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Nocturne in Blue and Amber

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NOCTURNE IN BLUE AND AMBER

Bending off a side street, we sucked
down our parents' Old Crow—

its luster grew in the mason jars
of our esophagi. That summer
we kept our animals in red wax

sealed bottles, and I played dead
in the corners of the swimming pool.

It was the year we would fill it
in with concrete, the year I fished
an opossum from the filter. Its fur

peeled off in hunks and hotwired
the amnesia clawing out of our necks.