

## LUCIFERINS

I was born into a culture  
    of nebulous phosphenes.  
My eyes, from rubbing,  
had built in floaters  
    specks of luminosity  
electric sparks charging the visual battery.

I threw a rock into a purple lake

(memory recall recalls memories  
distant faces distant past)

deep below the ground  
clunking through a fissure  
startling a jelly fish, it hung  
perched with clenched tentacles.

It slinked & I followed  
underneath black ice waves  
past cave white crays  
and blind shrimp

I wanted to reach bottom  
touch the cracked stalactites  
but my lungs ache  
shivering from the undertow  
ecstatic cold,  
dreams of oblivion

screaming empty bubbles,  
my bronchia fills with brine  
then I see the Kraken  
sitting on a nest of jewels,  
his glowing Luciferins shine.

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