

**So Bubble set out carving things**, first he carved up candles that had been in his mother's kitchen drawers for years, long-wicked tapers, put him, then me, in mind of long-wicked blanched everlasting carrot sticks, precedents, so good for you, no whammy, no end in sight of the love to burn, the candles had hair when those wicks were pulled apart into his collection of shaved corn cobs with silk intact, skein frame, the skinny used for hexes every now and then, stabilizer and possibility filter, Bubble's *boo* would get tired though sometimes and I had no idea there weren't other options, but to try to put hexes had been exhausted, till then that it was possible to have no choice in the vicinity of anything naturally it looked as if Bubble wasn't hexable, and that remained true even after we got to Memphis, so Bubble reasoned that Memphis swirled around and around, electron hitch harvesting barns, trailers, reduction seduction and up into the tails of their own spiral gravy like the hexed snakes that swallowed themselves, a little pit left on the ground, like a pretty big black peppercorn or a petrified pupil of an eye, but it wouldn't be any of those, it would be pure remnants of the last bit of tail locked into the last bit of mouth, a kernel of hex, BB, nucleus of this that happened when these fingers reached and further away, Bubble —maybe he was only going deaf, of stirrup and anvil, his love as his relationship with sound all around him, as a tomb should be, He could still wiggle his ears, held up to his ear, volume dials for atmosphere made he could feel the cilia in his ears radiated freely he could hear his thoughts on any tonal riding synonyms *that was the same* according to rules of synonyms packages of the bones economy shaved for bleaching, cleaning wax casts, molds robot gist bouncing back and blinding

him, finally  
of his sense of touch, despite an intimate start,  
superficial, not now even more, he hollowed out  
went where the depth was, chased it  
crafted interiors, gateways  
duckling  
in the turkey and got his bearing  
in the bull-carved log, a beefy coffin, the BBQ pit into which she was lowered,  
turducken roasted over her hot ashes, only a little more than a regular funeral feast,  
in being *irregular*, her ashes trailed from the campsite to the car an exquisite filé  
powder, effort can get this even for a Bubble, the sound of her voice *sassy sassafras*  
inside him, the gumbo of earwax, the spell of having been mothered.

the supremacy  
his outer skin touched the less  
what he carved,  
every day, hollowed  
to the slaughterhouse, burying  
in the gosling in the capon  
before burying the woman