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The Annunciation

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The Annunciation

I dreamt your question was an open invitation scrawled in
the air, the moon’s yellow light. Sometime
in the future I might undress and find
the small voice inside mine. My skin
stretched and torn into the shape
of a child’s arm or a foot, and then
a mouth, an eye. His incredible blue
breath. There was nothing for me to say
but all right, yes, with your hands on my hips,
your lips to my ear. Here was the secret
entered into through your touch—
flutter of trapped wing beats, tower
of birds filling my ribs’ cage. Look
now at the proof lighting my flesh:
a pact kept under my cross of arms
and gown. My heartbeat doubles its red
drum, its bramble of veins. You pull
from me. My sweat darkens and stains
each place we have touched.