

## Aftermath

5/13

Two by two,  
severed legs  
take on a metal skin.  
Oil becomes blood.  
Sensors connect  
the stumps of what is left  
with what is to come.

Ankled ball bearings  
learn to pivot and turn,  
to step in  
the new wardrobe  
of pain,  
to fight limbless  
ghosts and win,  
to undress resolve  
every night,  
and every day wake  
to them  
standing at attention,  
two by two.  
Strap in.

## Joseph, Saint of the Lost

7/13

Mary said it had to be a barn.  
The buzz of angels like flies  
with worry on their wings and the crowded  
stench of the grunting, unraveled hours.

Birth dropped whole  
in the shadows  
of the sheep, the bellowing cow,  
Joseph, nails black  
with dust-soaked blood,  
crowned his bastard son as he fell.  
In the afterbirth of stars,  
the Magi christened the air.

With hollowed eyes,  
Mary looked to him.  
She knew no signs  
beyond how they got there.  
Joseph followed footprints  
of water in the sand.