**FALCONHEAD**

# Genetic Predisposition *or* The Domesticated Beast

To anyone not our brood, it is a hex of our blood's
brew. How we turn things to other things: a son

a pillow, a pen a caduceus; a cord an escape. But
my little head slipped the knot on that one. A the-

rapist a bad memory. And weeks pass within days,
and the nights whole childhoods. So one learns to

keep monstery things at bay, make poems of them.
Their limbs. For if they're relinquished for sleep, let

dry on the sheets, then what have we the next day?
A breakfast of nurses? More credit from god? For

there is a door on the night. A flap one crawls out
of, returns through at dawn. Muddied feet, matted

hair. A pet through a lip on the back door; not re-
veling in darkness, but escaping it. For the pills

reduce you. The whole fatness of it. The girth.
Held in by an apron of children. And you asleep

at a bed of dishes, used and solid unlike the brain.
Only you are still conscious. Your tail still whip-

ping, your plug still attached to the wall. But what
business have they here? What right they in this

house of skull? The past capering about the room,
the anger. But what will the doctor say? *Nothing*

*but battery kisses for you, my dear.* And when
you're lit up like a T.V. screen, *Nothing but laudanum*

*lullabies tonight.* A voice a guide. The lungs a dust
trap. An oven a portal. The window a rabbit's hole.

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# ~~Rumination~~

The thing is, even after you've regretted it, the memory of
it sticks. I cannot say why, but we are told it is chemical.

A kind of masturbation; a memory of the body. To drown
oneself in the thought, toss the mind into it. Like a full-

grown rock. Full-grown in the way that the body stays
its shape, its weight even after the palm lets go. We

don't know it though until we pass a mirror, and see
the horror of it full on. That is, until we remember we've

done it, only it's too late then. Yes, stays its hue even
while it sits at the bottom of the sea. Or the lake or the

river rushing over it or turning it on its cold, dead breast.
*Well, that's just swell,* you might say, *how it works.* How

the catch 'round the ankle bites further when you move,
keeps the creature still. But the flesh is wrong in wanting

to live. False. And there's an ugliness because of it. A
thing that doesn't show unless you become aware.

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# Seedling

*The thought that I might kill myself formed*
*in my mind coolly as a tree or a flower.*

*—Sylvia Plath*

And once there, it was all I could do
To keep from watching it grow into some-
Thing other than a thought.

Some *thing* darker and more sub-
Stantial than me, like a germ or a disease that yet
Had a name. Only it did not

Plant itself in soil, nor in any vast
Woodland. But rather in the deep, willowy
Marsh where all the fiery Dragons sleep.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

FALCONHEAD uses Dragon's blood to write poetry, short stories and plays. His work has appeared in *Nazar Look, Night Train Magazine, The Rock River Review, Still Point Arts, Antiphon, FictionWeek Literary Review, The Red Line, The Corner Club Press, Naugatuck River Review, Outside In Literary & Travel Magazine, Wilde Magazine, Poetry Potion, Foliate Oak Literary Magazine, Thick Jam, Meat for Tea, Poetica Magazine, Camas: The Nature of The West, Thin Air Magazine, Huesoloco Journal, Glitterwolf, Whistling Fire, Two Hawks Quarterly, Rock & Sling, Adanna Literary Journal, Deltona Howl*, and Green Wind Press's *Words Fly Away* Anthology, among others, and is forthcoming in several more publications. For his poem "Man-Made God or Poem In Which The Hypochondriac Gets His Way" *Emerge Literary Journal* awarded him "runner-up" in their 2014 poetry contest. You can follow Falconhead on Twitter @Falconheadpens.