

Coalheart

by Kirsty Logan

1.

In the caves at the edge
of the salt-choked sea
I meet a man.

He is precarious with years
and he feeds me seaweed
seasoned with enamel chips.

When I wake at home
I cough up a palmful
of wet paint drops.

2.

In the burrow on the bank
of the wisp-edged pond
I meet a man.

He is burnished with health
and he feeds me kisses
luscious with aftertaste.

When I stumble outside
I lap at the pond
until I reach mud.

3.

In my bed at the edge
of the teetering world
I meet a man.

He is sleek with hearts

and I see a different name
etched onto each one.

I bite off his tongue
and swim
until my breath runs out.

