

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.