

## 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