

Julie Carr

I want this corner empty (Persephone speaking)

to shut the wind down entirely.

Remove its tongue from my mouth
and smooth my lap incessantly.

Is this a wish? I have a stone. I have

two soles and seven notes rising out of me.
I have nothing to sell but the scent of my father

sticking to the rim of my cup.

I want the sunlight on a black man's forehead,
the pink and white gumdrops spinning on a cop car

to come undone in my gaze.

How extraordinary! I am leaving home tomorrow.

I chew my hair in anxiety
and deepen the holes in my pockets.

But mother, I taste you—your slipping nipple's lick in my cheek.

It was like that, and the long
days, dense and static.

All that changes—
I've removed my heels from the heater.

Today I cut my fruit with a butter knife.

Bees, fat dangers, live among my fingers
and in the bent backs of my knees.

I want this light to dim to rose,
want this flower busting.

The man who comes toward me,
tie lifted by the breeze,
hair thinning orange,

I'll take him.

My lost
heat does not hesitate.