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
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.