

THE HONEY YOU DO NOT NEED

After Proverbs 25:16

i.

last night i dreamed / of how you slept with / a hand on my belly / firm nails indenting / as if you were trying / to push in / a curse / and name it blessing / in the same breath / and yes / i have been listening / to you / speak of the gospel / as good news / if you are so hungry / for joy / i can tell you / that i am / reborn / as a synonym / whenever i am split / from ankle to hip / or when i am allowed / to curl into you / as a comma / right before / you surrender to sleep / or another worried phone call / from your girlfriend / who always rings twice / before she too / surrenders / to voicemail

ii.

i am holy / only in that i too see myself / in scripture / in the magdalene and her kin / the tax collectors / the way the grass must have / grown grey and rotted / at gethsemane / not even an hour after

iii.

you are looking at me / the way god must look / at anything he pleases / as if i am good and plentiful / a willing harvest / only to be cast out / as surplus / as the honey / you do not need

I LOVE YOU MORE THAN COUNTING CALORIES

when i think of you, i think of an entire summer blooming into fondant rosettes. when i think of you, i do not miss the lanugo. in the future, i will give you a hundred landlords' heads instead of roses. you are the blessed and lovely now. can we be each other's getaway cars. the smell of your hair like a buoy. the hips of you send me spinning me like a top. in the future, i will play speed racer with your wheelchair if you clack my dentures like castanets. in the future, i send my shirt parasailing through the bedroom and the crinkle of your eyes is a standing ovation. in the future, neither of us treat our bodies as wastelands. you loved me so loudly i heard it down the block, around the corner, through the bedroom window. you loved me so loudly i dreamed of it, years before we met. i mend blood vessels with tequila and caster sugar, a hint of lime. i suck the salt off your thumb and bookend two slices of birthday cake, forget to burn myself at the stake. we carve joy at the dinner table with a heavy hand and ask for seconds.