

Notes of a Deburrer

for mari

Cathy Comenas

I didn't want to leave her
this morning for work

Face to face with a machine
that turns fingertips into sandpaper
I grind gears clean smooth
until they are mirrors
that's when I see her still naked in bed
warm cream of wheat skin
that I spoon into my mouth
and feel her slide down my stomach
I see her lips swirl in metal
as the machine bites me from dream
blood drips from my finger