Antidote
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Published by The Ohio State University Press

Landingham, Corey Van.
Antidote.
The Ohio State University Press, 2013.
Project MUSE. muse.jhu.edu/book/27570.

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What You Erase Knits Back Together

It’s true, the lake at night does not want you.
It is not inked up for a body—not yours.
There are rocks that have gone untouched
for days; their needs are both nonexistent
and greater. A bottle should not remind you
of yourself. Not tonight. Not when a bee
has drowned inside it. Do not think
mausoleum. You are no Francis—birds
do not harken to your shoulders. Angels
have swum right past the dock with no
particular sadness, but you weren’t there
to see them. There is something ordinary
about the wake they’ve left behind. It does not
glow, not like the top-heavy willows now
semi-drowned. After light, the fish do not
bother with bereavement, are not doubtful
nor devoted. The plunder inside a raccoon
carcass is all grub and dark wing—both
twinning and emptying the body. What you see
out here expands beneath the skin until a lung
is but a wallet, guffawing something silver into
the air. Avoid the splinter that will still
work its way into your heel. When
you call out in pain, make it a day-long
anthem, sent back into the footsteps
you’ve been retracing since you left
the house with all those spiders.

All those spiders curled together,
each dark leg touching each dark leg
in small, white sacks beneath your bed.