

**SEXTON TEXTS DURING POLAR ABYSS**

Thurs., Jan. 19, 3:18 pm  
Blind thought for the day:  
“Let us eat air, rock, coal, iron.  
Turn, my hungers.”-Rimbaud

Thurs., Jan. 19, 4:01 pm  
Meanwhile, I’m trying. God knows.  
But mother unearthed each small  
gauzed bloodmain wrist.  
Fought a strange compulsion  
to press her mouth against right  
pulse, taste throbbing  
veiny eels her crooked lovers forsook  
drink lakes of leaving,  
undo their digging

Thurs., Jan. 19, 4:32 pm  
(1/2)brick ledge,  
scarp fault  
no matter how much silt  
no matter...

Thurs., Jan. 19, 4:33 pm  
(2/2) Trenches never fill  
never unslope  
else they cease being  
soldier’s shallow shelter

Sat., Jan. 21, 7:17 am  
Ice storms, beauty splintering  
crystals, of course. Today,  
everything wheels and bone  
touch, every slick black  
lies under rock  
salt

Sat., Jan. 21, 8:01 am  
(1/5) Each day, my father drifted  
into deep-tar vats. Burned  
his neck, ankles, veins. We  
saw his viscous shoeprints  
blanched blisters, salve.  
Hours after, when  
he touched any door-  
knob, steam rose  
from the brass.

Sat., Jan. 21, 8:03 am  
(3/5) Called it going  
home, meaning,  
maybe,

Sat., Jan. 21, 8:02 am  
(2/5) He died for the last time  
on a Monday, or Tuesday or  
Wednesday or was it Thursday or  
Friday?

Sat., Jan. 21, 8:06 am  
(5/5) point is: he died  
at some point  
during some week

Sat., Jan. 21, 8:05 am  
(4/5) back to tar streets