

Our Daughter's Skin

He left for Tikrit when milk,
not language, was pooling
in our daughter's mouth.
A drowsy suckle.

He is prepared for saw-scaled vipers
and scorpions curled
in the toe of his no-shine boots
but not her dialogue.

She is sand skinned
and camel haired,
everything glistening.

He's seen the underside of baby shine,
dark grit, bodies turned inside out.

He knows her skin is just casing
and beautiful features are
just pieces, ground sausage.
Tightly packed.

Easily scattered.

God's Hips

I have hips like God's.

Ample and unbroken,

a thick sway.

Children slopped out of me

and into cupped hands like

yolks slipping, shell to bowl.

God gave birth too,

oceans and continents crowning.

Stars fell from his strained divinity

like tears. He sweated light.

Thighs spread. Elasticity tested.

Omnipotence intact.

Operation Iraqi Freedom

After an IED they search
and wager,
comparing body parts,
one against the other.

My husband finds the
biggest chunk-
five hundred for the face.
They favor circumference
over length.

Eve Hitchhikes in Hawaii

I pick her up at Haleiwa Beach Park,
home to the North Shore hungry.

She carries a plastic bag
full of strawberry guavas
and three cigarettes,
half smoked and stubbed for later.

A conservationist.

She reaches into the backseat,
touches the inside of my daughters ankle,
legs turned out in sleep.

She whispers,

“Soft like Abel, Cain’s toes”.

We talk about spearfishing
for Uluu and trapping the feral pigs
that rut along the ridgeline trails.

She leans deep into the floorboard
and pulls her shirt up,
showing me her coral scarred back.

Then rising with a smile,
crooks both arms against her body
as if still nursing
both brothers.

Eve's Response

“Well I met him under the tree while Adam was wallowing
in his dreams of God and the grass.

I was bored, Adam was oblivious and He was handsome.

He tongued my innocence.

I was an eternity too young to know the difference
between the systematic tick on the clitoris
and the slow tap of someone knocking
against the wall of my heart.

I sucked syrupy mangos from his fingers and went back to Adam
with the juice still on my lips.”