

At the Hilt of All My Desires is a Lie and It Heals Me Up Like a Brawler's Suture

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I want to wrestle Courtney Love on a cold, snowy night. I want to share a joint and look at the flakes falling into water, ash and lace. I want the beaded dazzle of blood drops—scratches like a skipped stone down my sides, along my throat. Give me an uneven bed that dips us together, a comforter full of seeds, and a loose window rattling like a gossipy tooth. Courtney, I'd pin you in the small mauve hours when you aren't more than you and I am more than me. Give me the white wet spark of one night. I sit askew in the world, your bruised thighs a star map in violet. My girlhood, a star map in tears I lit up in the dark. I lit up in the dark. Still do.