

Self-Portrait as Bruise

A blood whisper,
I am the younger sister of impact,
the lost hour saving daylight mourns.

Mildew is my second cousin, once removed.
I'm often surreptitious, the small chameleon
on the back of a thigh or comma below the ear.

If there is a fresh pear on the counter
I will press into it my yellow kiss.

I've been called reticent, understudy
to hostage and hospice, but I prefer to yell
when someone sees I'm there.

Thumbprint or thunderhead,
my longing will never be taken
for love, though it is similar

in the way it uses quiet fury
to aggravate intention
and pools with me in one place far too long.