

Turned Around

These misguided sign posts of directional imperatives.
They morse code your mannerisms that dominate: pelvic thrust and ass rotation.
One cries *that way* when clean, it cries *that way*
though nothing will come of it; and another way, another way bars forward.
This hand an arrow wrist-banded, trembling: one cries again,
again while another shuts down and omits
its whip-filled fantasies strung lightly blackened
in oblivion, that blank roil of white, white-strobed white.