

Winter 1994

## Introducing Thy Salt Bride

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Christopher Davis

# Introducing Thy Salt Bride

Last night, to change waste into bright clay,  
I gulped a whole bottle of green food dye.

Having faked a deadly illness just to stay home  
I guzzle up a tumbler of red wine. Come

sunset, the kitchen ceiling's white fluorescent glowing  
seems the soul's half-tasted vanilla in my wet roof.

Should last night's boiled beef stink of death,  
the stainless cauldron sunk in suds? Cheap

greasy soap clouds bury fumes down deep  
into my nervous little endings, my damp tissue.

Wild rats scampering in circles in white walls,  
I guess I chose not to add red. Giggling,

I rub green all over my pink bedspread, down  
into my feather-flabby pillow, skull-impressed:

I smear shit prints across flaming plateglass,  
dreams feeling deep into our avocado grove's black

shadows: look out: two ghosts glow, their limbs  
white crooked bones in the placenta of green leaves:

I'm that fool kneeling in moist rot, a cold  
snake chilling one palm pressing skin down

into the grave, my left hand's talons curled  
around our Savior's purse, His serpent

enlarging, stuffing this maw. Can't His glare  
pierce this soft skull, spy His meat lit inside

my tongue revolving this way, sliding, twisting all  
around Him, forth, back? Dare I look up into my eyes?

Please press a palm down on my hair to show pleasure.  
I pull back palm and fingers from white heat,

my mouth empty. I strip down, show my tingling  
flesh, shove my brown tan up against the surface

of our eye, paint its salt sweat around across  
the burning globe, trapped in this filament

body I have no choice but to keep lit  
a few more nights, that you may try.