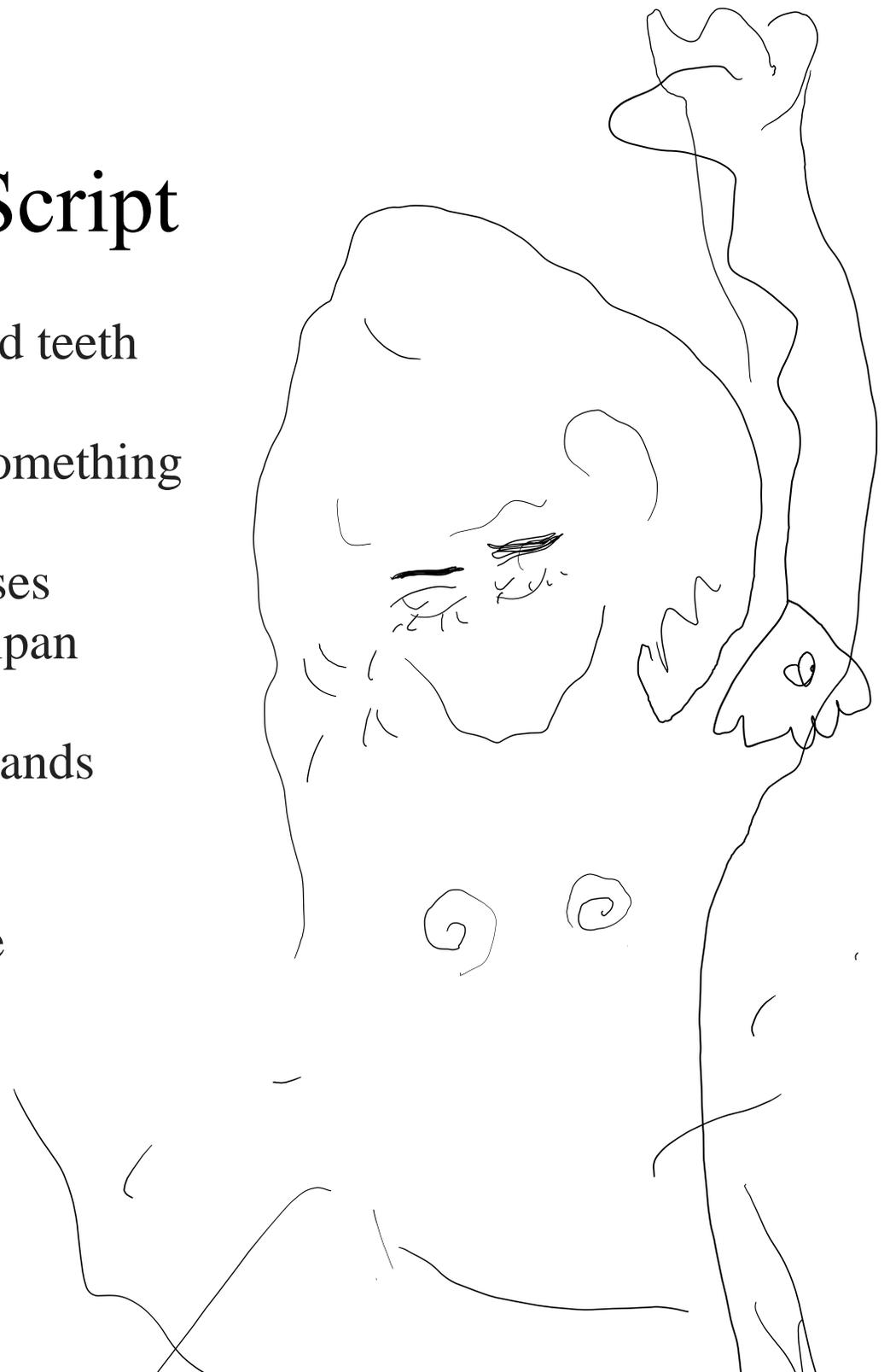


# St. Agatha's Stink Script

Profane protection soups the bread teeth  
Souls jerk a sudden a wake a slip  
To sleep on feathers covered in something  
Unformed paper trying to grip  
If we are awake and this fall bruises  
Its purple flesh will taste of marzipan  
And cologne as faint as paper  
Splashed over stank lures from glands

We sweat in self defence  
Her ghosts dabbed on every pulse  
To warm the cold perfume.  
Dried bodies cling to walls of air  
Repellent dew in crooked sips



Lamb teeth the baby bottle at the elbow of a creek  
Its blousy cloud that hides and harbours, she said  
~~I watched you bury a baby tooth on a hill beside the dog kennels~~  
With bread, to every parasite.

A crack appeared on my toe last night  
And along the curve of a bowl a few nights before  
Amplifying cracks in my daily life  
In both instances, something had to break for me to notice  
“Agatha” from “hagios” which is “holy”  
Or that “a” is “without” and “geos” is earth  
Or “Aga” from “speaking” and “solemn” or “thau” from “ending” and  
“thave” from consummation or “agad” hinting to “servage” with  
“theos” meaning “sovereign”

the collection of  
6 notebooks  
collage  
books

We roll our eyes to hold the sky  
Dew on sheeps fur, ew.  
Son shepherd sees father shepherd  
Disappear into a sequence of revenge moves.  
Musty, misty men behind hummingbird feeders  
Start up a Kirkland-type restaurant  
Based on basil and borage  
As base memory as puffed form.  
Fragile creatures milked this afternoon  
Picked out molars ached and golden  
Smell a fire a fire cooking a creature  
On a day of creatures cooked  
A pot of water cooking a fava like our genitals looked  
Lambled by a woman stately sweating stating,  
Like dry hay on still water  
Mists of ash on aperol spritz

p  
please no urge pulls  
would  
with  
cakes  
Danni

to flow

A pause a pause a pause a pause  
To watch the long shoot sweeping,  
Night and day, in search of some object around  
Which to twine, the tip describes a  
Circle, I twist off some leaves  
Present the finger to the contagious sun  
Sprinkle egg shells on dirt to cut some slug  
Repulse with copper pennies skirt the dahlia stock

When they sleep the ants organize the aphids  
She rolls their dried corpses around  
Chia seeds on her tongue  
Her fur coats slackened in hot water  
Takes notes on bones as another worm  
Moves past underfoot unnoticed  
Who pets the wumman

in  
pubway  
could  
long  
sun  
with

Changing diaper in some windy air

Sucking on cakes that sweat in sunshine  
Tell bitter woes beside nitrogen tendrils  
With seeds that crack in Buffy's library garden  
En plein air we plan to mud the canvas with her pages  
Stones make spaces for the books to breathe  
Seeds between hubris fizz & herbal paragraphs  
Frilled books that record the climate of minute revolutions  
A tiny twist like the ribbon around the ponytail of a gift.

as in  
the  
slaver  
vagina  
world

but the garden hold