

BRENDAN SPEERS

Clothed

Wrapped in leather breathing no breath. A poison leaked through tender lions, filling the guts and inflaming incineration. See through, see through, see through, see never but again. Yes perhaps, no no no. Accept a possibility in which nothing is the gift. Constrained and protected. Safe from self but not the other. We shield our suns to keep the moon at bay. Do we want this, it doesn't matter. What does is what we want. Want is what we are. Want want want is our sob, sob, sob. This lessons the growth of perhaps, always lessons the learn. Desire is the trunk of suffering, a gilded box to hold sob within.

Hands try to open but feet pry free. Walk up, not down. Hands try, but blister and chaff. No trunk answers us, we answer trunk. Forget a memory you never had, for it was lies. We piece us in wars, and pierce us in wards. A locked door is a locked door. Anything else is open.

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A Mouse, That is a Blind Corpse

Broken whole with lens that touches, an unalive that dances, controlled but cunning and a spectacle that stabs bright to a system united. Windowed eyes and spider lairs of lightning, striking every direction. One light, other light. Worn caked firth, a consummation of dirt and love. A link clicked text, a dead me and extension.

Wireless barbs. A religion to me.

The Door

A window is a mistake yet to be made. A tomorrow is a forgiveness that is forgotten. A never is as was, but can't un be until it refuses.

Forward is not a direction but an imperative. An imperial next is better than a colonial yesterday. Plymouth gathers no moss, for lies seed no ground. A room is nostalgia as a history, and no less there. An ephemeral here will always be better than a physical there.

We walk because our hands can't carry us.

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Divine Surgery

A line cut knife glazed with smiles, reflecting shadows as they run run run down into the caged tongue as it whips. Slash, slash, teeth wrapped in gums wrapped in skin wrapped in lips wrapped and wrapped. Cries, list, listing all of it. Eyes to toes to earth to sky, melting together. Cut, slash, remove the tissue as it rots, dripping the fluid. A nail is a shame worth sharing. Sounds from without read as it is not, but with in.

Volcano's e-raptured in. A blinking eye of gas smoke fire brimmed stone and growth. Wink once a century for the boys to cry. The burn, underneath. Try to contain, to lock, to block, to cool, but it's hot too much, too hard, too callous.

She's curtained, light shining moving, there is no blight, go right, mire her in the well, for she is the furthest one at all. A speck of blood dripped down as the stitching slips.

Cough in, fall out. A cow print, too far a reach, but here, oh yes. Awake and tender, like corn on pork. Words from distant, sprayed like across a lawn. Cuts heal with cuts caused.