

# Leaf Ripped Out of an Expurgated Bestiary

blue-black bruised unicorn born that way or beaten amethystine

provenance unknown first cited in the memory books of Bedlam and Rodez reported in the menageries of Laura Wingfield Hieronymus Bosch Jack Smith and others

it cannot be tamed or woven into tapestries cannot be resolved into madrigals or healed

it only mates with minotaurs

a overfull grape crushed underboot by conquistadors and pedants to make blood-honeyed wine or

a protocol corrupted by maenads and madmen in torturous bipolar rhythms winding dance steps two and fro in a chaos of absolute perversion

its whinny inaudible as a dead tongue muttered under the breaths of old apostates sounding a broken bell smashed undersea or beliefs discredited centuries ago

its horn can be used to stir up tempests heretical tirades and virginal intoxications

the rheum from its eyes applied to festering recollections has the power to crystallize into myth

a hair from its tail tied tight around the heart is proof against wedlock; around the brain, proof against scholarship; around the third eye, against utopian blueprints

best approached while you are in despair and bruised yourself or beaten into exile by stale orthodoxies parading as affection or good intentions

it can be mounted but not mastered will lead you to mountains of ice and shattered visions blood streaming from its nostrils and hooves striking flame