

Sisters, and other poems

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Sisters

lay your back on mine
don't leave; we will
time together and

drop as rains
to the green
teen garden—it

is not tomorrow
nor sealed lips
it is seeing

the light in
coffee is
for closing

of cup and
mid-sore
as one

Obscura

from the pink
you take tomorrow
with just a tongue

total as playing
your balls, your
answer

comes slow
in your dress
blow to bone

you are the child
whose candy is
unlit

or, are you on

the way
smoke or going
back to lilies?

with

Sometimes

onto a river she
opens her body

free
soft as
snake afire

others

striping
—bring in tongues, bring out

the front
of flesh hidden
—i could see my house from the mirror

from sloe lines, burning

behind

it is today's

to

drink the cup or—forget what is written

in webs

in light

Leaving

I've stopped
planting flowers
in my hair

now I pour
raw eggs
& before

a mirror
my eye is
closed

in prayers
breakable
like hairy

shadows
across
wars