

Rapunzel

by Cody C Sullivan

We radiate on heated tin
iron, copper, steel
aluminum
kernels in a rusted pot
we combustible with thought
and here we clutch fast at air
to catch one strand of lovely hair
we plead at time, we do, J'espère
to climb her locks of spectral hair
to find ourselves outside the dense
where each word a taut link of fence
to hold our thoughts like suncooked hands
grasping stories in the arab sands
but let us begin again, again
it's all slipped through, it's not working
and cease this scent of ceaseless burning
because where we are, we feign not to care
and do we ask? we do not dare
though, we know, there's no face up there
there's no lovely face, no lovely hair
only the vast expanse of nothing nowhere
another metaphor: a boat without oar
built of arsenic seeds from apple core
which they say she bit and gave to him
to the dragon's orgasm
we inherited that kiss

and this bitter hiss:

where will you go?

where is there but this?