

did I ever tell you I believed the oracle

by April Michelle Bratten

I think of the deer, still, how her name slipped
through my fingers like sunlight or a prophecy,
a bright judge set to drown. I approximate a time
when her lungs will close in the water. I blush
after the psychic tells me I will marry 3 times
and bury them all. The smell of the ocean travels,
its injury aired, mildly obscene. I hunt this audacity,
imagine the deer swimming, still considering
the most unexpected place to find my body. Dear,
your inability to keep beating keeps my blood
biting. My body will soon expose its own struggle.
For now I rinse in your jerking body's heat,
wait for nature to take its course.