

a body, consuming

when i was born the ocean drank the moon down
smooth and easy as mellowed wine and ate me for good measure,
a modern day kronos popping children like popcorn
into his mouth and washing it down with soda.
now in a bed of ashes i open my mouth, a naked baby bird
begging for a taste of the honeyed sunlight dappling through the trees.
drip the light onto my tongue from its comb and call it a blessing.
a body is only a body when it is a container
but i have never been able to hold on to anything.
i watch the sun slip away under the violet blanket of night
and think of leaving like a river runs to sea.
here underneath the ships roiling in a cloudless storm
water refracts joy between its hands until all color is
leached from the world. by the time the light reaches me
i taste only salt and blue and lick the sorrow off my teeth
like sucking oysters from their shells and thank you for the meal.