

watermelon juice

the first bite make it salty, let it be warm, watch
it
cover

drip sticky from lips,

jaws, forearms.

bite big
let it fill
mouth swallow so many seeds
it

feels like one may sprout
in belly.

so full a bite
the flies have mistaken dribbling juice for flesh and blood.

let it bring you back to life again.

+

through the teeming fur of the field—
barefoot and feeling everything,
clothed in shimmering reds.

my angel—

on knees, bury nose
covered, sweet, wet, sticky.

+ i know i'm not the only
1 to attend so religiously,
tithe each sunday,

bury face commune swallow body each
evening.

creatures kin
the snake, the tick

(not one of us mind blood and other juices dripping from jaw)

+

i've always wanted to get married: white chapel pines
pear trees
whatever songbirds and deciduous sects of nature find it convenient to attend

+

whatever willow branch baptists and deciduous branches of family find it appropriate to attend

+

i know i'm animal
fertile, ferocious, rough-fucking, & bleeding

thick

stained handkerchief
pressed to skin.

i've always wanted to be held that close though.

+

what would it take? for them to peel their praying palms apart and press them to our sticky
backs?

+

one day i hope i let the buzz of the flies and shade of gnarly branches block out everyone out so
i may better hear myself

lapping so i may better
see myself
shimmering back

+

do you see it?

my angel and i,

christened by our sweat in the thick virginia air?

approaching the white chapel?

bare breasted,
juice covered,
dripping: