Eve Knows How to Make the Asp's Mouth an Entrance

"you can't ask a lover to get intimate w/ a wound" —Julian Talamante Brolaski

// an asp / is / a womb //

so god took me / from your side / so god took the snake / from me
why else in my pelvis this fossilized den / shaped
for a long throat & coil
that is / I remember you / only
for which limbs you could fit / inside me
that is / I wanted to keep all
your sex organs / long enough to verse what happened & smite
the rest of you / away
that is / I could not know / good & evil
until I ate / from the tree / or /
all of me was smote / save my serpent's hollow
& my dominant hand / held in offering / when
there is nothing left / to be taken leave me with at least / a fist

// a womb / is / a wound //

if it scars / I will lose all my give
pull me open / until I echo
yes / like a princessly shoe I can be made
to fit / only you
/ or / I am growing / an apple in here
reach & feel how the designer left me / loamy
as cobblestone / & yet / I am still
the wrong tree / echoing the right reasons to leave / leave me
empty / put my rim against the wind / so I can
whistle a while

// a wound / is / an entrance //

you don't / really know what you're asking
when you tell me / to cum for you it's like you've / imagined
me in a crystal / dress & you're waiting
for me to descend / the staircase between my legs /

there is something about this / inside-out that loyals me
to my own blood / or / the doorknob is hot /
because out there / an angel waves around / his flaming memory
so you're feeling exiled / echo
my name in the foyer / so the pall bearers will
ceremony / down yes / the only glass clothing that fits
my body is a casket