

## Anointments

We walk the black cursive asphalt tar lines—  
the same ones we once tried to read—Easter  
morning in Odessa, Texas. The relentless wind  
orchestrates a multitude of dry leaves that chime  
to conjure ghosts who follow our path down  
this godforsaken road. It's been nine months  
listening to her fate & I'm sick of it. I already  
know what she'll now say: I am Lady Lazarus,  
come from the dead. She weeps—again—  
it's all so bitter & sweet. Bittersweet, we take  
profound swigs of red wine boxed & warmed  
under the blue void, & stumble upon two  
sparrows spread open for maggots. I suggest  
reading her future in the entrails; she prefers  
the repetitive act lacing the white silk thread  
of her loosely stitched & unstitched romances  
to make pretty—decorative doilies—of past  
transgressions. I'm so well-oiled, but we press on,  
welcoming the terrific shouts & redemption  
hymns of those in the only creek being baptized  
& the surrounding pump-jacks that mimic  
what I once heard sirens sing, each to each.

Victoria Marie Bee