

Gila Mon

Agraciana

whittles the deep-red, bone-in
manzanita branch. Deer hide

stretched over her lap to protect her
Lady Bic legs from the obsidian blade. Antler-yielding

hot soccer mamacita, front porch and for seven years
cross-park hollering at Cosima,
who still don't know who she fucking with.

Blowout game-night evening quinceañera,
all-designer black-on-pink Raiders gear, she is dancing
over saints six feet in the yard.

Her knuckles are garbled; wrap this
around the wrist for a tighter fist. Her Yucatan
text is unreadable. *Try changing.*
Cosima says you afraid.

Paper Toss

The lawyers of the east bear secret offers
to one aforementioned. W-2s cough in
from the north to murder me in my lunch.

The copper-eyed pigs overthrow the '76, gnash at the map
that lead us through these western lands.

Trash-dotted and peppered on the yellow U-turn, I
and thee differ. *Who serves these papers?*
Who rends Petitioner from Respondent? Who
forgets what's her nametag?

Hubcap head-wound obedience. I invoke Marty Robbins
and his Hell on Wheels. Try this ballad—*Starry Quickness on Fuel*.

Here's something red and flashing, nothing new,
time borrowed, something slammed, something blue.
A turquoise bandage in her shoe. Hairline fractured asphalt
gazes at the bitch. The muscles break it down.

I spell out all the hurtin' words
And turn my head when I speak

Toe Rings

Her name, spoken
like phlegm, collects
spit at *-schenputtel*.

Towards the corners of his mouth, she bends. He was,
after all, the kingdom's premier chimney sweep.

She scorches her fingers with stone glowing.
Like beauty's mischief, she cradles

a grief perfected from decades of jewels mined
from the bloody stumps of her sisters' feet. The crowd

in Edgewood stares at her gauze; the birds
explode under the weight of her whistle. She takes a blue feather

to pen her dying thought on a stained-glass table—
I am moving back from cinder to ash.
I am burning down Suite 225.