I understand lions: the way they suck sand into their skins.
Lure festival trees about their heads
And proclaim orchestra in the swiftness of kill.
These are my comprehensions when screams lash
The credibility of sleep
And I am brought down by claws.

Voices

Your voice touched mine
In last night's story.
We linked, broke
And are spent
By the change made in our touching.
We can no longer talk
And we don't want to.

Yesterday's Lips

My lips crack morning
With bitter words,
Sip black coffee
With today's radio,
Writhe to the tune of yesterday's dance
And taste the saliva of last night's man.

Joanna Weston has published two
Chapbooks, Guernavaca Diary (1990) and
One of These Little Ones (1987), and has
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