CHRISTOS KALLI

Ouzo

& tonight’s tongue tunnels through the ounces of dusk. The difference between being fire
& being on fire is how quickly you steal the ice from the freezer. You don’t know yet how wet lips can be a makeshift kiss—yes, sit here & see yourself outlived by a shot of ouzo, unless it disappears first into the thirst of the stomach on the balcony or inside a teeth-less midnight-only smile. Yes, how fast you lose your breath when you make the mistake of ok *I’ll stay the night* when then there is never enough night to stay into, never enough dark handcuffed to the sky. I am afraid some of it is always spilled outside.

When you have an unsteady hand & it starts to make a manhole out of the roof of the glass, it might escape its prison, come to your house & make you eat each other. There, I said *eat.*