

I AM GERYON

I am a sweating, oozing red creature
running with the cape of night.

I trust my nose;
the point is to breathe.
We nod to each carriage,
full with tied down balloons,
wheeled not in but around
the mouth.

By some last, squeamish virtue,
I have miraculously received
the city's secret wish
without any power to grant it.
Speaking in name of silence,
it vouches for me in a yawn,
sings me lullabies that begin maniacal
and end with me curled into the earth's mantle.

Underarms searing,
my wings appear at once
forged and broken
in the streetlight.

The kid in mildewy, yellow sneakers,
who, for five years,
outran himself,
never lost
the engine,
nor valiant smiling,
nor steamed buns in the toy box,
fresh dirt or the old, glazed star.

His young chaos
combs my arm hair
for the path of rare, migratory burning,
where it is smoothest,
to build a theater.

At this cinema,
between the arm rests,
the eleemosynary pouch waits to be untied:
it holds a miracle spice
that smells like hands patting the warmth
left in the ground

from a momentary fire.

The volcanic clouds
have rained all they have.

Now that no one believes,
I can fly.

I stole these wings
from the future,
remember?
A one hundred percent red rabbit
bloodied its rope to be the same color.
A strawberry stem of bloody belly comb jellies
sank to the chasm's bedrock, each one floating gently upward.
A red stored under everyone's skin—
I wish it were clear
how it looks when we run.

No, you are the sweetest,
you, my winged monster.