Antidote
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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.