

I'm Forced to Imagine There Are Two of Me Here

RIO CORTEZ

To fit in we practice not dancing I pull her hair against our head & burn
the water out she sucks-in the lip of our belly

I call her Rio say Rio remind them of our white grandmother
do what it takes to make them think we are like them

Because it is a risk to want us we close the bedroom door she reaches under
the blanket It's just me Rio & The Dark
does she part my legs or The Dark's I spit into our hand & touch her

Sometimes she bites our lips to make them smaller we refuse
to dance we do what it takes

I let her drive Little Cottonwood Canyon It is night we hit a deer breath
from its nostrils cloud the windshield It feels like there could be more
of us somewhere she opens the car doors we show each other mercy
take the same bite of a cracked rib I move to kiss the animal blood from her mouth