



PRINTER'S DEVIL REVIEW

Kendra DeColo. *The Dream in Which You Are.*
Volume 1, Number 1 (Spring 2011)

This online journal is licensed under a Creative Commons
Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License

<http://pdrjournal.org>

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.