

haystacks by the river

by: Loren Walker

I'm dyeing your hair ink-purple under plastic rosaries, the ones stolen at your urging, now hanging from nails on the window. My plastic fingertips arch through your eyebrows, deep and violet, like the starless, sickly sky in this city. I am flush with vodka, warm and longing, staring at the soft pale of your nape

afraid to touch it uninvited.

There are haystacks by the Detroit river: coiled and unattended at four in the morning. The rope cuts into my leg as we climb. Enveloped in dust, I am attempting some kind of seduction, my buttery, sliding heart, hovering, gathering the nerve to press down. But the straw pierces my back, instead, and we are

untouchable, laid out for hours.

Curtains folds stand like fists in a row, watching us kiss, our empty mouths, heavy, and hungry. I can feel my tongue, my fingers and my skeleton, sinking, and separating: my femur there, my ribs spread apart and searching for land. Slow, soft heat, and throat exposed, I might not need or remember this night but

I want I want I want

