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## Calling Them Back

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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.