



I.

Throw me on like clean laundry  
and I will drink you  
until we both can't breathe.  
A deal between Rahu and Ketu.

Between your hips  
and my tongue.  
Fucking spit me out.

Stitch my name into the fraying seams  
of the prayers you fumble to speak,  
as purple cuts this mourning sky.

Use me before God.  
Tell him I was dreadfully happy  
to undress you  
like dessert after dinner.

I want you to come to me. Find me. Don't kiss me.  
Possess me. Take my ringing heart in your tired hands  
and let's work something out.

But first, we fuck.

# AQUARIAN KILL, FOLLOWED BY A BRIEF PRAYER

BY: EVRA JORDANA A.

II.

You.

You came  
and went  
in the way a dream will spasm  
before eclipsing consciousness.

Holy fuck,  
I can still feel it.  
The knots of your hair  
pulling through my fingers.

Your back arcing  
to my demand  
your body seething  
at my command,  
breath leaving our lips  
the way honey brims  
at the edge of the spoon  
before it spills over  
into a single

slow  
golden  
rope.

I will admit this much:  
A petal on water, she.  
And what of that petal, then  
when the river begins to course?  
Stop.  
Please.  
Don't come  
any closer.  
You will hold my gaze with patience and I will  
betray your love by running.  
Here, I am.  
A woman at times; a child always.  
The moon: almost full.  
You came  
and then  
  
you went.

### III.

When the dust settles in this sepulcher, I see it.  
I am just a kid in need of cradling. And the truth of my joy  
is written in my own blood.  
I may die alone, but I will die brilliant.  
I will die having tried  
to keep up with the moment.  
Then I see Love.  
And when she holds my gaze, my teeth melt  
and I can no longer articulate  
what my tongue wants to say.  
She speaks to me  
and I can see her lipstick  
has smeared onto her front tooth  
and I am regretfully reminded  
that she is not god, but human.  
And I am less than even that.