

## Libations

*my grandmother's house is the river*  
*my grandmother's house is the river*  
*women that flee for safety habitually visit her*

because when she lived, she lived in his liquid laced  
with liquor when she lived, she lived in his liquid laced with  
liquor when she lived, she lived in his liquid laced with liquor

because the bank of her river was the bend in her back— he  
beat into a sickle sloped waxing crescent moon and tried  
to leave no wish left in its empty space— he shaped

oxbow from the curve of his knuckle where it weathered  
her cheek, his swings blew her breath back in to her  
gullet, throated her hope between a laugh and a scream—

but women who flee come to her river because when she lived  
she lived in his liquid laced with liquor, but when she  
dreamed she dreamed in Technicolor but when she dreamed

she dreamed in Technicolor but when she dreamed, she  
dreamed in Technicolor, so first she took the hand of god  
but when he didn't protect her, she stole the hand of a lover.

*my grandmother's house is the house of tradition*  
*my grandmother's house is the house of tradition*  
*my compass-less heart habitually consults her*

because when she loved she loved through a heart  
hollowed out by convention when she loved she loved  
through a heart hollowed out by convention when she

loved she loved through a heart hollowed out by convention  
but the crook of her arm was the break of an oar that she  
sliced through the wet of his whiskey slick breath—

and my compass-less heart habitually consults her because she  
gathered the splinters, spread them like diamonds to wear on her neck—  
fashioned one needle-point sharp and iron erect, fastened

it to a strand of her hair to divine her lover's direction— tongued  
toward his lodestone heart with her oared precision and dislodged  
throated hope— hidden in the splintered wood of her house of tradition.