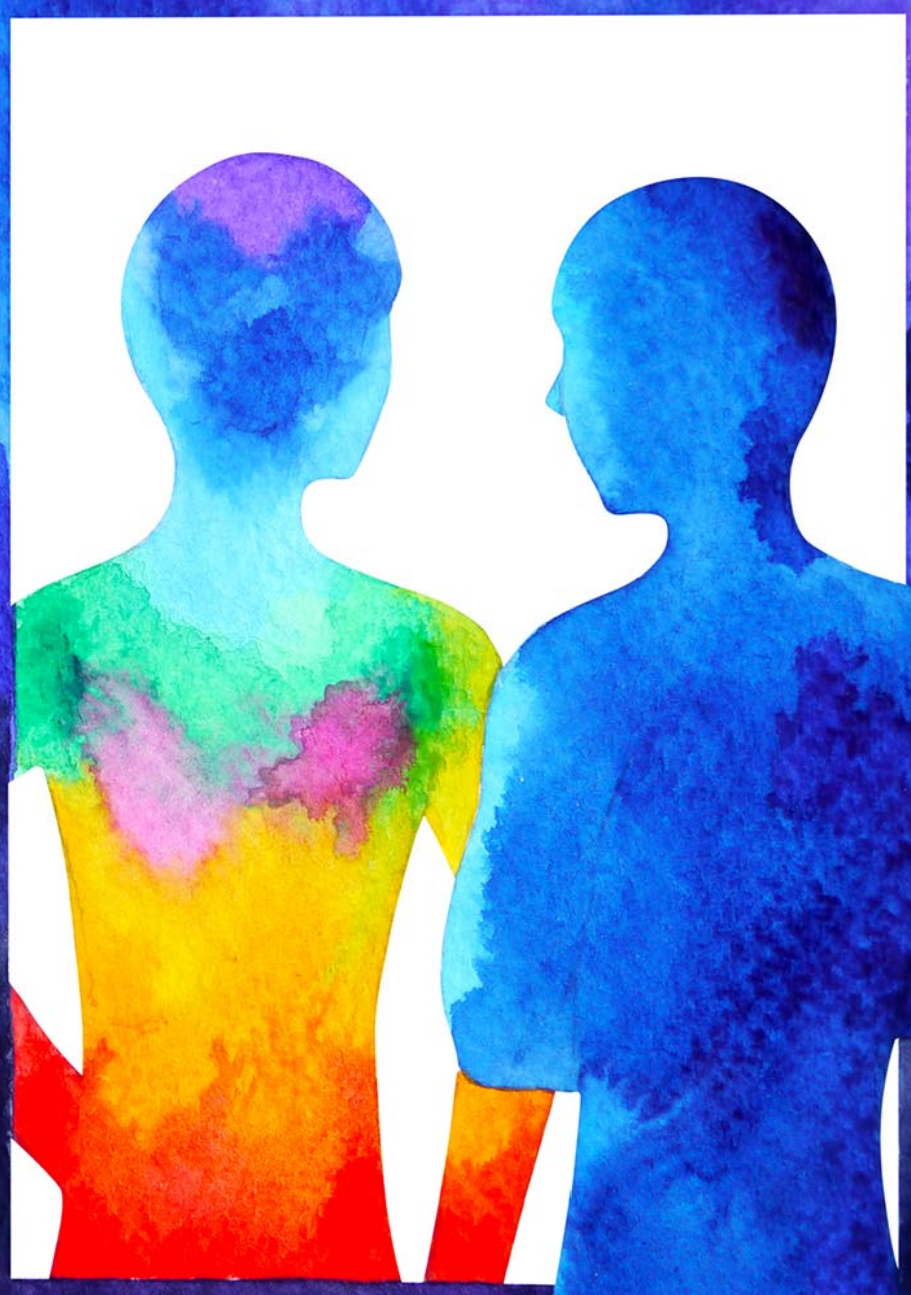
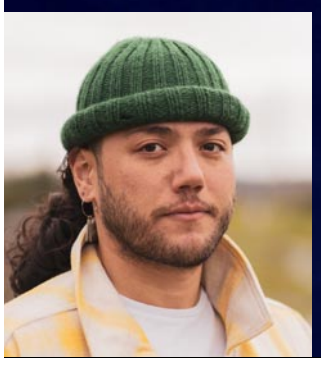


on Desire

A firm hand. The shadow waves of satin.
I am not yet flesh. He calls me baby,
and I touch my face. I'm searching for god
when I oil my body in the mirror. To love it
means to love a man means an opening
to another man. When I take my glasses off
all the lines blur. A body is a body without
language, I tell my girlfriend and she laughs,
mouth wide enough to hide in. She shows me
my softest parts. I dissolve into what. I forget
hiding also means a good beating, the way
passion can be suffering. I can't believe
my whole life I never touched what made me
holy. We have bread, butter and nowhere to be.



Dujie Tahat

Dujie Tahat is the fifth Civic poet and author of *Shibboleth* (Fonograf 2027) as well as three poetry chapbooks: *Here I Am O My God,* selected for a Poetry Society of America Chapbook Fellowship; *Salat*, winner of the Tupelo Press Sunken Garden Chapbook Award and longlisted for the 2020 PEN/Voelcker Award for Poetry Collection; and *Balikbayan*, finalist for The New Michigan Press / DIAGRAM chapbook contest and the Center for Book Arts honoree. Along with Luther Hughes and Gabrielle Bates, they cohost The Poet Salon podcast.

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