Christos Kalli

Epilogue

Sundown always comes to ask what to do with the body. Clouds, like a flock of black sheep tattoos, hide the moon. Somewhere the beautiful are becoming more and more alive wearing less and less. And this is all I’ve ever wanted: to hear you say my mouth is a door. Not only tonight. And not just any door, but the one you lock when we run in and you swallow the key.

On the other side of the window, a too-wounded bird is chirping for a curtain call. I am still learning how to say *Skin* and mean it. Also: how to tell dusk apart from dust. I keep my tongue on a leash to stop it from erasing one. I am used to following faces in empty, grey rooms. Also: asking for proof that I am still breathing. Your hands are red and rough and mine. We are lucky night is still no one’s. The body can only lay back in the shade and wait, like a bloodstain on the bed sheets.