

JUDAS ON BREATH

JEN ROSENBLIT

January 14 7pm Bodega

IN-MOUTH



hey sinner  
i imagine some to find the rough on my neck inviting  
sinner we will never progress  
wildly flamboyant is our rose (house)  
look  
over me are spaces for dwelling  
having alone is thrilling  
the ends of each, charrr  
formed air  
its so dry sinner when folding winds act like patronage  
There is something small in the trail you leave right  
outside my window a delicate lace white fabric you  
waved it in the wind There is amusement here You  
have found my body at times accessible There is  
something in this like past failures could be redeemed  
Delicate horns white lace my ancient ram I might leave  
you where you are To find my stride riteous Back to  
steeping tea  
white of whites  
im looking for those ram horns everywhere i go

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