

PAGAN HOLIDAY

What sacrifices could a high-priest
offer at the altar of your mind, goddess?
Dizzying incense and runes?
Maybe you rolled your eyes
when you took my hand and
I kissed your fingers, but I knew
you were leading me to the underworld,
the warmest place of your body,
the place where languid spirits
have wandered before and left you cold.

And, now when you glide past me
I see you dressed in night--
Your legs stab at constellations,
you carve your name into my
passenger-side dashboard
with your switchblade heels.
You arch your back and grind
clouds into the palms of my hands,
leave me wet while I
tease new moons set
against creamy vanilla skies
and suck your cat-o'-nine tongue
into my mouth.

Listen. You pant chants
to Aphrodite and moan
each vowel of her name.

F. ALBERT SALINAS.....

