

For he awarded golden fleece

The old myths mistook the roots for branches and violated
idiom; you
are king of ellipses and
ceaselessly roll
with the stone of your own weight.

I respond: love is nothing like the jaw
When you say
there is no worse punishment than futile labor
and it is love for image
that draws you
back to a place
that reflects moon as if everything is water,
as if everything
is the echoes of the universe
in salty verges.

At night,
you mouth
Into a wife's back
the burden is heavy but image is light

and do anything to sate the appetites of traders—

as if you are moon
shifting farther away from earth,
annually,

penny centimeters
tractable

in gradient of crack rock

I know one man who shaves in July
only
to attain new skin.

absent this
he is full of snarls
still

snarled in briar-tongue you confuse
pull and push
and your gullet ripples with each pull and placation

when you crossed tineless you
came easily
like overripe fruit

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