

V.

a golden cat curls
around itself inside my
thigh- i shake at every
rough-hewn intonation, every
rat's wedding hymn. i cursed a man
with vinegar and iced raspberries
on the street, his sad pink lips around a gun
and hands 'cross his suffocation.
my sunsweet *alma* cried at the taste but i
dance on, through hearts and redwood trees.
i lift my throat open wide, a threat, a dare-
no teeth shall cut me, no goat's yellow bray
can hurt as much as i have hurt
with every self-blessed glance at my
fat, golden incommensurate. i am witch,
i am un-exultation and profane beyond
a midnight blasphemy or her lewd waltz
upon my tongue. i am the infernal threat
to the pine, to the canine's foreign incisor-
hearing the moon, the cat nips
at a femur, a tendon, and i stumble in my dance
and jump to my knees, oaths knotting themselves
in my mis-formed temporal. *Perdóname*,
and give me a slow execution.