

PIMONE TRIPLETT

## Birth Event

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So how will he come, new-flanged,  
out of the balm and starry  
mic-mac, out of ducal  
*mansions and astral melt*

*time torn to his first*      *Rapid, the dividing,*  
*instant.*      *As in shiver,*  
*the fast coming upon*

Ah, give me my own  
celestial ingot,  
zigzag angel, arriving,  
crying his dictums of spurn and glee

*The innards'*      *uncontrollable*  
*roll of boulders.*  
*As on this day a sword shall*  
*unsuture your soul*

With eyes cinctured diamond,  
his hands a galactic

mélange that can grasp,  
the small nails, just cloven

*Pain has a plan  
to say more so.*

*Cleaving  
forceps to unfold the fold*

And afterwards, how  
did he get here,

crowning my roundness,  
sleeping still feral, finical, nursing always

*For he eats you open  
from the inside.*

Having to cult us over,  
kneel us down to his lymph nodes,  
halo'd, hallowed,  
appetited by heft

*Some breeds of death barking  
not far behind:  
what I was, could  
have been,*

A new voice, outside me, of a sudden.  
Owning his own. Until  
what is he now,

*what he was, might  
have  
been*

sleeping,  
waking, bubbled, bodied up,  
this being

*of him*

*the might not have been*

Until who is  
a whom so new, this now and now,  
each second I look down

*if*

*not*

*for the knot*

*of him, becoming*

his all and only,  
two wild blues beseeching