

EACH OF MY HANDS IS GOD

CHRISTOS KALLI

Maybe pleasure is loneliness' needy little sister
and prayer the blue-eyed distant cousin of
begging for it. Every god wants the same things:
scraped knees, purple knuckles, lowered eyes,
shiny throat. This is the reason why I have faith
in these hands, in how they take their time
to give something back. The body hides
an entire altar in the palms. Night, curving above
like a mother, snoops in to witness the quivering.

I meet strangers, I ask *How often do you scream
the names of your hands.* Whisper your answer
in my hands. After all sin was meant to be grabbed
by the corseted waist. The lord waits to feed on
forgiveness, the way a cigarette burns the fingers
wrapped around its head. Desire, the buried friend
of thirst, is only here to decorate the nightstand.
Here only devotion is choked out of the mouth,
little ancient bricks stacked to build a house.