

What flies want is not

Emily Pérez

what I want
the smoke smell
of the near gone
house the rumble
of storm thrown
down prairie. What
flies want is left,
forgot, glass rims
where lips touched
last night's fish
the stain just
setting in carpet.
What I want
is before all that,
the aged cat flicking
her tail, the trail
of sticky melon seeds,
still nestled in the fruit,
the exposed wrist
unadorned with perfume,
the un-pierced hunter's catch,
the sealed honey.

