after Pierre Jean-Jouve

The monster mother is maternal deformation.
Labored masturbation is our daily travail.
The lively sombre life is more than sombre deathly death.

O, the sameness! at the edge of similar horrors!
Our tears are magic, our dreams anxiety.
Disgust is our pleasure! fear our glory!

The lives of each are dear who tremble
Before the wide open mouth of blackness

Nothing is not born from this mouth!
Each one of us is this lovely nakedness
Whose exterior nudity mirrors interiors
Of our splendidly uncovered souls...

for my father

To all this adheres, your life as its experience,
Wanders back through, not so insidious an instrument,
I once suffered, now able to speak my own,
to thirst, and through my own anger, frustrate,
this shared love, a buckling at the knees, rupture,
as we would have it, a crueller measure,
of one time, now this potential, the filial choice,
which in turn, turns design to sense, voice,
toward what is meant, by which we together,
come to an assurance, which keeps us, father,
est ranged, this awkwardness, and not yet alone.