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Category: Poetry

Bloodthirsty

Blood-orange, mid-October sun bathes your yard in glowing slivers,
Your slender fingers clench and crunch patches of dried, yellow grass
Like the skeletons
in the cemetery zero-point-five miles from your house
We lay together, spines pressed
 to earth,
 Like sheets of your family's linen, hanging on the clothesline,
 you more so than I.
Your skin sallow, your eyes gibbous,
Your body engulfed in amber.
Your sable hair has grown in spiderwebs since March,
 much like your house has grown several-hundred-more cobwebs.
Midsommer has dealt you no good deeds, has offered you no favors,
You are collateral damage in its abrasiveness.
When you turn over to whisper in my ear, your voice
 is macabre and haunty, like the echoes
of ghosts.
Your mouth is two red brushstrokes on porcelain,
Your bloodstained lips leave streaks on my own.
I tear through spiderwebs with my fingers, entranced.
Our bones rest, intertwined in fleeting peeks of apricity granted by the swaying tree canopy,
 The pomegranate tree your mother planted
 on your grandmother's grave,
the fruit low-hanging like glass-blown ornaments,
low-hanging like your mother's womb during her sixth pregnancy,
 the third unplanned, the second after she swore it was her last,
 the pregnancy you spent months lamenting to me about,
 the unborn child you groaned over
 like the baseboards in your home
Cigarette Ash wedges, collects, crunches
between linoleum tiles
Cigarettes like the ones you smoked on the playground at night
in ninth grade and made me pinky swear to never tell a soul,
Ash like the ash of the bonfire in May you begged me to never
take you home from, the one you attended as more than just a skeleton.
My palms clasp your shoulders, cup your collaborer
Amidst the broken glass scattered through your yard,
 as diamond as the tears that dampen your pillow each night,
My hands have the power to erect ghosts,
To transport you to a time when sunsets were not finite.
As our bodies entangle and interlock, I render every lion
They have settled into your ribcage untamed and ravenous.
We twist knives into each other's hearts,

Throbbing like warm, swelling citrus.
Perhaps there will come a summer when you do not induce
The preemptive mourning or forethought of
Your death,
Or, perhaps, we can return to October
With a single touch
Should we ever grow bloodthirsty.