

**thirst**

but i can't stand not to be swallowed whole,  
to be sunken into, wrapped in wet walls

& then broken down, & then dissolved  
into someone else's cells. to be craved so hard

i become marrow. stomach lining & tooth.  
to be devoured – though not

by a man who expects a meal of me. not by a man  
who plucks thighs from street corners, hungers for poultry

to cure his own smallness. those men  
i want keeled over & panting on the back steps,

clawing at the screen. those men i wish desert. saltwater.  
flat tire in the canyon. wandering the empty shelves

after we fruit have escaped to feast  
on each other's pulp, mouths wild & dripping,

hands sticky til we're slick pits, stripped  
& sated & ready to return to the soil, ready

to grow our new bodies.