

I shift my pillow / closer to the / full moon.

—Saiba

I think of this definition often—

“a straight line is a line that lies evenly with all the points on itself.”

What that would feel like

Before dinner parties, Marilyn Monroe sometimes asked friends to write clever questions onto index cards. She was worried she wouldn't know enough to keep up with the conversation around her.

When she drank too much, she lifted the cards above the table.



A friend texts the word *camber*:

I lightly trace the curve of your dick
from the base to the groove

a slight curve or arch

just before the tip

then pause

in the shape of a road.

and smile at you.

It took years

for me to realize I could move as slowly as I wanted

behind a closed door

I think of folds of fabric carved into marble

so precisely

it seems they might shift with every breath

to *seem* delicate

/ without the burden of frailty



You mention the word *cirrhosis* —

a condition caused by repetition

I think of myths

where gods “punish” people
by turning them into trees —

swaying

branches gently

I don't need gods
to punish me

I need gods
to teach me how to change.

I lie my cheek on your chest and close my eyes

/ we're part of one breath

my head rises and falls
with your breath.

a moment of calm

/ when you listen for wind

the next time you call, your voice is thick

/ and nothing matters



wind

I thought σωφροσύνη was the greek word for

the actual definition is

the calming

of turbulent waters.

balance



Marilyn Monroe told friends he fantasized about wearing a black wig and seducing her biological father who had abandoned her as a child. She wanted to ask him how it felt to know he'd fucked his own daughter.

To make the pain physical. To make it real in a different way.

Maybe balance is just shifting pain to one you can bear.



The last two translation exercises from the only Greek language workbook
in the Santa Fe Public Library—

most beloved man

(direct address)

Differences aside, the same ferocious soul

smallest animal

(direct object)

desiring

If you scrape away

the myth about gods trying to feel

and

what you know of dark skies

you're left with

a line

and

an opening

