build ourselves up to  
replicate statues--

we will hide inside the oubliettes of our ears,  
bodies pressed between bodies pressed  
between weather-whipped and frail whispers;  
dimpest bespoken opals.

You, star,  
Excreta, you,  
Crystal, resonance,

Shiver, you, the right word.

This word's intimacy  
Of forgotten books  
On dusty shelves  
Of infrequent libraries.

You, ridden,  
Of flora, chevalier,

You, passionate, adherent,

Dust, increate, glimpsed, you  
Like words discerned through  
The other sides of canonically  
Thin pages, in the flyblown  
Light of eggshell, bulb

Abode, colonized,  
of maggots, amniotic,  
you, corrugated,  
tau(gh)t  
countless, menisci,

you, pulp, graphite, oil. You  
dark, matter,  
youoy  
i.  
this too  
eradicable gulf.

Lyric--primitive symbols, tender  
symbols we stretch  
[drama of literature and romance]  
teeth & nails--frost breath  
of antique Isabel's tongue  
dishevel, slow night

despondingly incense-laced [the slow,  
descending degrees have done little  
to coax poplar into hypothermia]

mossy earth muffled, still,  
fruitage reaped mature  
autumn cheek--  
lip blazes voice blazes  
thorny pleasures  
you:

cloistral bee-hive, quiet nest  
you, alarm & malfunction

nothingness, unmeek  
phantomesque  
on sea salt clawing

eye-balls

may never love symbols  
or wanted wings, or sentimental  
figures on a shell, urn

-

--poesy, how it tempts  
vision as an idle nymph  
how it pulp and taut  
eyes love more than  
ambition

love more than forgetting  
sweat music, hypnosis

woman lounges expressionless  
[ Venus ] waiting  
for the explosion of bees

our eyes meet over the slaughter  
articulate (what? the echoed husk  
has uttered) of never



for we whore our clitorides  
no longer vanilla,  
soft  
we watch the walls  
and ink our brows  
with henna--burn candles  
burn incense  
burn like a Vesuvial eye  
this world of disappearing footsteps  
and silent prayer, performing illusions  
of art not omens  
not immensity of ghosts  
in searching broken glass

one must leave space  
between the cracks

\*

flash/head/high/lights define  
spaces where gods lie,  
presence being a form of artifice  
    in a space  
    all space

flaccid tendons flash  
with lightning arcs of  
agony, for after all, we  
    have never moved  
    never stirred

even rising from a bed  
awash in shadows; being  
gods we do not wish to see  
    the brute thrusts  
    of oceanic memory

two gaping absences  
coll(oc)ated, margins just-  
ified and fraying the bar  
    yawns, as thought  
    of trespass must

to let the darkness swallow  
us, to thread, with arabesques  
of dear john letters, to-  
    gather; you may speak  
    our silence yet

in the hung-over dawn  
your footsteps creaking up  
the spine's staircase to-  
    ward the haunted  
    houses of the skull.

imagine all the lonely ghosts  
    walking in  
the soft rain of your blood.

escaping through the window leaves  
silence & her sweat behind--now  
is a tiny sheath upon the cranium

a tongue ornament-tiny  
an orb pregnant  
polished spit & metallic loquat  
one miniature machine  
polished sunlight into belly  
bee-swollen  
escape the Swarming Room

all red curtains, afire, backdrop  
against a swollen chair  
that of careful porcelain  
tender dew leads from

we are specks barely placed  
inside sunken-into eyes  
that of wires spoken of  
subtly & without observation

Only succeeding in her sweat  
before the diffused sunlight kiss  
the rush of escape

totalsme        nowinbeige

we imag(in)e a color a place  
a mood abode  
a space exact and  
complete

initself  
werepose

in our cartographer's dreams  
a map that was a place /beginning  
of a fantasy epic

--

to        day  
I min black  
back    words        mo(u)rning

--

she     only  
succeeded in her weight her  
self constant    ly surpassing  
as sols collapse to span

as     in        after        -glow

an echo tolled in the  
hollows of sungold after-        noon  
a hum as of                lastsummer's bees  
silkfuzz legs strumm  
-ing nerve's wire-wrapped chords

tongue's polished mahogany, leaving  
a dewdrop of lacquer  
hardening to crystalline cracks, tracing  
the hour's alluvial branches  
soon come a chrysalis to sift to dust

ab ovo: \*thus “shell” brittlekept  
where waxy sheath unfurls

with: where clogs fur mossy  
in the sealant: we’ve kept

spittle she

nights dew-stung: with pearl:  
here eyes waxed-awake begin  
as floor constellations:the

mosque-prayer a “tongue  
of origin”: her virgin

fawns’ glossa

chastised: gentle yew strung-out:  
to catch a weeping mother:

offer milk: offer egg whites:  
\*utterance: \*that coo of malignant

muscles: “twitching  
needle”: “barn-raised”:



what ash-talcum to spore the body

in a sea of white warmth

as the brow damp with seaspray

an octopus dons fresh epidermis

you prick your fingers

tug a bobbin, it's milky flanges

double-up at the thought

of yarn and wire--thinking

of salinity and vapour parted

about the tongue

with lips arched and incandescent

I've rolled you on my tongue flesh

and found the spittle most relaxing

a sheen of silky amphetamines

the hair grows wild about the ankles

and falls in seaweed bath, dead nettles

providing the gimlet of coral teeth

to shift against, to roll hallowed against

the shore

I display the bone wreckage in a glass jar

you see the sponge humus coarsened and skeletal

cremains--all portals between the skin afore the

sphere before the magnitude of worlds unspoken

we want to feel how the shell must feel  
as the barren wasteland echoes in volumes  
as the ash settles into pumice against the brow  
we covet, tense into cylinders, unveiling the impenetrable  
breath of rocky surfaces--alone--hollowed-out--counter  
to creation's bounty, its Beauty.

what ash to come to pore  
the cauls canal  
in white seizures  
the moths'  
swarm to root

chitinous resin of yester  
days shed as spiderflesh

sublimes the lankly hanging tendons' ache  
.needle prick and wheel  
spin  
as threads  
wick an oily fire  
wire-twitch ignition  
of twin  
ning tongues

hips con  
cave and  
vex lips co  
llapse then llate  
wax and en  
teeth can  
not or celled  
theme at

dear d  
earth hold this  
slow coldlapse to fold

still, teeth  
ing you slow  
bone rend thru  
in  
fatpink

your lips cicatrix  
dry flesh to saline sand  
paper me  
dryly rust  
ling

dip your claws in ink  
I pulse &  
write,  
rite  
right

me me – relic query enrapt in soiled sheets' stilled waves

your maize-husk, your bone rattle, maracas  
filled with milk  
teeth

    its arid, sere  
what speaks  
the pulse all iron reeks of

that sounds  
yet cradled in  
the horn's peristaltic   stop motion  
                                  growth

a shadow pregnant  
--take your maternal mouth  
into the dark & hold

not your wings--emboldened  
in my mouth--

but rather the solitude of  
each feather

each aerie in the clouds  
translated into cool blue,

planted kisses, a trail  
of serpents & dusk dusted  
about the hips, the mist again?

(he, rhetorically)

not from candelabrum, your relic  
as I thought the wings artful, liturgical,

every down lining disaster  
moist with debris, effluvia  
pleasures tattered, presumed

so wither-wild, ghostly in the great comets  
of your eyes, I've seen cinematic

charges  
of lapped-up sea-foam  
& swallow

how the birds loop  
about the head in halo-form

know the pleasures of greed, of picking  
the skin apart to find the most fulfilling meat

or how, once sparkling,  
your body stretched to greet me  
in a great crucifixion

a bloom of red saliva  
from your palms

& the ashes, fauna, faint music  
in the distance

circling about the head

your mouthful of mint-  
green hallways' sterile light  
a pang as delicate  
as sparrow bones as you  
tongue each phalange and  
vertebrae a minute

muscle flutters a final throb and  
erupts  
a shiver of plucked  
flesh  
beneath—a forest of  
autumnal trees coruscates  
in a febrile breath  
dreaming of the little things

you finger alluvial veins, donning  
timelike a suit of scales:

borne off to ceaseless little wars.

::

recall to bone

& hope to pebble womb--  
the day is done when body  
into ash  
( I was counting beyond)

the waves between thighs  
while shadows allowed no  
modification in the thick

he parched earth  
with mourn  
& of morn

thawed & calm  
veins, the windowsill;  
a love for rare birds

the "we" self-confessed  
inside each others skin

erratic-----

the mask of me waits  
to be misplaced

somewhere in the night

of no, or dawn  
in no  
    the raw yawns  
space enough for us

a word erupts a bone  
    which, once flowered, like  
        a reeking orchid beds us

abo/ide's an end  
    in flush & creeper  
        our nails shriek cross

alphabetic blackboards  
    to raise a calcite dusk  
        which only limns again

silken—dry

\*

busking (on) each others'  
    street  
corners

walking, the wrong side, risking  
    night  
soil deluge

or redlight  
    specials  
do your

Saturn's daynight

\*

to sift and scar  
the chaff in wind  
    of breath

a way to weight  
lessness again

all's thus in excess  
    executed  
        in ecclesiae  
as in a will  
    last

im  
mortal remnant, at least, what's  
passed  
-on.

what a stolen key forgot  
on tumbling locks  
of Bluebeard's for-  
bidden parlor:

- same as word's upon a page  
for  
got –

that what's said is always  
at expanse of silence. is  
(so) silenced

that the urn will never be  
as beautiful as was

when fired by the artisan's callused palms  
lest eyes it was lent weight

not mask but work  
the febrile flaccid flesh  
the tic-tock swinging hinder parts  
too sea-rich this stink to forget  
in the face of Rome's glossed pages  
or all the glancing (glazing) faces

that throw (flow) her on the wheel.