

viii. viii. *Klū*, aquatic serpent spirit 𑀓𑀲𑀭𑀸

In the high, dry winds of the mountains.

In the cracks of the parched, torn soil,

a spring springs,

a halo of vapour surrounds it,

and a single blade of grass stands up to life.



In such slips I slither, borne from the water, a
black heap of coiled crowns, like neglected
wires crumpled beside obsolete machines.

I am conducted. I am evaporated, I am stabbed, rid of. Conches blow me out, fortresses of the new knowledge reconfiguring their rule, concealing the old powers that reside deep within. It wasn't pathogens you were afraid of, it wasn't my liquid larvae, it's your molten innards, it's your shadows, your femininity. You obliterated this with your grids. Your veneration is violence.

The serpent, always the darkness, never what shimmers because of it. When the volcanoes erupt, I emerge from my cavernous realm, in the parts floodlit by fluorescent lights, where the lightning goes to strike. I spurt streams of water, watering the land so it grows lush, fertile, a dark park. No light. My head becomes the sky, my right eye the sun, my left eye the moon, my teeth the planets, my voice thunder, my breath clouds and my veins rivers. Into this upper world I rise, I hiss, I swallow the light.