

Dia de los Muertos, Jerusalem Cricket in the Full Moon

The truth is, my heart crawls from a hole in the dirt.
Lean glare speared by bent knees,
see its swinging striped skirt.
Heart inside a red skull,
rose blossom forehead.

Moonlight the orange of marigold
filters among shadows
onto a heart unused to air.

Every heart is a solitary thing.
All it has is this drumbeat song.
If answered, it's an offering –
someone else's heart we devour.

My heart digs tunnels, lives
on lives that pass through.

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