

Matina Stamakis

Two

I am her self, not verb nor object

I am Montezuma——the Aztec temple

of her slaughter

I am cultural turbulence spread throughout decades

& pretension in the little toe

& the blur of pornographic blue

which enfolds me like paper, paper to body

& water to cum

I am because “father” was just out of reach

like the man unclothed before me

relying on ethereal significance

& so my eternal friendship will soon tether us to codependence

simply out of habitual necessity

(yet the child no longer relies on my belly for sustenance)

yet I've given the “tree” a proper burial inside of me--

I won't feel ashamed of the weight

the strange morphogenesis between me and me

does not rely on discord, a “sower” of,

but duality

in a singular thread

to materialize the double helix

I am merely flexion & gyre--

not the afterward of unravel