

Christos Kalli
Epilogue

Sundown always comes to ask what to do with the body.
Clouds, like a flock of black sheep tattoos,
hide the moon. Somewhere the beautiful
are becoming more and more alive wearing less
and less. And this is all I've ever wanted: to hear you
say my mouth is a door. Not only tonight.
And not just any door, but the one you lock
when we run in and you swallow the key.
On the other side of the window, a too-wounded bird
is chirping for a curtain call. I am still learning
how to say *Skin* and mean it. Also: how to tell dusk
apart from dust. I keep my tongue on a leash
to stop it from erasing one. I am used to following faces
in empty, grey rooms. Also: asking for proof
that I am still breathing. Your hands are red and rough
and mine. We are lucky night is still
no one's. The body can only lay back in the shade
and wait, like a bloodstain on the bed sheets.