



Our Achilles

by Diana Clark

She knows of Aegean sea glass and
peninsulas shaped like squash blossoms.
The taste of church bells on the tongue,
our Sunday morning ritual.
We sing forgotten hymns,
wings fluttering beneath white sheets.
Silhouetted against the growing sun,
whispering halos in each other's ears,
sacrificing ourselves to the gods who hate us,
the mattress licking fondly at our heels–Achilles.

Listen:

There could never be enough talk of peaches,
of figs and olives, of the octopus hung out to dry.
A tongue, a scar, a dew of honey.
The thin trail of her golden spine.

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