

Going Public · *Zona Teti*

That night of toads, of pine pushed by wind
into the moon, was kinder than a night of you.

Leaving I took the butcher knife instead
of money so you could not use it on me
with its glitter quick as fan blades.

You were only a little soul.
A connoisseur of sore throats, you called me up
and screamed I must return the knife by dinner,
you could not cook with any other knife,
helpless as an echo.

Reassurance was the weighty point
as you sputtered like a lamp
that you would not stab me with this knife,
you had other knives that could cut me
small as drizzle if you wanted.

My morning foot, shower-blached, shows the pink-
blue cut you gave me with a metal door you tore
from a cabinet. I have been branded.
I have been made property for life.