

## David Phillips

### **tusk! tusk! tusk! tusk! tusk!**

your eyes, weighted, watch the glass  
snatch its sound out the air.

in little hessikaner we fell in (or down),  
little hessikan, your juniper hair  
shines like strands of the sun resting  
upon my shoulder.

and there's the crux,  
right in that light, hush'd  
lull brown,  
deep among your dusk  
heavy sockets. rust  
me down  
within the crepusc  
-ular tone, the tusk  
is ground

into the small hole in my side where your hand,  
cold,  
now rests. like malagas  
through the dust it only  
digs deeper.

clinch my neck between your fingers,  
bore that small hole through.  
the marble caught the glass,  
where the sun rises.