

Poetry

Sale

by Letizia Mariani

Living on the cusp
of sodium and ascension is licking the ocean
off your lips and tasting eighty degrees.

Or finding it to be a cheap alternative of itself past customs
 when seeking salt in a department store on Black Friday.

The muscle that savors with its soft moisture is supposedly the
strongest in the body.
It twists like a wounded worm and speaks the paradox.

Language is the death of fluidity; the ground I stand on, the
terminator of infinite speech.

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