

## Barns Isn't Over

*Maggie Hoppel*

sometimes, i burn  
down—wet skin toppling  
to sloppy linoleum,  
one footprint awaiting its answer  
on godforsaken clothes.  
i would die to myself  
if you plunged your enamel  
into my patient carotid—  
perhaps tuck a business card  
into the lemontwist  
of your osseous mouth,  
but when i met jesus  
& siddhartha, neither deigned  
to stay in touch. i recall fractions  
of a drink i dropped  
into your silhouette—  
ballerina shards & shuddering lungs  
hissing at the old scratch  
of new palmistry, cufflinks  
lip locked, dishpan claws  
wringing my cerebellum dry,  
& then we met, & by god—  
by every black hole swallowing itself  
pure—we keep meeting.