

# Your First

Zir horn strikes rainbows in the heart. Touch it:  
A thousand beatboxes thrum. Parental  
guidance unsuggested, you are barely  
thirteen, nothing's supposed to spoil you

yet, you haven't even begun to bleed. Hys fur  
cozies your palm like chenille socks. Stroke it:  
Rivers of magic surge beneath, humming  
runes a younger / older you would understand.

But this is the age of forgetting  
even the cinnamon star hir breath  
leaves on your cheek. Jasmine, sage,  
madrone, fir: You'll learn these names too late.

Still, as you slog through the clotting years,  
Zie will wait here, grazing  
on moonlight & blades.