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Where my heart is going

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Where my heart is going

When I say that I opened my heart, I mean all of a sudden
the wind stopped moving. The dry sky opened and I was under it,
opening myself, there was no man, there was no woman, I was alone
for the first time in my life and my boots tramped about
and made no noise. I made so no noise that the birds
disappeared. My head spun and I stopped becoming. A white tiger
appeared beside me. I touched the white tiger. I opened my heart.
I rode the white tiger for miles until miles stopped
existing and then we just breathed together. I say we breathed together
and mean purred, we purred like our hearts were made of fire wood.

And there was no light that night, the moon hid itself like a woman
hides herself, and this is familiar, and I will never open my heart
again. I slept for a long time in someone's claws and I will never

Flame of wind. Desert of flaming
sand. Rain of fire. I walked for a long
time to where being blown
about like rain was not a fire, but softly
limning I stopped. Flaming about
like a bad sun. I wound my arm
about his flaming arm. Wind like a bad
wind. I sanded every part of him
down to where being rained on
stopped being liminal. Be rough
with me. Be the soft starch
of flame where I stop blowing
the flame and the flame
is being blown by wind and your sandy
winding arm. I deserted him. And here
we are in the raining.

The birds disappeared. I made noise because I could still make noise, I opened my mouth and a moon of noise came out, a soft egg of noise, a cool white globe, I made the noise I could still make, noise, I made noise, I could still disappear, I came in a moon of noise, I made still noise.

An owl. A white tiger. A long sloping claw. A moon made of moon. A man with no name. An owl. A bird made of bird. A night made of lightlessness. A fire glowing a deepening coloring. A heart with no heart inside its heart. A clip on my mouth's roof where his teeth, where his teeth his teeth were open in my proud egg mouth

And I will never open my mouth again. When I swallowed his whole chest I swallowed his whole hair. I sloped open, he opened like a wind of bird, I made the noise that a woman makes when she slopes open and that was me that night, sloping noise and a whole moon of noise still inside of me, a noise I bit closed and did not noise again until my heart had swallowed his whole moon.

I swallowed his whole tiger, I tramped and, tramp under the fire, I became a slow white claw. Then I gave up boots. I gave up birds and the deep egg of night. I gave up noise and I became a deep noise, I opened as a wind opens, and purrs, and swallows hair and fire and the noise of the burning of the noise, and his teeth opening in my mouth and I rode that tiger, and together into the becoming, it was miles before morning, I pretended to glow and so I glowed.

And this did not exist. A sun opened me away from the fire and his teeth. No one slowed that night because I was alone and I was not slowing. His teeth did not exist after they clipped me in my bird place. The tiger was not a tiger but a low becoming and in the morning I purred an egg into my own bird heart.