

MOVEMENTS OF FIRE

The Theotokos of your city is pinched
like fruit bat snout,
 olive skin on gilded backwash.

Symeon's temple overlooks the Pig,
where 90 aisles of buckshot
and king cake
fall bended knee,
 like palm leaves
 before the burning.

Fruit bats evolved
to stomach one glass
of wine when mango ferments
 to mute-yellow mush.

How you tongued the Jell-O shot
that broke your fast,
 how I used to petal
 after the dark.

Highland caves you in this late, dimmed
 streetlights and their spotted blush
 in autumn.
 The last cicada inverts,
 the face of a double lift.