For the Nefarious

By Mai Der Vang

From a recessed hollow
   Rumble, I unearth as a creature

Conceived to be relentless.
   Depend on me to hunt you

Until you find yourself
   Counting all the uncorked

Nightmares you digested.
   I will let you know the burning

Endorsed by the effort of
   Matches. And you will claw

Yourself inward, toward a
   Conference of heat as the steam

Within you surrenders, caves
   You into a cardboard scar.

Even what will wreck you
   Are your mother’s chapped lips.

Even to drip your confession
   Of empty rooms. I know about

Your recipe of rain, your apiary
   Ways. Trust me to be painful.

Source: Poetry (July 2017)