

Of Mine

C.T. Dinh

What is this story that you sing, O muse of mine?
Ghost writer, searching for a body: why make use of mine?

A host provides rich bones. Mine kneel, like wilted quills
on page or stage. What epics can you build of mine?

Audacious, brazen; you could capsize rooms
& yet you cap your volume on this shallow breath of mine.

You squirm to shout; I cinch my fingers on your parted lips.
The softest you can be is strangled in this fist of mine.

You bite my palm and with your jagged words I bleed.
I shape them, lovely, on this gentle sheet of mine.

Poor parasite. If I were you, I'd leech a bolder host
body's writing hand. What can you truly boast of mine?

You want to rock this world? So be it. Go, ink out
your own wishes. What poems can you think of? Mine?

If you still insist on speaking over Caroline, then
damn you, coward. Don't wax poetic on this life of mine.