

BY SARA CORRADI

Picking Plums at 2am

Do not pluck out each feather
from the carcass to confirm its death
Do not collect its oiled hairs in a jar
for the sake of sentimentalism
Leave the trail of scales behind.

The nape of your neck is as new as the moon
In its craters plant a new heart to cradle
kiss and kiss its skin as often as you can

In my sky of bruised stars,
My attention remains over my shoulder, beyond
An old tree admiring its ankles
Slouching towards the roots
Never praying for the Sun
Lost watching the rot of its body.

I drift off into the dreamy night, dizzy
With purple fingertips and magic dripping off my tongue.

