

Kelci M. Kelci

judas lies dying

“But their spirits did not dare stand before him, except for Judas Iscariot.”
The Gospel of Judas

judas lies dying
lemon eyes sallow skin
a betrayer's rope-burnt neck

all i want is for lucy to kiss me, brushed teeth or not—
lucy's dry lips and cracked tongue
with a ring of the cable car gears catching an electric bus sparking
—my mouth tastes delicious
cigarette smoke but sober and straight
just dizzy with apocrypha—

as if missing a kidney begrimed fingertips
touch a ribbon of stitches lined uneven like downtown streets
and a bay mist gathers droplets on lucy's chin

countenance

dripping
with tears on the tabernacle's steps: judas's sister found him hanging
in the garage but lucy won't lay me singing
with stringy hair because judas's leading star rose
the moment through street trees
the cobalt of the sky flamed

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untitled

like the darkness of deep sleep night (you're not go-
ing to say dream) saying
those three words is lost in between what you make
up when you think you're
sentient and the true void of heavy breath. my heavy
breath makes mouths parch.
my breath is so heavy it falls to the mattress
in machine-gun bursts: half auto-
matic half deliberate. he says he loves the way my ass
feels as he fucks me from
behind. a fern is green, green where the spindle-like
bone-finger shoots haven't
lost the red lettuce leaves. the sun is yellow or a leaden
tangelo when it drops, o-
vulating, towards the horizon. but this, this does not
have color, you cannot say
god's gold and jealousy's green when saying this co-
lor is like LOVE, a keyboard's
a bookshelf, an anvil's a dust particle, being drunk's
being coked: you said it in a
colorless, textureless landscape with a 45% chance
of lint where wool, cotton, and
polyester rob form of roof, floorboards, and dry wall. the weight
works opposite and my heavy
breath leaks the three words i waited three months
for: will you still say it back
in nigrescent twilight if neither of us can remember?