

# - BATTLE - FOR THE METAL KISS

SLICE HIS TONGUE AWAY FROM MY WORDS  
I BEND HIS DREAM TO THE LEFT OF MY EAR

HIS CONSPIRING PRAYER COLLAPSED ON MY SHOULDER



CINDY SAVETT

# BATTLE FOR THE METAL KISS

POEMS BY CINDY SAVETT



H\_NGM\_NBKS, 2011

[www.h-ngm-nbks.com](http://www.h-ngm-nbks.com)

Much thanks to Kate Greenstreet.

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a H\_NGM\_N portable document format chapbook.  
cover // Emily Smith.  
interior // np.

# *THE FLOOD*

I write to expose the flood

wild bloom  
in my mouth

dead father hanging  
on the hooks of night

wilting  
on the breath-branch

my wrist bells  
ringing

I breathe the scent of his blood

bellowing  
rags

his conspiring prayer  
collapsed on my shoulder

I bend his dreams to the left of my ear

slice his tongue  
away from my words

sword from my left eye  
mounts the wall  
of his closet

I grasp the axe with no handle

lean on my bed  
of hunger

# *THROAT-LIES*

hands in my cage  
wrench me  
from the beast in his eyes      roar of throat-lies

his tongue craves  
a field of raw  
bone

we're the cast aways

planted in his chest      my Knife before  
there is father

# *EARTH IN MY VEINS*

he holds a vial of bluewings  
a metal  
kiss that scratches the silence

with each beating  
wing

(nightcliff wings  
leaden across my back)

when his voice reaches my arms  
it explodes the moist earth  
of my veins

# DEBRIS

his wood throat  
impaled  
on the fence

hinged to the dirt    his sown  
debris -

*I open the cellar door*  
*compose my bed            beneath the bridge*  
*of kisses*

- into a cremated  
world            where silence forges  
                         his breath

breath without  
a life

# *FEVER*

plains at war

fever crawls from his belated breath

and fuses his tongue  
to the corner

fuses the hanged

covers the body in the tree  
with wire

wrenches heat from his evening gold



# *ALONG THE TRAIL*

I hold his pennies  
in my dry mouth

his gold leaves and the stalk of omnipotence

I forage with the ants for hallelujahs  
along the trail

pinces bend to the edge of sanctity  
pauses dance in my palm

dandelions shake the premature night  
off their stalks

who *is* he  
without the knife

ink drooling  
down his chin

(I  
am in line for my)

# *CIRCLING*

Follow him Home

plug his mouth  
with the war  
bared on his laced-up tongue

I circle the window bars  
lasso his startled image  
from the mirror

study the morning glass  
emptied  
of edges

# *CACOPHONY*

his shovel fills with banging

so he pleads to unhook  
the red cacophony

though he is caught again  
snagged  
on the hand of night

tasting my metal knife  
on his tongue

# *STONE AGAIN*

I come alone with the knife in my eye

and find him with stone in his blood

he swings me against the rock

a pine bough  
defamed

sun droppings on the ground

deliberate

between the binding and the bound

I drape the darkness

with boulder and lace

my arms are the frames of suggestion

cement steps

and the cracked open sky

tracings

for the knife in my eye

# *NOON PRAYER*

stars risen on the noon prayer  
dwarfing my fathers robe

I am out of step with passion  
with solitude  
smashing the stone to prayer

my mouth has much to offer  
still there  
inside the huge      black      void

I fold my right to live      as if a shirt  
safely stowed  
from danger

noon prayer  
out  
of step



## *CLIFFS OF TIME*

the cuffs of time frame my bruised arms  
his poison-pillow  
over my face

my skittish palms  
define me as they defend me

who is the ridiculed one                      mourning the sacred  
with my sighs

two tongues emerge from my forehead  
and speak to the naked wind

my breasts fly south  
in darkness

my covenant  
in his war of blue breath  
explodes

and I stockpile  
my tears

