

Golden Showers

By Beth Trafton

I wake up from a dream where a snake is creeping out
of my mouth.

It slithers its tongue at me, flies emanate in swarms.
This morning I woke to a soaked back
drenched in things you could never keep on the inside.

I leave you the next day, and we haven't spoken since.
Every day I drive past the shop where you work to may-
be catch you smoking outside.

You are never out there and I evacuate into the air,
like the remnants of a snake's sloughed skin, a deflated
condom at a stoplight.

Sometimes I wake up at night and reach into the dark
hoping to find you lying here next to me
already engulfed in our fluid halo, baptized by our sins.