## As of today, I have yet to put my hands on the volcano of my dreams.

Parachutes & altitude.

It's the story before the kiss:

Aztecas

on a white-scalped plane: warrior, brown woman, Love.

It's true that a mountain won't fit

in just any man's mouth—ask a song, ask any story.

I don't feel the birds that tie sounds

to their bodies like strings

can say this any better—

At 19,

I, too, would've swallowed whole mountains for Love, instead. & I listened,

I held the pulleys of words

& they pulled their bodies

over our rocks & it's more like a wildness

found in the breath

of a snow that never melts.

a neck that has to climb

its own heat like we are all climbing

the same different rocks

as the rest of the planet.

I was asking to be made naked.

I was asking to be made browner

with another man's kiss.

It is possible

to fall between the axis of wanting & not getting;

it is possible

to hoist two bodies using only one—

& I was asking Ixta how to rise,

how to listen to a man's blue smoke

& still rise.

I should have touched the storyteller's eyes but I listened to his teeth, instead.

Machetes of grown aguanto, armed, ready to spare my questions their lives.

Such was the story.

Such was the flickering.

The brown man, the brown woman,

two men like us-

& then, then, I made love with my eyes

on the parachutes.

Not him.

& did they ever have a chance in that snow?

& did their brownness know how far apart so much closeness would bring?

I wanted us all to be alive.

I wanted my sleep with that volcano

inside me.

It is possible to place a cuento inside another man's throat like it is possible to retell a lie.

A kiss made of fence lines & desert. Story. Made of gasping for want.

The heart so full it burst into howls. A body is silent until it screams & I would do anything to be so afraid

again.