



***the silent crucifixion
& other poems***

Kristopher Biernat

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*for Kaleigh,
forever and always*

“if you do not love me I shall not be loved
if i do not love you I shall not love”
-Samuel Beckett, from *Cascando*

I would like to express my thanks to the following editors and magazines for publishing some of these poems in a slightly different form:

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Chattanooga, Tennessee
01/23/2022, vulg.

the silent crucifixion

i.

some mist, a memory, the quiet--light.

vision of you before you like secrets hidden in the cell,
as a photograph invents its subject

with cosmic dust of,
with base tears of,
first life.

the story of us
dots into,
and out of
infant piano fires

where a drought teaches a kiss about the rain,
where barracudas fly, whistling along with grasshopper choirs,
and where we bathe in early fur light;
the fibers and flesh that illuminate our dreams
and pour into our bodies.

our first heavy steps will always mirror the last,
the shallow rust waters, sodium palms,
the toes curled in unparalleled thought
like a toothless bite taken from the moon
and spit back into the nauseated sea,
only then:

“...i...” she whimpered.

ii.

i want to dream you i need to dream you
to want dream you i need i to you dream
you want dream to i dream i you to need
dream to want you i to i dream you need
i you want to dream need you to i dream
dream i want you to dream to i you need
want you i dream to to i you need dream
you to dream i want dream you to need i
dream want you i to i you to dream need
you i dream to want to need you dream i
to dream i you want you need to dream i
you want i to dream to need dream you i
dream to you i want you need dream i to
to you want dream i dream to need you i
i want dream you to to dream i you need
want you dream to i i to dream need you
dream i you want to you dream i need to
want you i dream to you dream to need i
dream i want to you you i to need dream
i you to want dream you i to dream need
want i you dream to need you to dream i
dream i want you to i you to dream need
you i dream to want dream to i need you

iii.

as mountains become mirrors
mushrooms will spill into our sacred sea--

the trees will climb across one another,
dripping ink into the folds of your blouse,

eager to witness the spectacle of imaginary life,
the Anatomy of Being, disguised as a stone.

here the flowers do not wilt,
only scream up to heaven
before falling, again, into the earth's quiet embrace.

the grass is alive, sweating as it runs
a gloved hand through your soul
and down your thighs.

your plasticine eyes are pockmarked
with stars that have crashed around us,

stars that whispered to glass clouds,
shivering for more.

all things climb so that they
may fall again

into our chests and empty stomachs,
to sleep in beds of static and twine

to rise once more, to climb once more,
a shrapnel of stars,
a tempest of bells,
your heart,
feeding mine,
a dance of light
for the blind.

dont worry its only poison my love
love dont its poison my only worry
only dont poison love its my worry
my only worry love dont poison its
love only my poison its worry dont
dont poison only worry its love my
its dont only worry love poison my
only love its worry poison dont my
love its dont my poison worry only
love poison its dont my only worry
dont love poison my only its worry
its dont poison love worry only my
its dont only poison my love worry
its my poison only dont worry love
poison dont worry my love its only
only its my worry dont poison love
love its dont poison my worry only
only worry poison dont love my its
its my poison worry only love dont
worry its love my only poison dont
its my love dont worry poison only
only my worry love dont poison its
dont poison love its my only worry

i have found you
in the womb of song,
failing to light a cigarette
through the mirror.

i have found you
leading a procession
of insects into the sky
with your eyes covered,
and your hands bound.

i have found you
finding yourself
at the bottom of a
country well,
looking up
at the stars.

and i have found you,
finding me
at a loss for words,
finally.

scents and whirlwinds

you
(re)
the time
gospel
bree-
zes of
a new
soul;
a weat
her of
declar-
ation(s)
and sto-
nes;;

eden, the widow, examines the poet, nude.

four figures in the desert, by a rock, or a stone

the language
that they speak
only makes
sense
under the
water.

frozen breath caught in a jar on a winter day

beautiful, the broken chair
on a december night-

crown me the king of the
babylonian sacaea and I'll
die in a sea of electric foam,
under stones and in the
eyes of reminiscing stars;

imagine the monsters in the walls,
the places you'll forget
in old age and fatigue.

this rosary will become your striped tiger,
unable to hear prayer or feel
human sand between its toes--
a lock without a door of its own,

like a scarecrow or a candle afraid of the light,
like a smile or an indistinct shade of blue.

I will misquote the constellations for you,
like a sailor lost in the night,
like frozen breath, caught in a
jar, on a winter day.

shoebox found under bed

a moth. a hypnotist. a museum on fire, of fire.

hungry in babylon

hu-
man
be-
ing
s.

a lost meadow, not altered, or damned

tender Eve and
the dizziness

of
mountains.