

, (*not too far off, she watches*).

waste held edge sparks inside her taste , breaks
to hear the slipcycled peal,

the erosion of petals ends with every churn, by every hiss
half held in her face— , *each face—!* , each dreamfaced room straining to
turn to press against her shifting

filth of whispers , (!), that spin secret eared lines
against horizons march
the confession that mars the dream
, shamed in the weight of the room

her earful snakebloom, all this she will do
with meander, tuned to taste the neckwinged dark
the flower disguising her face's textile

spun, spiralled from the gait of years first part
, submerged to see from here where it all could unfold

and the redactive indistinct red signal of her mouth
could open against the dust tongued mark trailed with slime

all the way down, the unfaithed embrace
whose waste remains to d-
elude the dive, the mirrors cropped reproach

, the struggle with the boundary

's unstopped stream of her mu-
sicking visions

By *dove/Christopher Kirubi*