

i have never felt desired
i hold eyes for everything all my appetite
pools in buckets of rainwater
that my sisters watch me collect each morning. they do not speak

i dip my head in that tear in the sky ask for sweetness
and taste ash
a savoury death blooms

HYENAS

To police: social or communal organization. *Obsolete*. To police: what arrives in the night in the form of a hyena or a large shadow cast out of the mouth of a tyrant. To police: the forecast of a tornado—take two options: not here, or safe. To police: No de-escalation. To police: Everything in blue. To police: Blue uniform. To police: Blue bruised body. To police: Blue lights on the concrete. Today we are alive, tomorrow we are a disturbance. To police: *but what are you going to do when you have a problem who will you call then, hmm?* To police: I called you and I was killed. To police: I am called for and killed.

Imagine the alpine swift that spends days upon days suspended. Imagine only one half of your brain allowed to rest at a time. The other half, always alarm. Left to watch for predators. I can tell you that I call for no one except follow: a small chirp after days and days of migration. The alpine swift devours the sea, spends months never touching the earth. To police: perhaps I will come home alive and stay that way. All I am asking out of death is to find me without you. To allow the earth to work slowly. To lord, to find something, absolutely anything better to do. To allow a bullet to melt.