A spring night,
thoughts trampling twilight,
and there's a corpse in the bath,
which I don't remember putting down that way

Eyes wormy, jaw still working
as it reads Hegel's *Encyclopedia*,
and whispers epistemological truths
in a voice that tastes like ashes,
betrayal and gin

I am not dreaming anymore, it mutters
I am awake
It turns its head--
Heartless breaks
Tongueless stutters
Fearless breathes flashes of dread--
And then

It

Smiles.