

NATHAN HOKS

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*Zero Visibility*

I distrusted the shapes my shadows made, sent them to sleep in the ambergris anteroom. I wanted to show the bride my grin, my gun. She bought none of this, and in a flicker her eyes and teeth etched a majestic and thin line along my thigh. Like a copper penny dropped in bubbling acid her tongue came swimming through swivels and spikes and spirits. I reached out, called her angel on a trash heap, a whimsical watchtower, her gaze and words cutting so deep to the heart of things I felt a landscape rising beside me. We spoke of wrapping ourselves in foil blankets and blackening our fingertips with charcoal. At midnight under the oak we met to watch the shapes our breath would take, to smile a short lop-sided minute, to let the shortage beset us.