

# SLEEPY DAHLIA

Sara Corradi

I remember summer's tooth,  
Aged pearl of the sky  
Chest of a cantaloupe  
Grin of gold hanging in the blue as an earring somewhere,  
Sleepy dahlias hum a velvet tune  
Dreaming in the hot haze.  
I once held this tooth in my palm  
Let its weight burrow in my flesh  
I praised its glimmer, softly touched its gleam

But it seems something somehow wrapped a thread around that tooth  
And slammed the door  
And now  
Roadkill resides in the lurking  
lagoon hysteric, rabid heart, a pungent fur of unholy names  
Will I ever rise again?  
Across the water It appears,  
Wearing my sour rust as a crown  
Spoiling Creature  
Is it you that sings?  
We tread the soaked earth together  
Sinking in the rotten skin, walking  
with a bloody foot, away and to that swollen cut

I claw at the wound  
Scoring mud from the body  
Bitter moons frown at the gaping jaw  
Dip a limb inside, beware.  
In the hollow, stillness  
From the lagoon above wild lilies blush,  
A pair of dragonflies softly chant over my head like a halo  
The delicate glow of my body in the hole  
Plant a sad foot in the soil  
Will it be born again?  
Will it grin?