# TRYING TO BE ALASKA

I feel left out.

I feel swords in my body
each time I walk beneath the hot sun.
Swords made of silt.
My fingernails are made of glacial ice.
My heart is made of wet moss.

I can feel the wild animals and insects
calling to eat my body.
My spirit is the cold night,
shifting with the earth's vibration.

My totem rises with my tears
and falls with my lust.

A home I once walked upon,
and now only walk through in dreams.

The music I hear
in damp venues
on city corners
is the closest I can get
to whales singing.

I make totem poles
out of stacked garbage.
I look at light poles
and pretend they are spruces.

I put on my chain mail choker
and pretend
I'm Alaska's bitch.

Because I am.

Because my feet and toes
are still licked
by the memory
of Alaska's mouth.

Because every place I go,
I pretend is you.

Every inlet.
Every sound.
Every strait.

Because every street corner
is always trying
trying

hopelessly

to be you.