Saint (Strawberry Lemonade)

Daniele Pantano

here at last the inscrutable city
is bound to be against you
the grass carries the weight
of your hunger it can hear
what's nearing a lie that feels
no guilt when it comes time
you are dancing everywhere
in your favorite song *all your dreams*
are made of strawberry lemonade naked
your image in the receding mirror
is what you hide from me things too
dark like breadcrumbs or horseflies
your mouth the color of memory
come here you say *no matter what is*
written on your t-shirt (SPITSHINE)
the whiteout on your finger is
barely dry the self-loading pistol
in your hot pants you bought
when you were a nineteen-year-old
saint putting clouds into a glass jar
I hold my breath as I wash your feet
as the black Mercedes S-Class pulls up
with the quarter moon remind me how
to erase myself kneeling in this green

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