

MARISSA DAVIS

Diaspora Poetica

this tongue,
lacking

colostrum,
is only

capable of
plosives.

these teeth:
pounding stones

around a
stilted amputation.

muscle graft
where once

was low
pearl. who

could say
its shade

or sea. now,
in my face,

only instrument
the way

hearse is
an instrument.

in the mouth,
air

calls forth
a congregation

of deserts.
no sound

bears grace
enough

to unfell the
woods—the word

as given, less
god than saw blade.

the word
as given, handed

-down window
shade, dictating

spillage
of shadow

& light. blue
sun drags

I from its own
face. a legacy:

in bowed
reflection

bloom shape
shifts into

banshee mouth,
hardly more

than a filter
for dusk. a hurt.

deliverance
demands

dizzying a myth
this granite,

to believe beyond
renaming, collage

an idiolect from
the unclean

break of brute-forced
morpheme.

even the genealogy
is destruction. sacrament

of ruin: once *tear*,
as with a talon—

tablet stone or calf
skin, the papyrus

still wrecked
with gracious

muck, earth
bodies anchoring

alliance. to inscribe
is to blade-

cut:
pulverize

& blow into
dust, take

arm in

matter's battle

of balance,
study the wing.

good violence.
graphite shred,

shiver & sharding,
& rivulets

of dissonance
might arc

in the blood.
note, freshly,

the kingdom's
cracks. now shovel.