

Wax Portrait of a Marriage /

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Move collectively like locusts, like bees, surviving not on the hunt but on the gather, not on the instinct but on the wit. Let us spill out like softened wax a candle pours, from the grid, from the illness organization would make of us in time. More image than diagram. More rib than blacktop. Vowel in the windpipe. More razor than ring.

There is a trick to it. There is a treat. Inflict it. Skin flint and substitute. Madman and mammal hide, lyre and limb, devil bright as an emptied barn.

Helix. Detour. Gravity. Sorrow. God of our bones beneath the ocean or God beneath our skin.

