

from **Gadarene Swine**

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Eke

These most curious patterns
doubling back on themselves: growths, sometimes
restricting and making slender
belief symptoms.

Some fused conscience tends to arise, attends
to arising Natterer's bats.

Mad as a box of frogs
and looking
like the
retreat from
Moscow.

Apiance

As
Her crunch crunch
More his than
Ever added, ever used
Incendiary redux generaliser
Precise getup, consider her

Blurred, son of self
He whose shifty shifty
Ideology will be, will
Be remembered

Stilling smaller voices
Crunch crunch born
Till tilth squeeze
Her sweat, expansion
Travails sans will
Loose in chill, involve
Mine having

Decline in hive is steel

Death Rattle

quoin wedge bis bise

everybody else was born in Kapuskasing
over under sideways down
backwards forwards
square and round

bier sox tramp ramrod

slowmatch linstock

sustain emotional information
qualifies the day to be

as I roll over with the kitties,
as this scene; this debris;
this, my cat-fur full throat
deciding to get up and gargle and to
not choke much longer

pain in
phantasy—it's all there is—
seems to sway, to divide, garotte

my heart sinks after all the online games are up and all I can concentrate on is how
stupid and sorrowful I am in a state of

demanding essential crumbs: that is to say:
rites, concessions

I am forced to flush this stew