

LOUD IS A FLAVOR SOFT IN THE NIGHT

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(a golden shovel after Kesha)

I take a breath, taste the eclipse of salt and
salvation—in the dark I am rosemary and I

am Xanax. This breath is how a fleet of moths could
spin a silk for my spine; the dust and embers can tell

the ash how it happened. In the dark I still see you.
Fists close around silver—belief is in what you took

and buried under crabapples, how you held it
like a child, teeth white and salient and hard.

There are seven stars to call down. Know it
is the only answer to the milky skin that was

woven from blisters and rowan—summer is all
I need to lay myself into soft pavement, sick over

sisters thrown past the ozone. Here: a ring for your
discomfort. My tongue holds inside my painted face.