

*dreaming of kaleidoscopes, excerpts*  
chris wind  
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in the night, your mouth at my neck  
a long passionate kiss arches my back  
then stronger, hungrier, more purposeful—  
i wonder how close you are to my jugular  
do you mean to suck at my core?  
but you stop  
and i am still alive  
so i think of leeches instead of vampires.

the next morning, i stand at the mirror  
from behind you wrap your arms around me  
i am looking at my neck  
and seeing the truth of your intent:  
a territorial claim to ownership.  
then i look at your face and see more  
the arrogant leap from brand to birthmark.

during the day, someone asks about it  
and realizing the truth of accomplishment  
i turn and say to you  
it is merely a bruise,  
and therefore, nothing permanent.

nuns

habits of black and white  
explaining their faith

counterpoint

two lines of melody  
refusing to coincide  
collide  
again and again  
with each beat  
they twist and tangle  
leaving all my notes  
in knots

dreaming of kaleidoscopes

whirls a storm  
of scarlet and crimson  
the cobweb drips  
and black and blue

black blue shrouds  
the bleeding petals  
torn  
ragged  
scabs and scars  
blowing across the snow

desert voices  
in a white room  
stark and naked  
i  
walk slowly

twisted grey and sometimes purple  
rarefied and far too dense  
i walk  
i walk  
and every now

and then  
i pick up a piece  
like shards of glass  
some mirrors  
and i don't know  
if i throw it away  
if i lose it  
if i store it for sustenance  
to inflict  
to understand  
who.

who.

standing on a cliff  
in a silent blizzard  
crumbling  
and dreaming of kaleidoscopes  
all the pieces always fit

and i don't know  
i won't take the one with the sharpest edge  
and make the cut  
to end all cuts.