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Dead Name Elegy with Strap-on

torrin a. greathouse

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TORRIN A. GREATHOUSE

Dead Name Elegy with Strap-on

A certain holy, the black nylon
straps becoming funeral dress.
My body, a white shroud
draped over yours. We make
two definitions of the word
bury & let them both lead us
to forget. Your old name,
thrashed down my throat.
Replaced with spitslick & stiff
mythology of rubber. My breath
scented like a car crash, copper
rain & tires scuffed into shadow.
We celebrate the last utterance
of a name with the sound of
drowning. The exchange of air
for the miracle of a conjured
flesh. Mark your new name
inside the corridors of my voice
the fresh red sound
of a bruise.