

Hermetic

By Erica Weitzman

This hour false words are planted on your tongue.

Try hard, think: why should this matter?
Why not let spurred cocks tear each other apart?

To concentrate their bodies into wisdom?
Everything can go unnamed from now on.

Root cellar mandrake that shrieks
and begets: inhumed, inhumaned.

This hour is false, it does not pass.