

Sagittarius

My father was larger than life and I inherited his girth
when he died in childbirth.

I was born under Jupiter's gaze.

My arrow ripped through his cranium. He coughed
placenta. Tiny palm cradled his heart, squeezed.

Drenched in blood I took comfort in his consort's arms.

I am the killer. Call me a complex. I am complicated.

Twenty-something years later

All I see in the mirror is the mother
who fed me poppies instead of breast milk.

3 muses raised me after my mother left a curse:

When I speak, the earth shakes and in the boom, I know my
crime. I survived my father's love.

On sunny, rainy days

they say the devil beats his wife.

Those were the days my mother's hands lingered on my throat.

Awake a mouth full of goose feathers.

If you ever feel suffocated by my presence--

it's because my laughter's two strong hands.

My smile is an engine left on.

I am not water in your lung. I am the Siren's lips,

I am french kissing in the Atlantic.

All tongue and riptides.

You asked me to tell you something you don't know.

I killed my brother in the womb to suffer in his stead.

Christ, what a sweet boy. I am the beast with a gallop like thunder.

I am the arrow. I am the stallion. I am the killer.