

Rosehips.

If God wanted me to hit the floor all she ever had to do to
Violate my winter, play me easy as white piano keys, she did:
Show me your waist. Hometown overgrown with weeds, you
Ran rank and undefiled through virginal muscadines. Cursive
Enough to get drunk on plain water and hopelessness; or gasp
When, when, your shrapnel tongue sliced up the roof of my mouth,
An artery spurt between us. Empty and plum-skinned dark
Reverberated in my pelvis. Exhaled your kiss-shaped lips. Each
Hand a fallen star, davening, tipped in black nail polish.

Quick as late summer you finally swayed and knelt, tugged,
Husked *viens-toi – laisse-moi – maintenant*. I laughed last like
Surgery; spattered hot across white lapels. Pulled your palpable
Hips to mine, sure they'd taste like raw lime, tart and musky
Pink, rosé cut with rain, fresh, a sneeze. Blinded held you; by the
Grinding of our jutting bones; and thought weak into the hallway
So okay, so we get our indulgence. So I guess you let me. So here we go.