

SMELL OF FISH  
JOSELY CARVALHO

let us pray, says a colossal bird dressed in purple  
as he chews a couple of breasts in a swirl of desire.

let us pray to our demons  
the demons that free ourselves from our own prisons.  
smell of fish  
cannibal of fantasies sorghum wrapped in guilt  
layers of unclear memories.

let us pray to the memory notes of our growing up  
transparent visions of lost childhoods  
smell of fish  
translucent discharge lubricating pleasure  
deep caverns embedded in sexual sounds  
retraces grandma' stories  
connecting little girls with future smell of codfish.

from the body of Christ, says the weightlifter  
news is funneling of those who have been killed  
mutilated  
assaulted  
poisoned  
forgotten

just across the other side of the river.

smell of fish  
mea culpa! screams the bird in flight.

fish used to taste like meat  
till God let Eve bathe in the ocean  
my brother told me one day

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he ate the flesh of a single miraculous fish for years  
he would consume the fish each morning  
throw the remains back in the river  
and then find the fish whole again the next day

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