

**Dallas**        by April Michelle Bratten

We were bright aliens  
spinning our ethereal limbs

under streetlamps that lit  
portions of Interstate 20.

And in the small sections  
neglected by light,

we became visitors who harrowed  
the headrests, the wheel.

We were new then, messy,  
little novas demanding god

illuminate herself  
across our southern skins.

We rubbed the stars and sky together  
until our extremities ached,

until we saw the morning rise  
over Dallas in an otherworldly red,

a city's unfamiliarity—a tender beheading.  
We ate it up for breakfast.