saliva and iodine

Jeffrey Allen
SALIVA AND IODINE

i take you ice fishing in elizabeth's aorta
little scalpel boiled clean
i take your hands in mine
cut a bit of eyelid slit
everything with the stink of paint
slab comes off like a tongue
swallowing up your hands
your nailbeds staining violet

i'm talking about science
say hypothesis
elizabeth's naked current sounds
a lot like the tongue
sucking at your shoulders

when you finally lie down
like you too are damned
i take inventory
of the stones
you missed
and stack them
like a ghost would drunk with translucence
three quarters round
your shrinking prone figure
elizabeth's teeth without
elizabeth's skull