

Baptism by Wonka

I know it's supposed to be magical:
the chocolate and the old people in bed and
Charlie, and the golden foil,
the part where Gene Wilder starts singing
and the boy, the gluttonous one, falls into the brown river.

If you ask me how it ends I will not answer. I unwrap
you, you are sacred, you are untouchable, you are not
to be consumed—I am made
to drown. In the moment the preacher holds me
underwater I think he is trying to kill me. I don't
die.

Maybe it's not death by water. It's all the things
I want, the apple-cheeked children I won't have, not under my roof,
not in this body, not ever. This golden goose. This
sunny side up, half-boiled, soft-boiled, boiled hard and
harder, scrambled and well done, overcooked,
burned, smoking, Joan of Arc at the stake,
ashes in the Seine, *I want to go to France and
kiss everyone I can.*

You can't have me. Maybe that's not it,
either. Oral fixation: chew me up and
Spit me out. Violet, you're turning *red*.
I bite my cheek so hard
I draw blood. I'll float away, too.

And in the end maybe it's just
the light on our faces as we watch the
television. The voices we fall asleep to.
I would also like to be small, smaller,
smallest but able to return. Where to point
The gun? Shoot for the heart Ramon.
When the chimes end. When the chimes
end.

You're my liaison to this place. I won't
look back, I promise, not even
to tell you about the sun. I think, in the end,
I just wanted to be held underwater. I think, in the end,
I wanted to be the one in the river.
Unwrap *me*.