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Zonker Harris Day

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TALES OF TRADE

Fini Just

My body is an ocean.
Waves crashing, tides breaking.
You stir your ships through bloody currents.
Sandy winds. Your sails are full.

My body, is an ocean.
Drainages that feed, grainy soil into water.
Your ships are carried to the shores of my skin.
You do not ask; you enter.

My body is, an ocean.
At the shore, I accept, your offerings.
Long-forgotten feelings, emotion-speckled memories.

My body is an ocean.
And I trade, and I sell.
Everything.
Until my veins remain, empty.

My body is.
An ocean.
Rough surface covered in trade-ways.
It is easy to find the path.

My body is an ocean.
And my soul is the storm.

ZONKER HARRIS DAY

Eenie Bernard

Loony toon blotter paper dissolving into my saliva, into my blood, into my brain, you holding my hand so hard

I saw the crescent moons of your fingernails shining white on the back of my skin, us giggling, waiting, nervous.

We sat on the hill in that honeyed light, tripping on our serotonin morning breath,

me gripping the grass so I wouldn’t fall off the fragile earth rotating below me, anchoring myself

so hard I could taste the raw dirt under my fingernails for weeks afterwards, you, my best friend, rolling

down the slope screaming with laughter, crashing into me as we felt our own unfathomable revolutions,

champagne popping endlessly behind our eyelids, foaming out of our ears.

We watched the clouds parade across the blue above us, consuming it, dancing, exhaling against our skin, you took my hand and asked me not to tell your mom and I said I wouldn’t if you didn’t tell mine.

You looked at me and touched my face, my skin static beneath your fingertips, glass shimmering down my spine,
your pupils yawning so wide they swallowed me whole, grass tickling my nostrils, leaves in my hair.