

Heat

Salawu Olajide
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i damage you— beautifully. late evening nurse.
i come with a bloodless adze, glucose meter &
a satchel full of thermometers & ice packs.

i put my fingers in your mouth & record
your temperature. i detect everything;
the hot breath of roof pressing heavily

against your knee & quiet volcano
in the compression of your things.
my knuckles listen to the tussle of your thighs

reddening like the neat of fresh meat.
on its sticky surface, i discover everything.
last night's unrest. of

recalcitrant bodies. two legs hoisted in the air
asking God if they can be like that & still
make prayers clean without

rinsing with bleach. wounds can be eaten
fresh on a woman's body. do not think it;

it is a paradox of an exotic poem. i break

my father's teeth in your groin with my tongue.
do not utter what body cannot hear in rain.
do not curse me with rainbow,

half-sketch hate on my father's glabella & extend
the curve to my chin bone. it is just
a matter of a tennis racket pronated from the back

& the arm is filled with ire. i load an ace &
suspend my head like bat. i hunt him away
from your colony. breathe. breathe.

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