Revelations

Let’s begin with the tongue,

the laps it runs around its *I wants*

until desire is a pudding.

Oklahoma has a handle on itself.

I have an anal complex.

Birds will never remember my face.

A paper crane is lucky

because it will never question

the way it was made.

We are less human than elephants.

They are not ashamed of their grieving.

A photograph of a man screaming is edible.

It will taste like whatever sugar the guts make.

The hands are given all the credit for creation.

We forget about ovens, printers, the autism scale.

My breast is a megaphone, your mouth is a mouth.

You don’t say anything useful about my body

and the world cries for that.

Colorado is where people go to get lonely.

God is where people go to get lonely.

They are both thin atmosphere and bad bread.

If I get horny when I’m dying,

call it The New Testament.

If I clam up, call it The Old.

The tongue rolls its r’s

until language becomes pebbles.

God puts his mouth in my pants.

He says terror, mirror, error

until I become a mountain.

In my wilderness, God builds fires.

He reads the labels of canned goods

like a summons.

He doesn’t know if he is real

until a likeness of his pitiful body

slowly announces itself

like antlers out of the fog.

Author Bio:   
  
Meghan Privitello is the author of *A New Language for Falling Out of Love* (YesYes Books, 2015) and the forthcoming chapbook *Notes on the End of the World* (Black Lawrence Press, 2016). Work has appeared in *Boston Review*, *Kenyon Review Online*, *Gulf Coast*, *Best New Poets*, & elsewhere. She is the recipient of a NJ State Council of the Arts Fellowship in Poetry.