

Mi Media Naranja

My father plucked an orange off of our tree-

Human beings used to be orange-shaped, he said.

From his back pocket, he pulled a knife,

And separated the globe into two perfect halves.

Eso es mio y esto es para ti.

Mira...las caras.

The juice from my half went into one cup.

He went into another.

1 teaspoon of sugar

2 cubes of ice

El azucar se hace con sangre.

Sugar is made from blood.

Funeral

Memories jet from the faucet like iron water

It is scolding hot. Think baptism. Think holy.

Ghosts reaching, legs tangled, mouths gaping-o

Burst from my womb, and I sit holding my phantom baby-

I cradle the remanent of myself before it shouts down the drain pipe

I wish I were still young.

And it were still summer, and we still put on socks so we could dance.

I wish I didn't ram my body into his. I wish I wasn't a dummy.

I wish he wasn't a crash-test car.

I wish, I wish, I wish

My towel wasn't damp- that it didn't smell of mildew.

I wrap myself in the sky and still feel defeated.

The clouds didn't baptize me.

The birds are still chirping, opening their little insufferable beaks-

And I am still small and needy and good.

By good, I mean quiet.

Written after "Little Beast," by Richard Silken

Wishbones

Tell me about your dream,
Where we dig the bodies from the dirt.

We dig the bodies from the dirt,
And bring them back home.

What is home,
If not, a place you try to give back to yourself?

I try to give myself some love,
And run my finger along my hipbone.

My brother and I broke two sides of a wishbone.
He told me to keep my piece for good luck.