

Self Portrait

In the white cream
of my lie,

I swallow warm pennies,

listen to the church bells
in the distance—

So much depends
upon insertion.

Just look at all this
face hunger!

Even my peaches
are obscene.

Don't you hear my name
dissolve like the body

of Christ?

*Siempre salgo
con el Jesús en la boca.*

Always tearing
at the hollyhocks,

always so slick
with summer.

Under the corpulent
clouds,

I feed the birds
of my failures,

so tenderly!

My tongue grows plump
as a greedy slug.

Again and again,

an umbrella
opens inside me.

Orifice of heaven—
the twilight comes

like a soiled miracle,

bright as my own
awful pinkness,

and how like a fever
it dazzles.