

W.E. Pasquini

Annunciation of the Wet-Bone Child

In the bud that was not yet my ear, she whispered. Auricle,
pinna, vestibule half-formed; I could not tell if she said love

or leave. I had thought I was all—both the thrum around me
and the inhale of copper sea. Still, her lips moved against my face,

my mouth tasting the tarnish of clouds. I sank into the heat
of self and tried to ignore the brailled message of her touch.

Then the wet tissue ripped, and I dropped through angry black
into a vellum world. The sky penciled steel blue above my head;

my thin skin shivered beneath the load of someone else's words.
Bones sought bones. My body, scraped, sectioned, split. My split-

apart. I did not know the augury of birds, how oracles divined
from tissue left behind or what lips a future lies. Red wine

and cloves, bitterroot and salt: the air heavy with scent while the names
of things cleaved from sound wound like wire. I opened my eyes

W. E. Pasquini's poetry has appeared in *Magma*, *Cider Press Review*, and *Fourth River*, among others. Pasquini has been a finalist in various book and chapbook competitions including: New Rivers Press's MVP and Concrete Wolf Poetry Contest. Pasquini completed an MFA in creative writing and studied film at the University of South Florida in Tampa, Florida.