

# Rapunzel

by Cody C Sullivan

We radiate on heated tin  
iron, copper, steel  
aluminum  
kernels in a rusted pot  
we combustible with thought  
and here we clutch fast at air  
to catch one strand of lovely hair  
we plead at time, we do, J'espère  
to climb her locks of spectral hair  
to find ourselves outside the dense  
where each word a taut link of fence  
to hold our thoughts like suncooked hands  
grasping stories in the arab sands  
but let us begin again, again  
it's all slipped through, it's not working  
and cease this scent of ceaseless burning  
because where we are, we feign not to care  
and do we ask? we do not dare  
though, we know, there's no face up there  
there's no lovely face, no lovely hair  
only the vast expanse of nothing nowhere  
another metaphor: a boat without oar  
built of arsenic seeds from apple core  
which they say she bit and gave to him  
to the dragon's orgasm  
we inherited that kiss

and this bitter hiss:

*where will you go?*

*where is there but this?*