

Scene 21

You will hone your stare
into a pair of tridents,
daring your suitors to crack
jokes about cuisine.

You will ask for trade,
sacrifice, show off
the shelved jars of hearts,
sentences floating in brine
after the negotiations are over.

You may have my legs
but I will warn you about
the fever sweat of my toes,
the cringe of sand beneath them.