

CHRISTOS KALLI
MATRIPHAGY

Which is to say, Mother is a good place to start in.

In her body my brothers and I grew hungry. In our bodies
grew teeth.

And then, first thirst, last supper, lost blood drops
pooling the floor.

I swear she stretched her limbs like a feast.

By the time night began, her thighs ended
up in summer-less acid pits.

Dawn made her screams louder, turned them into songs.

Winter came, brought her carefully fattened cheeks.

Flesh stacked like a thick volume of snow
we dug through to get to the bone.

By *dug* I mean the faith of our palms.

By spring we were pushing vein-purple tulips
away from her hips.

Which is also to say, to eat her toes we first had to lick
sunlight off her skin.

Her skin, shape of a May moon setting.

Her white knees, infinite. My brothers and I
scraped and scraped and

breast-fed.

Until it was time to decide what to save for last:
the smile or the heart.