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A Porch Night  
Chris Smith

It wasn't the stigmata  
or even close to it—  
I butted out my Marlboros  
on my wrists and when  
the burns blistered into scabs  
I ripped them off, and it  
felt like I was important—  
at least for awhile  
until my jeans stone washed  
stained rusted like  
the nails, but it wasn't  
my wrists nailed through,  
it was my chest pounded  
into the porch rail  
by the blunt moonlight—  
an aqua shaded aura  
as if a child had  
colored me transparent

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with my arms outstretched,  
legs crossed at the ankles,  
eyes shut in simplicity,  
feeling whatever there was  
to absorb—oozing  
the whatever, hovering  
above the Chinese lanterns  
floating in the background  
of a watercolor dream.