

Animal Desires

by Melanie Garcia

Fingers run over feet—
such smooth flawless, skin
bronze in the falling sunlight
I want to feel instead,
rough scaled edges
that reek

of drowning sailors cries.

But there are no scales;
so I rake my flesh
across sharp, inviting stone
and let
each salty droplet,
send the sea
dreams of being

alone, half animal, and free.