

### Cleopatra

Your eyes rebound off my tongue  
with the reprise of my sighs  
to the tempo of skin to taut rock.

Saliva rivers down my throat  
to my damn Aswan lungs.  
I cough. Trout comes out.  
“Wrong pipe,” I say,  
and the hydroelectrics burn on.

The tip of my tongue  
is 50 licks of an envelope dry  
and grades down the wood  
you shove in my mouth  
till the center splits baby-smooth.

My gag reflex died  
when the Moon found me at five,  
up passed my bedtime  
and begged:

“Please sleep, child.  
The real world will be here soon.”

“It’s okay,” I say.

I watch the Moon be skinned alive  
as the sound of cereal bowls  
crawl over the hill with the Sun.