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Prayers for Vagabond

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# Prayers for Vagabond

#### I.

When Achilles fell in love with me I wanted not to kill myself but die with my stomach blown straight through in violence of crashing like cars. Achilles with his hair that sagged like my breasts: our ways of returning back to this earth. My breasts dragged across the skin of earth, which is why they bruised to bone & back, but still this was the only way I could know how to survive like herds of planets.

#### II.

I know that my mother loves me even when I cannot return this love because she will drive to me at 3 a.m., touch blow light gentle against my cheeks, then yell at me like the spots festering white sprays of mucus down my throat.

#### III.

Picture god's leap of moon through my mother's bedroom walls. I visit my mother & am surprised when she does not strangle me like the heel of Achilles, who still loves me. How can I separate him from my mother. There is never music in my mother's house. The silence is constant & buzzing like the headaches that I used to get when I was young & sitting by cold rolls of saltwater.

IV.

Gold wheat bombards itself through my mother's kitchen window. 7 a.m. I am only 1 of 2 awake in my mother's house. The fridge is shined & opening like the uprising of a new country. Out the window still rests Achilles & he is teaching me to beg.