

Victoria Chang

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The sun sends its wires of heat onto your
face stops on your cheek coiling into a
present tense of red I am a hungry bird
that murmurs love that murmurs more
when I see red it is not blood or war it is
not the spur on the point of fishhooks
the red here is a tributary toward you it is
a ruby of lunar rules a stone of sixty
sides I want to ladle your ruddy rust taste
your cheek that feels like church against
my lips your terrestrial material the softest
my mouth has found your skin that dies
each year your sheen that blights that
forever barriers me from you

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