

## **made to hold them**

steel knuckled  
mountain tops  
that crackle  
wrinkled flame  
red hisses  
that clench  
and want you dead  
point or fist  
caress or click  
fingers stroke  
skin, or trigger  
pumps blood  
like bullets  
veined terrain  
flesh highways  
geographic patches  
skin boundaries  
chains like they were  
made to hold them

most powerful force on earth is friction  
the heat of being, fight or fuck  
only even in shadows, the undersides

snapping necks  
like matchsticks  
to boxes, or  
weapons of  
masturbatory  
distraction  
egos caressed  
wrapped in self  
promotion, me  
more mine  
dualities  
mirrors trapped  
thick, like they're  
made to hold them

only worms  
make noise  
navigating scraps  
of metal toys  
reflecting a  
glint, or gaze  
handle stock and  
barreled down  
collapsing boxes  
dug in earth  
cradling apes  
like she was  
made to hold them