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Ketos

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Ketos

The motel room evanescent from
the bourbon, phone insisting to be
put down, the moment sewing my body to it
as if a minor miracle, somewhere your lips say
I know it's not what you want to hear—
and I stand there thinking of your relation to time:
pausing, as if the tiny breaking of your body
needs a day to heal from its disruption.
—but I've found someone. There is anger in how
you tell me, but there doesn't need to be:
we're all a walking river, some of us with agency,
some of us without. But when he took every precaution
to learn your body, the vandal of your soul ripping
what was left, you swallowed him completely,
devoured him whole. *And he makes you happy*
I finish for you, knowing another man vanished
in the monsoon of your body. *If only I did* staggers
into the receiver. Every span of water, a mercy.
Every gale of skin, an innocence, as if it knows
our rapture always comes to find us.

-Dimitri McClohy
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