

on fire

Joan of Arc walks down the stairs
from her apartment
above the tattoo parlor

she's wearing her camouflage
pants and paint-splattered t-shirt

she says she wants another sword
and another set of wings for her red
dragon-lady whose tail is looped
around her neck
and she wants teeth in the white orchid
on her breast
and wants the goddess Badb's black tongue coiled
on her other breast

as usual, her angel-faced boyfriend
has followed her
he reeks of smoke

she says it's his problem – he's the one
who's always trying to snuff out her flames

from *blue crow*