

POETRY

Hannah Warren

DEATH LIKES HER WHISKEY NEAT

No one is made from the sun—
she had a penny mouth full of news-infected teeth.
Her tongue twinged with coppered shotgun

shells. Happy hour catcalled anyone
for whiskey, tequila, mojito sprigged with leaf.
No one is made from the sun.

Her coffee dregs were spun
with strains of cocaine beneath
her tongue. Twinged with coppered shotgun,

a man clutched her ankle, begged someone
to spot him an ounce of relief.
No one is made from the sun

or moonlight or shadow or one
single molecule of razed belief.
Her tongue twinged. With coppered shotgun,

she swiped her lip across his undone
collar, whispered sweet dreams for Lethe—
no one is made from the sun.
Her tongue twinged with coppered shotgun.