Two Or More Daemon-animals

Brandi George
TWO OR MORE DAEMON-ANIMALS

I Haunt Myself

Goat-Gog loves mint: my grandma’s child-ghost who pees on boys from trees; low swooping
Crow-Ma-Gog nervous from his breakfast-ghosts’ blue rage; the blanket flowers under his feet; love notes I float down the creek; fizz

flowing over cups. It’s Monday morning. Walking over old perceptions of marshland, fields (there is no organ for memory, only perceiving, past, present, future all at once)—I haunt myself, the corn where I grew up, chance
dead by astral travel, whisper threats into my mother’s boyfriends’ ears. Goat-Gog, flinging horns across them, drags their souls (bullet-ed tin cans) through The Undertow. The lightning sounds always after in their coiled heads.

Goat-Gog eats persimmons, chews my braids, lounges like a king upon my bed, says, Someday I’ll be explained by science—scrounging for a vanished fruit. Crow-Ma-Gog multiplies herself until the room’s a riot, flies

Who Am I?

Pages spread across the floor—Cain-Gog? Shadows pull each other's edges, forming wings. His inward breathing rasps like static. Wires grow from his mouth and ears. My feet catch fire. They burn for weeks.

Who claimed that dark is light’s absence? Night spools monochrome threads through our chests and eyes. So Cain-Gog creeps, destroys. I was a fool to make him up. Collective Unconscious, spin him in the Hadron Collider. Hear us!

*Modern man*, Goat-Gog whines, *is hyperconscious, self sees self seeing self...* Coaxing my grandma’s child-ghost, Betty, from the ceiling, I rock her one one, one one, through the night’s fluid rush of planets, her bright seraph-wrists around my neck.

**We’re Back in the Field**

 Why, I ask them, do I imagine us in the same blue bedroom? Washer and dryer tucked behind the closet door, trumpeting wallpaper angels, rock albums strewn across the floor, black

*fishnets drying on a chair?* Crow-Ma-Gog’s nervous preening halts and starts. She doesn’t like it here—the blue room wavers, seethes, and disappears. We're back in the field. *April is the cruelest month,* Goat-Gog squeals
like a lunatic. I crash into my grandpa, Ron, as he flashes a row of little girls, creeps into my mother’s room, and lifts her shirt. I choose not to be one with him. I refuse and wake in the heat of my childhood bed. Borges’s celestial library exists beyond the dryer. Notice: Moth-Gog perished reading Donne’s Death’s Duel. Let’s leave her until she’s dust. I pull my covers through the portal, sleep snailed inside the shelf. Dear, dear, I say, to no one, to everyone. Crow-Gog sticks her beak inside my ear, chews memories of that crazed evangelist; her witch’s hands cold on my chest;

Where Is the Child I Was?

the burnt notebook; witches I named and loved; the muse whose name I signed on every page. Where is the brave child I was? Clouds and tiny purple flowers crush me now. The dryer opens and I drop—fractured planets spin around me, suns dim to amulets. I wear the severed heads of horses, bulls, humans, buffalo. Goat and Crow burn away, then all beings too buried to name.