

HELLMOUTH *Ariana Reines*

I lost my mother on the surface
Of the Earth. I lost her in public.
Never agreed to what
We've been doing with Nature
Of which I am a part. After pulling
Flowers I had nightmares
Rusted trowels & spades
In radial formation
Each displaying a single human organ
As if dug up. As if an offering.
I crush my "need for self-
Expression." I know it's unadult.
Do human bodies come
From underground as the ancients
Thought snakes did? I compress
My thoughts: the bodies of serpents
Under the amorous bulk of a mountain.
If you fail to build in yourself a secret
Room the culture will simply
Conduct its cargo & traffic up
& down you: you'll begin
To feel like an airport
Conducting their
Cargo efficiently from mouth
To gate. Host body. Interrogation

Devolves into X-ray. I see through
Everything passing by way
Of me. Mouth
Of the city. Lip
Of the country. Making
Improvements on the danger
In me: revising the charter
I drafted to kill with
I got so angry
I could no longer eat.
My charter governed
Only me. Grenades
And pomegranates
Growing underground.
There is a secret culture
Underground, whose womb
Foments visions
& substance. Here lie
Also the black
Hole and the solar
Neutrino. The secret
& terrible shovelings
Of love. Loading my chasm
With myth and gunpowder
Tamping it all down

With a stick. When you're
A revolutionary soldier
With only one bullet
What else can you do?
In this economy myth
Costs less than a bullet
Hardly anyone understands it
Anymore which's why
You can't really sell it.
They ruined the internet
For weeks we were looking
For *Wild at Heart*
Finally accepting on our final
Night together it'd been scrubbed
From the ether
If you didn't already know it
How would you know
To seek it? Or the reality of fire
As even recent artists have known it?
Ours was a love our phones
Made possible and tooketh
Away. Buying and selling
Our worst nightmare
To one another was a speedy
Intimacy—sheer black drop
To the depths. Fabricating
Mutual dreams at the edges

Of our mouth—where
Grandparents who lose
Their native language hide
Their dreams. Like a stone
Phallus manufactured
For the hand of a religious devotee
Communicating cult drugs
To the core of me.
Where business also
Is transacted. For vision
Too is business. And so
Is love—like ours.
I seated myself in silence
Votary offering
To all of shrieking
Time. I found a quiet place
For my heart to harden
As it filled up with blood.
I lost my mother. I rejected
Love. You belong
To Earth, spoke something
Within. The actual
Smell of fish. The powerful
Would have me forget my body.
The place of terror
Is a place of arousal
Where I would not build

Our house. Red tide. Discipline of magnetism
River of burning In the navel of the labyrinth.
Shit. Convection of an empty Horned monster. Potions
Feeling. Daniela described to me Of the eye. Attributes
The reverse tectonics on the sea I share with the spider
Floor pulling souls down Mark my way
To the Earth's core she saw It's better not to speak
In a vision. Souls Of such things
So furious this was their only The girl in the story often
Way back to the maternal embrace. Doesn't even want a man
We both cried when she said it: But they don't teach you that do they.
You can't read things like this She wants a devil.
In a book or say them in public. An animal. To escape
The cool room at the center The raping god—to be a tree. The girl
Of my house, monster Who pulled flowers to be sucked
Attracting me like no man. Under—the girl who led the hero
I am so angry. I have gotten Through the core of his ordeal
So angry. The little All heroes grow ashamed
Room in the middle Of the assistance they depend on
Of me. Where I see All sorceresses who once gave
What I can't say. I have to stay So freely of their wisdom
Moving, evade Will live to meet the day at last—
The imperial calendar— Because no witch dies—
My father's beard whitening She finally wants her magic for herself.
And the blackening sockets When Vesuvius erupted no authority
Of his eyes. I live in Time Could divide punishment from climax
Chasm of stars Blood's hot career

Behind white-blue
Marble death conceals a riot
Of misspent emotion. Harassment
Of silence, tissue
Of horrors. Explosions
On the surface of the sun.
Last night the sky was electric
I wouldn't let my lover get near me
Even though I yearned for him
Coronal mass ejection
Contradiction. How else
Could I open my mouth?
But you can write without speaking.
But—do it too much you'll lose
Your womanhood.
When I turned 5
My mother hired a pony
I was so overwhelmed
By surprise at the sight of it
That I refused to ride it.
Everybody rode that animal
But me. I watched them all
Go up and down our yard
Surprise led to a force of will
I still don't understand. The larger
the lust
The more erotic its refusal.

What is “no”? Not the withdrawal
Of consent—at its secret, esoteric
Best. No means: I want a force
Of Nature. Nothing less.
My grandmother's words
Press against my navel
When I'm sleeping: give me a child
She says. Tell your baby
My story. But the red
Priapic face of life
Offends me with its cheer
And sanity. All you have to do
Is say yes. Life smiles
Like a lurid frankness
I would grow to a great size and piss
On this world til it drowns
but I'm forced
To govern my territory
With absolute rationality.
And so I do and so I shall
Til Nature itself overwhelms me
What I repress contributes to the force
Of what I show. Lust
Is dignified by ash for eternity
Revenge of the living planet: indissoluble
From generosity. The only
Feminine law.