

How Loving Me Feels

Zita Kinney

/ The taste of teeth / & ocean / bitter salt sediment. /
When I breathe / I taste blood & / the mastication of /
clashing rocks. Seeing / the color of rushing water / foam
bubbles & birds. Lately / the clouds have been low on /
sleeping grass / connected by water fingers & / my
loneliness sees / black smears / on ocean weeds. / In the
sky tiny / starved prints. Salt sediment / in my eyes in / my
lungs in / *my empty stomach*. On / the beach sandpipers & /
teeth / shapeless / name less / hungry pacification. / The
breeze lifts / an ocean of wings. / The pacific full of salt /
birds / dark swarming & / I realize / I can't look at myself
when / the bird shadows / multiply. / Hundreds of smears &
/ the sky black blurred the / hollow shatter / of masticating
feathers & bodies / crushing & hush. / *Just blood barnacles*
/ & / the water's reflection & now / the taste of teeth haunts
the beach. /