

Chimera

ROB ARNOLD

If red is the blood, white is the flesh, is the heat.

If white is the light—streaked light through the boughs, white
rain streaming through—red is the pool.

You step into your blistered self, amniotic self, amnesiac body
bleeding out in the street.

If blue is the break, black is the breach,
the stringed sweep of night, the husk of starlight.

If white is the tap-root, blue is the widening gulf, the featureless
air, moon obviating every sky.

If black is the cloth, white is the tendon and bone, the gathering
creep of flesh.

If white is the lie, is the smoke, the core of the flame, a filmstrip
charred by the sun.

If white is the spark, the negation of tribe.

If white is the flash and the strobe, white streaks in your eyes.

You will know the specter within. You will fear its pressure,
its want.

