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**hyena**

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# hyena

i remember the soft glow of the clock read: "blue"  
our bodies collapsed on the tiles,  
barren spread forcing us to remain out in the open as we dissolved,  
dipping smoothly between ink pockets  
paved lines curving through the milky purr of my hands,  
black nestled into your bangs like passing cars on a bedroom wall  
back porch light, a hint of the moon  
turning pages to the peeling engagement of coffeed paper  
taped beside spanish tin covers between the cupboard frames  
down in the linoleum creases, we could feel their labyrinths in our thighs  
and our arched feet  
i sunk in, you joined in next to me,  
binder nestled into your lap like the bible that i would never read  
we welcomed our kitchen buddhas, dishes stacked like parvati and kali  
but i saw no jesus in the ceiling cracks, only the flipping of the tarot cards  
in our nirvana  
card thirteen, queen of spades stolen and creased in the center  
you touched my shoulder and i was back to todays and listening to you  
whisper  
expecting smiles, our damp knit-blue,  
tongues melting aspirin in provocative tangerine  
one by one your adjectives plant rock gardens on my temples and i'm  
grounded  
until we blink back sixteen doves, four chapped clovers  
marble bleeding from our toes  
the calm burned our tips, too honest to be any realer than it already was,  
the simple count of the sink dripping off a used cup  
cold like only summer can be in ratted jeans and twenty-five  
with cats and raw winters, cheese soup as we bang aluminum  
to hear the ribbing, use the wrapper to paint society on the wall  
back again, and your lips are the corpse and we fossilize  
our dust no more than batteries,  
acid on the steps and the refrigerator door

Kathleen Tarleton