

Axolotls Do It Better, So Now I Am an Axolotl

Not all goodbyes are tragic unless they begin
for someone else & this one did & I can't stop

carrying you under my coastal grooves
where there's a hundred years
of you

larval for life, forever newt-
like & never
to arise the canals
& floating gardens.

Go on & feed

[finite^{them}] to kelp & coral reefs.

Never again to such perfect day
security would I promise our tartare
lives. Or would I try to close such eyes

that bury me
alive in sea anemones growing toward
our feet & never where the sun
would be

do we bite off each other's limbs
& return in angles un-right

when our ancestors said no
& went back in,
supercluster that would
drown the universe.

We are the layer under human skin.

We are swimming toward each other
under their dead skin

like a thousand holy grails
smashed
against
white cells & terrain
graces. My darling laurel
-wreathed
& unripened,

there is only you

knocking down
a sad plastic fish bowl tower
with melting stone
& dandelion.