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Nina Encontrada en la Guarida del Diablo

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Nina Encontrada En La Guarida Del Diablo
After Saeed Jones

Lin Flores

Black earth scorched in the place I left
drag marks from fingertips

soaked red. Last sight was fallen
fruit. Dirt in its mouth, the gapping

shape of awe in petals spattered in Tajín, glistening
juices, sweetness in its own teeth, ripeness for

taking. A dare or threat to taste summer's yellow
orange mango. My left hand already reaching,

before we know the Earth as hell mouth,
I bite its flesh. Dirt crumbs freckled my lips,

satiation, satanic in its subtext, in its subject
in the innocence of famine & fasting

when there is nothing else to eat,
when the Devil swallows me whole.