

## The djinn

while men were driving cars filled with space rocks on the moon  
i was invited to rub the vile cupola of its mother's womb  
to feel the squirming thing that somehow got in  
something to do with god and seeds and sin  
some nauseating thing that grew outside the light  
i saw its homunculus in the flowerbed that night  
and then nothing / i've no memory of it being there  
neither still nor pushed round shouting in a chair  
just a rootless spirit whirling in the dust my kin  
formed of flying sand chaotic stir and din  
in turn tolerated bullied ignored and blamed  
disgraced belittled undersold and crammed  
into the form of a convulsing dancing bull  
in a skin a language and a world too small  
out of the lamp but fighting still for space  
until a crack appeared in some ancient broken place  
not rage nor even war could set it free  
not the frantic years of toil's anxiety  
not love not money not things  
nor shamanic words and chicken wings  
but the bottle it was in at last  
becoming crazed within its vivid glass  
cracked and delicate and thin  
like arachne's labyrinthine string  
but spider's venom doesn't kill  
she just laid it out and laid it still  
in various burning-piss-stained beds  
until at last she'd kicked the legs  
from under you  
and smashed the temple windows too  
and broke the cursed-occultist spell  
before laying down herself as well  
to leave the tangled corpses of the dead  
eyelids sown with sooted thread  
but against the dark  
and dumbly tragic  
sim sala bim!  
the greater magic  
not elohim  
allah or hu  
but you  
my friend  
the  
d  
j  
i  
n

