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COMMUNICABLE

No, I am not precise. There is a certain music when you get to the end of the street and turn left. I like to hold it in my ear—like a pearl or a nit—because it reminds me of secret illness, sweating through the sheets. Once, when you keyed yourself in, I was breathing in the corner like an animal. A mink—rank odor, baring my teeth. You say your greatest fears are all diseases, but here I am. Kiss me.