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)