

Columbia College Chicago :: MFA in Creative Writing—Poetry

Stevie Curl

Passiflora Incarnata

Crack me up. You
 doused in every flavor
I know. Skin,
 skin and fingers and

 a sweater belt. Exhibit
white, purple,

 a hen's egg.
Your finger curls
up like a star and

I believe it.

That's what stars do.
 Beckon and create and
 lick air
. Maybe I think better

 of this shape
Or just maybe you soft
sometimes. I know what
it means – pop,
 Maypop. This surprise

is at hand – sugary
 substance has inlay. Here
your cross-stitch quilt is

 rare. My thumb
is alternate, a steady
 holding. You loused with

common names. I have
glands on

my blade. Jealous
for this arrangement.