Ode to intestines

you half-assed rope my tongue slurs a noose of today
I refused to eat you in all forms: sorrowed soft scoured shitless the pig that birthed you in one hot knot
of scarves island shallow in my stew of skulls my mouth gropes gutblood tendon slender as a hook my teeth tender as steam for years I thought bowels were a breed of bird & bowel movement a migration of silver wings a climate sought in the south of me my stomach dislodges like a spacecraft unloads its bones on another planet where my mother’s nickname is not vulture where her tongue does not pander oil from the pan in my textbooks you are disease brewery shit-sleeve you soil guilty of growing nothing but your own stench you skin hose you striking snake I made a danger of your dance on my plate your funk an accent I fitnessed to forget in imperial times gegu was the practice of daughters boiling their flesh into soup for sick fathers the trick is to offer what hurts most to give in imperial tombs they found bodies of women missing intestines some survived & lived years without the body’s only landline from mouth to grave we are gloves for our ghosts no part of the woman is wasted no immigrant is above hunger my mother says eat what you’re given or you’ll starve in the next life in the next life you teach me to knit a sky with flies to bloody my backmost teeth I will be allergic to all clean things I will be fecal fabulous all graves will unloose like anus & the dead will citizen the sky with their stink heaven will haggle over ownership of our bodies & you my belly-tether my unraveling thick as a river you birth everything the body cannot carry I feast on you to feed my body back its losses