(w)hole

Shaina Monet
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after Tonya M. Foster

Shaina Monet

Is it impossible for you to let something go and have it go whole?”
–Sylvia Plath

Andrea Saunders Gereighty / Academy of American Poets Award Second Place

shoot the breeze. the tongue is a gun (.) you slip over the teeth. a bed sheet sticks under
the crook of (y)our knees. wrapped from left to right, hemispheres between the dream,
you shot your mother, tapped (y)our fingers on tiles’ speckled ceramic until her other
face unfolded. a tape to tape the end of time, you said. it is not speech that can uncut the
rut of tender gums. it’s purple-red. blood felt flick from face. (s)hot.

flickering tape. you’re not one to come undone, you
know. a photo. your mother’s face undercuts tape and the time you told the dream it was
just a dream stuck between (y)our teeth. tongue the filling. the film. taste the breeze. the
nape. the neck. you’ve begun. unspun chamber. epidermis, bed cloth, warm, wet. this
dermal, diurnal dilemma, mother met.