

Amazing Grace and Unloved Gentiles

Your life is one of acrobatics
and adaptation. Wearing a tilted hat
on the runway, one side white
with fright. The other side soiled deep
with pleasure. Glamour is picking your teeth
with a glittered peacock feather.
Security is knowing your stiletto
—an axe extending from your hips.
Power pulses through your knees.
Thrust them. Your nose in the straights
Make God call your name
with curiosity. Make Aphrodite evil.
Make her believe that you are
the second coming. Make father forget
daughter, enchant, emblazon, transfix—
your face of stone, a religion. Paparazzi;
disciples. Make Adonis hate you. Let everyone
know that Cupid is your crybaby, jealous,
with rage. Make Orpheus turn,
his beautiful boys crawl—
between your hips out of thick
curiosities. Wear your brother's suits
until he casts all mirrors into the garden.
Spit shards of glass into his ribs. Consecrate
your genitals in your hands. They . . .
unloved Gentiles.

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