

Vincent Hao

THE SECOND DENIAL

yesterday I forget how to speak. when I ask
the girl for help she tells me to build
a house from paraffin and wax in the
valley of her body.

I never could. late nights I stay up & fill the sky
with hieroglyphics, sandmen pillaging
stone villages,

& the boy who cried wolf, mouth
stuffed with cotton. insomnia.
when I ask the girl for help
she cites nietzsche & says she can't deny me.

that's hertzog, I want to scream.
in this day no one knows the meaning of secret:

not the sky, hushed
& cramped in a moment of whisper,
not the girl, stuck in mother
pond, reliving blue empathy at the seam.