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Nightwood

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Pat McKeage Nightwood

She smokes grass and with her tongue paints flowers from the inside out.

In her tumble down cedar shake cabin

on the wrong side of the river she makes hash with short slashing knives for her dog who will howl by her side and for the

frog who squats in the mud. At night with a toss of red hair she consumes fire and small babbling dolls as the moon nods in approval to the wind rattling

windows on the other side of the river shaking those who sweat nightmares between peals of church bells. Soon, soon, she will ascend to the heights of

the universe and into the depths of its flower; she will swallow God's penis and he her vagina and they will shudder, shudder, until they dissolve into one.