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## (w)hole

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## (w)hole

Shaina Monet

*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.