

# Lights Out!

For SH

## 1.

*What rough beast, its hour passed,  
limps towards Kali to be spurned?*

Ignoring Gayatri exaltations,  
countless suns  
turn and face their void

What pathetic arachnid,  
gonads growing,  
hurls itself furiously at sandy walls?

As a universe collapses,  
undelivered strings  
draw a cloudy moonness  
to every neural network

and madhyakasha snuffs its ululations

## 2.

In the Cave of Grenada I tend my love, as  
sick of living and notations,  
the detonations and implosions of awareness suck.  
I feed her parsley and dark mountain grapes,  
I wrap her tightly in woven skirts of silk and wool  
to hold her through the nights  
and marvel as the little seed fills her skin  
of desire and oblivion.