

Haunted by the Vietnamese Goddess of War

Every woman who shared that hormone frenzy—
their names roll easy off my tongue,
stick like pitch on skin.
But the one who spun me—
who led me to the underworld,
I never knew her name.
Floating like a spider under jungle canopy,
she coaxed me into the dark night
for adrenalin-stoked romps of violence.
Still, she calls to me,
beckons in the dead of night.
I wake up cold and slick with sweat.