

*Kendra DeColo*

## The Dream in Which You Are

Inside of me  
half-human, half collected  
fragments of morning walks  
along the wintered cathedrals  
and brown stones  
of Mass Ave.

you've seen my body  
so many times  
you can recall perfectly  
the deep cracks of my  
white-bottomed feet,  
the air odored as I taste:

gin and earnings of week-  
long sweat. My skin,  
stiff in your mouth,  
inside of you as much  
as you are inside of me

working against anonymous  
parts, newsprint crackling  
within the flint of my slacks  
as you raise my legs  
to go deeper, and notice  
my face blurred

below the neon orange  
wool of my cap,  
a numb light streaking  
over us inside the ATM

where we wrestle  
each other as demons  
tethered by a thin leash  
pulled from the hot  
vent toward heaven

and you can't tell  
whether I am human  
or not, what sex  
inside the heap  
of bulged and sealed

plastic, the blunt truth  
of my tongue the only  
feature articulated  
from the knot of my face,

reaching towards you,  
the bright worm  
of my heart, my stench  
wadded and wet, all of me

one held breath,  
waiting to pass a needle  
through this difficult sleep.  
When you wake, part of me

will still be there  
tossing in your pores,  
filaments mixed

as saliva and blood  
into the syllables  
of your name,

faceless and shadow-  
skinned, my genitals  
x-ed out, signed  
over the length

of your long  
and beautiful life.