

O minutehand, teach me
into her – as the field shreds itself
into the bomb crater. The night full
like a miniature moon behind her hair.
He lifts her white cotton skirt, revealing
our mouths. Let every kiss hit the body
with cricket cries. Show me how ruin makes a home
of black teeth.

Young enough to believe nothing
holds water. Let every river envy
another hour inside them.
hip bones shattering against her cheek
will change them, they step, hand-in-hand,
like a season.

Press A Little Closer to the Edge