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Salome

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Salomé

The lips, salt-cold
and dolphin-white, tasted
of the sea. I gave
them back the desert
with my own. I cradled
him in veils and pressed
the mouth against me
till I shivered. I was
too young and small
except for dancing. Let
my mother nurse
the loving dead—I will
chafe those lizard eyes
like the wind. The slits
will follow and the dark clots
widen on those swathes
of silk as I weave
and bow. Let my father
fatten on his years
and my mother wait
forever—I will
pry those lips apart again
for song.