

HADARA BAR-NADAV

---

*I Would Have Starved a Gnat*

*Title and italics adapted from Emily Dickinson*

This lean of bone and tilt. All odd angles to the sun. Flut. Flet. Flatten me with your mad flit. Your fast tying hands. All odd angles and eminent collapse. Now on our knees. Now bowing. Please, kiss my littlest one. A video found in a bunker underground. I once was a night. Once nightly news. See the vultures and gnats flock to our shivering. *Food's necessity on me—like a Claw—*. A gathering of wingly things so all you see is weather. Turning iridescent. Turning black. The kingdom of the body blown to ash. Buttons of us left in the sun. The crown and the teeth. The aftermath. No moist benevolent thing between us. Take me. Take half.