

Chrissy Martin
Like Wild

Your blue mouth accepts flies.
How close to the last breath
did I need goodbye to trim this guilt.

I seal this thought up in a home-shaped
lock and remember stars. The pebbles
that slipped into our jeans, road pressed

into our backs. Meteor showers were so many
and magic. Don't let me lose you all over
when I miss another spatter of stars

years after you're too dead to remind me.
When it's too dark to know there are fire ants
in my hair. When I don't know the call

of locusts from cicadas so I hum a tune
to their screaming. Whose mouth is big enough
to hold all this singing? The bees are humming

in the sparkle of soda and we spin gold wire
with our tongues. I make a shape like wild,
mourn the solid home I can't forge—

what is too tenuous to hold you. What cannot
be carried by hands. When they say container,
they mean cardboard box for a whole body of ashes.

Sing, little bee—bring wing and aquamarine blur.
Make the stars stop their taunt and glinting;
fit me through the eye of a feather and blow.