

eucharist (or, what is it like to taste a jew?)

David Johnstone

to be a morsel
in that pale gullet
of yours
is a consummation
devoutly
to be dished

and so i find my self
pressing rosemary
to my broken back and swollen belly
(the flesh
damped with saline
so the fragrance
might stain)
and i lay saffron
in my pant legs
so that my thighs
(i cannot rely on fat for their flavour)
might wet your mouth
on scent
my dandruff is paprika now
will you suckle at my scalp?
collect my crumbs in your lap?

oh and my eyes
i douse with cayenne
so you ll taste fire
where i once saw it

and i baste my body nightly
though i fear it is still
too dry
i. let your saliva melt
as butter is wont to do
on my crispened breast
ii. and pair with me a full
-bodied wine

now
my love
do i still taste
dirty