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Golden Showers

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Golden Showers

By Beth Trafton

I wake up from a dream where a snake is creeping out of my mouth.

It slithers its tongue at me, flies emanate in swarms.

This morning I woke to a soaked back

drenched in things you could never keep on the inside.

I leave you the next day, and we haven't spoken since.

Every day I drive past the shop where you work to maybe catch you smoking outside.

You are never out there and I evacuate into the air,

like the remnants of a snake's sloughed skin, a deflated condom at a stoplight.

Sometimes I wake up at night and reach into the dark

hoping to find you lying here next to me

already engulfed in our fluid halo, baptized by our sins.