

Your Bird of Paradise Dead Like the Madonna

I was shooting birds and all manner of flight
began
falling ;
there were angels there were parakeets there
was the sun, manatee slick ; residuous in my hands ; it could have been
the core of an unruly girl it could have been the core of a girl
raised on the water of bright reactivity and exhaustion ; raised
on the aluminum biosphere of a chocolate coin
or
on the animal built
on nerves outcast by circumcision or on God's landfill or on ; or on ; or atop
all the psychic currency
built high on the bodies of innocents like Sodom and Gomorrah on; on; atop
of unwanted touch..

Birds who spoke fell from flight. They cried

*Children of God why ? do you claim you were never born? Why ? do you claim you were
born in a suit and your ; subordinates in a straightjacket?*

Girls wore bird;feathered flesh made of subordination they; wore aubergine bruises
in the hush of their hair; they varnished
the sound of their own violet blood
until it was no longer violet but colorless colorless in the body and also prickled atop the breast,
Glaxosmithkline filled up the breast;
they stuck Dasani bottles under the skin

and some girls grew pansies over the scar of their matrilineage,
and some of these wounds became

necrotic ; terribly necrotic;
their unhealings were

forever areola pink.
underskin and overcoat alike; we set up
Dasani bottles like urns. our. relatives died of cancer and the caps we inlaid
; beneath our nipples it
hurt terribly; yet skinning the underflesh we pooled our torsos; together;
and began dancing alongside the small cities outside of Detroit,

Chicago; we beat ourselves with
radiation. aluminum and; made wallets out of "Cheetos bags" and;
in the stomachs of our mothers they found prehistoric plastic, our
mothers aged us backwards and claimed to have only
eaten us so we could be safe inside for two thousand years; for
each year since Christ; but,, *God,,* to mothers

no one listens.

someone threatened to take us away from our mothers we feared
they would cut our cunts into doll parts and so,
We cut ourselves anyway away. vortex God I'll tell you.
We protected our mothers.

we loved plastic because plastic was what
our mothers made us eat at lunchtime.; our souls became grassy radioactive
beams only we could see,
they called us schizoid but kept us full of water to flush out
the plastic we were named after
protagonists in plastic's favorite postapocalyptic novel and
protagonists in our mother's favorite shade of plastic, we

clingwrapped new desires for our husbands
and psychoanalysts we said,;

*Why don't I pretend to be Elizabeth Holmes in bed? Why don't you prosecute me for
taking your blood and replacing it with plastic?*

Our husbands called us schizoid or borderline. They said

*I would rather pretend to shoot you like a carrier pigeon the. Very last one because. You
are my dove but dirtier. you . have always been covered in petroleum and all I want to do
is. See your blood shattered alongside rivulets of petroleum and you. pigeon. will be an
heiress and. You will go septic and I will wear your feathers in my new wife's hair.*

And we said OK.

In the birdbath we fell from flight ; in the landfill always
germinated by our touch, our green souls sandpaper stripped mollified

by man's gunlike touch,;

and when our mothers hurt us so badly we bled oil and laid

in the ground who bled oil we
remained plump as night underground. We cut
our skin on the lack of light and blessed the
soil with our biopsies; our biopsies the lip;
stains on a thousand Dasani bottles they guarded us from genocide. we
planted our skin and up sprouted soft trash our
first joy, awakened we
realized we
would eventually fuck plastic.

Government fathers said

we would eventually know God but officially.
speaking this was no longer promised and
if you believed it too hard or if you killed yourself
for the earth you were

schizoid
or

you were selfish (respectively)

Shooting birds helps them leave in a
shoebox or shoved wing-wrapped into a Dasani bottle. We make
all the animals into plastic, God made us in his image. We
wear rubber shoes to walk into the killing field where. Bugs and rabbits hide inside
of
empty tubes of St. Ives Apricot Scrub and Durex wrappers when. the wildfires burn off
their eyelashes they; replace them with branded feathers,
sublime logomania as aubergine as the deepest earth.