

SHARING THE TABLE

Stranger, I'd like to put my head in your lap.
I don't often write like this, exclaiming, proclaiming,

full of happy little pies. Our table neighbors
wave down their friends with bright sweaty faces.

Yes, *ours*. We've protected each other's computers,
our loose change and tacos, and now we've built

this small little land here under the oaks with our salsa
warming the flies' bellies. You keep the grackles out

of my watery cold brew. What love! I let my floral top slink off
my shoulders, let the sun who has already burned me

warm my skin like I have nothing to lose. I have nothing to lose!
I'll stretch out my long, too-pale legs and let them sprawl

along the skinny picnic table planks, let my face get pink, let
the live oak drop her molting all over me. I watch a bird beyond the fence

tear into the little garden snake he's caught, limp body in his mouth.
You turn, pick a leaf out of my tangled hair. See?

You're already taking care of me. Let me lean into you
like the road's bend, trusting its body. Let it be a hot head of hair

warming your thigh, a strange and surprising love, unkempt.
Like the napkins flying in the wind and nobody running after them.

Let nobody run after them. Just this once, let them
press themselves into the tree bark, begging,

ruining themselves in the light.