

from Juked #6, Spring 2009

ARLENE ANG

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ANIMA NERA

*sonnenizio on a line from Jean Cassou*

If I drink at your sky it is because  
I fold into a paper doll. Thirst is second  
nature to me. Items, like xeroxed copies  
of Apollinaire's secret poems and an eyeliner

I've fished from the lake, replace  
the ivory keys missing on the piano.  
Grass in my hair identifies with the cat pawing  
its face before the moon. I cut out

irises from your clouds and pin them  
to sleep beside the ibis tablecloth.  
A contrail's itinerary lances my mouth like licorice.  
I skin the elms, a drought of sorts, to read

the ice crystals on your stars. Wind, strumming  
the clothesline, lifts the hem of my idle skirt.