

**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.

