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God is hungry like this. He stalks
you like a lion-headed man, his matted mane
the burnt yellow of autumn leaves.

You weren't looking for escape.
You were looking for a storm. A wolf's
shadow to kiss. Every darkness
a deer hunted like prey.

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Tonight, we will braid
our bodies
into a rope.
Our limbs
taut
with expectation.

When we finish
our mouths
will be like coins
placed
on the eyes
of the dead.

Maybe we all make room
to consume
ourselves.

You say I taste
like licorice
and rebellion.

Does that mean you taste
like civilization?

When you kissed me
your lips
dissolved

into a pair
of scissors.

Their blades

slipped

inside my mouth. Split
my tongue.

each half

Parted
like curtains.

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Language is a vulture that makes
its nest in the pocket
between my lungs. When I speak Spanish,
it flaps its wings. My words
come out flat without an accent.

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My tongue bows
in submission.
It begs
for a miracle.
It says *help me*
when it means
heal me.