

Interlude at an Intersection

barbed wire and the engine sounding
two vultures on the fence and I wonder which is me
which will head to the dead thing to cure its bones of meat
I don't know if I inherited the gut of a carnivore
but i can't keep the salad down
I bite into grass and fruit and the hunger stays
I need a death
need it to live
live meaning feel
I need someone's ribs to pick clean with my grief
a heart drowned in its own blood
a body on the road next to the dry field
emptied of all its breath and thoughts
some vessel to fill with my words
until the veins run black with ink
until the heart coughs into an unsteady rhythm
and I can trick myself into the savior
like this poem wasn't the car that ran the poor kid over
like i'm not reaping applause while I stand over her dead body
the one whose face I wrote pretty and free of wounds
look at what I did
look at how I can sit down at dinner, already full