KYLE HEGER

VOICES

As I lie, having waved
farewell to my words, noises
rise from the street to fill
the void—flattened
voices of children laying
waste to neighbours’
property, teenagers’ elaborately
ignorant grunts as they labour
over engines that won’t
start, percussive expostulations
punctuating a game
played a thousand miles
away—leaving bloody
tracks on my bed, see-sawing
through my chest with bone-
cutter persistence, and planting
booby traps for anybody
who might be foolish
enough to try coming
to my rescue.
GREEN

With your dark glasses finally removed, I find a green that is a rupture and a reunion, a product of spontaneous generation and a foregone conclusion, a threat and a promise, a beginning and an end, the iridescent flash of a dragonfly’s wing and the cool skin of a grape. But my glimpse is so brief and your eyes are again sealed off so impenetrably behind those cryptic opaque shells that I wonder if I have ever really seen such a thing as green.
AN EXERCISE IN RHETORIC

Your skin argues with me across town, through the night, as persuasive as a ripe peach, issuing invitations and ultimatums, exhorting confessions, eloquent in the rhetoric of desire.