

Anger my cursed sister
My companion
Lied about and unscathed
My resilient friend

YOUR DESTRUCTION IS RIGHTEOUS
YOUR DESTRUCTION IS HEALING
YOUR DISRUPTION IS THE VERY FUNCTION OF DEATH
AND I AM PLEASED WITH YOU.

My worthy and capable anger
Let no man tell you that you are destructive
And then withhold your yield from you
Let no man call you by your name
To be found without an offering
When you appear

The lord Our god is a vengeful god.
Our god is a consuming fire.
all of this
and yet naught but the tip of Your tongue
a part that would taste sweetness
a part that would know worship.
I take your tongue to drench completely
And withhold nothing from you.
I worship you my anger
take what you need

ANGER FOR WHOM I DO NOT APOLOGIZE
OF WHOM I HAVE NO FEAR

May you destroy in serenity
May you sweep wholly and beautifully
May you complete your sacred work
And herald the change of a season.

May you energize the life in blood
So that when it spills
it gains momentum
and flows to nourish
what has already been drunk by the soil
and made it
to the sea.

May you charge the water with belligerence
and let it focus your intent.

May you be a storm.
May yours be electric fire.
May yours be kinetic fire.
May your light be hot
and sharp for cutting.
May your light be dense
and loud.

My triumphant and pregnant anger

BLIND US PERFECTLY

That we may access the worlds we can no longer imagine
that are distorted in our visions
that have been stricken from our histories and cut out of our tongues
that remain in us nonetheless

Taken in by you
hidden and growing from our deepest corners,
sheltered and nourished by your hot fermentation.
Disguised by your fearlessness.
Revealed by your fearlessness.

My triumphant and pregnant anger, blind me absolutely
and take action of my bodies,
that we may move with the memory preserved in
the chill of your waiting for me
Thaw us out until my muscles burn with it.
Thaw us out.

MIGHTY AND COMPETENT

ANGER MAY YOU BLIND US SO COMPLETELY
THAT WE CAN NO LONGER BE CONFUSED
AS WE PUSH THE FUTURE FROM OUR LOINS.

Anger who has held the truth since it was hunted, and kept its secrets living
Anger that revealed itself to me in tides
who was gentle even
in the time it took
to break the skin

Anger
that pushes out the bile
and burns ~~at things~~ into the charcoal
with which to write the score

anger that is cold
that condenses into currents
that rushes to flood at waste and ruin
and redirect hurt
into a battering ram

ANGER that breaks the skin
anger that pushes out the bile
anger that forces room
CREATES room
takes SPACE

you are wet and you are burning from holding me. And I am pleased with you.
you are wet and you are burning from holding me, and I am pleased with you.

(anger creates)
Mighty and competent
May you Function
May you destroy

I WORSHIP YOU MY ANGER
YOU ARE LOUD
AND I AM NOT ASHAMED
YOU ARE HURT
AND I AM NOT AFRAID
Take what you need

TAKE

TAKE ~~TIME~~

take what you need
TAKE EVERYTHING

You are a signal of full capacity
the catalyst of change
The function of death
I cannot hold you
I would not want to.

Anger my honesty
my patient and loyal companion
you are wet and you are burning
from holding me
and I am pleased with you.

I AM PLEASSED WITH YOU