

psalm for antler velvet.

scene:

wondering what it might be like to walk
quartz cool art museums
holding

her hand.

scene:

after a day at the hospital, cradled in bone film,
my husband says: you can't hunt
invisible prey.

scene:

a movie theatre, all gold glint, tender red of a thumb fresh pricked. on the screen -
portrait of a lady on fire.

i needed to see.

i wanted to burn.

scene:

plumes of light, still, soft fingers
in my buttered mouth,
salt on my lips.

i promise myself:

i will never look back.