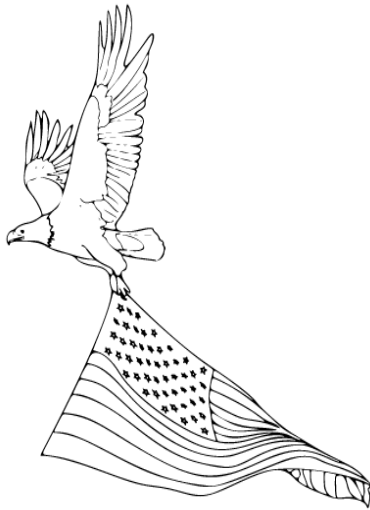


The One Whom He Loved

kara raymundo



you in the motel
two bodies in the sheets.

lovers caught in an act of the funeral
one heart close to the other's tomb

tongue-tied in light of the American pyre,
fifty stars shoot out of the room

and yes it's greedy, a shovel digging up a corpse
as it's hungry, warm flesh caressed in a man's mouth

but he kisses as if his love scars,
and you don't care how much it hurts
as long as he comes back to you.

so maybe god wants to leave it at that,
two children in a motel burning faith in their own way.