[For the Woman I Am Becoming In My Sleep]

My virtue is an orchestra of rosary beads,
a little girl dressed all in white
crawling in and out of being.
In my closet, the gospel
of her silence
sleeps.

I have loved her thrush-filled mouth,
the way she follows me barefoot
around the house
turning the lights on and off.
The sound of tides folding themselves
in the dark.

She can’t even dress herself.
I leave her alone for days,
a tiny heaving creature
caught in my sheets.
Her chest is a contour of shoplifted fears
paralyzed from the waist down.

She’s wallpapered my room in epilogues,
watching me with charcoal
blue glass.
When she dreams, she finds
a temple floating
in the middle of a lake.
A god with no hands
in a room filled with dry-brushed relics.

She tries
to prison the way he says my name
in how this city prays.
In my sleep,
the only word I know is yes.
And I am always running.
[Camillea]

Come si chiama, di lasciare a lasciare
How do you call, to leave to leave Come
carne carne?
to flesh and flesh.

I didn’t sleep just to hear the storms hit. All the wild abandon pounding blinds contro le finestre and nothing
to show come morning but a few overturned flowerpots. Tempests in tea kettles and jam for the dormouse
naso.
Stay quiet, girl, and whatever you do don’t remind him that you’re here. There’s only pieces of the Tar towns
that thunder drowns out and più piccola che la pioggia can wash down.

Why don’t you go to church anymore
and the doorcreaks open girls’ bedrooms
and the why do you love le cose rotte
and the belt buckle whispering shh honey hush
and the why did you come’s
and the why did you touch
and the devil babies Devon baby
are Devils, baby, Devon baby
please
just
clean me.
I promise, they all sound like punch lines in the end.
I’ve grown attached to the process of reserving cemetery plots. Inside my chest cavity, for the people I can’t let go of.