

Death, be a Lady Tonight/Molumby
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Words

Come into my Branches

Come into my branches
and let my spiders kiss you
The woven moss of my embrace,
my quiet, the leaves, the sunlight falling on stone
My servant, you have come to honor me
I am the grandmothers' voice in the hurling wind
the sound that chills you to the bone
the writing on the back of the page
the falling staircase of pages
of library books stacked in endless corners
each bearing a different terrible truth
Thesis and antithesis
a tessellated pattern

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Lie down on my moss
and remember things long forgotten
I hide them in my hollows

I am greater than you
Drinking from forgotten lakes before your time
Stars, sidereal, age upon age

Come into my branches
And wither to ash as you age
and procreate, love, and submit your children
to me – to weave my fabric
of living and dying
to the cold green earth of this planet
Come into my branches