

Alight

You're burning up, she says.
Look down. And I see, true
as the humidity, my toes turn to
ashes, flaking from the tips –
ten cigarettes glowing
orange at the very edges.

Does it hurt? and I shake
my head, and the glow eats
my feet away, leaving perfect
grey piles on the bed, white
in the square moonlight
tumbling through the window.

Maybe the wind. She pushes
the window up and the breeze
created by the freeway,
the hum of cars, licks across
the burning, speeds it up,
until my chest is left.

Sorry, sorry. The window
shuts and she lies down, her voice
a whisper like a raspberry. *Sorry*.
I lied, it hurts, I say.
And she cries, with her fingers
in my hair. And when my eyes burn
all I can feel are her fingers.