

BATTLE LINES

AIMÉE BAKER

*(unidentified woman discovered March 1, 1992 in Bitter
Creek, Wyoming)*

I once kissed
the ruby flesh
of a hummingbird
held against
a rest stop sign

on a day before I left
my body in ice
at the curve
of a prairie road.

In this life
our blood
is where we make
a fist against
anger.

We tattoo roses
to our chests,
memorials to love

and lost fortunes.

What we sell
is ourselves
to the fluttering
of breath,

when the darkness
is a memory of miles
drifting past windows
of light.

We lose markers
to tell us who we are,
where we are from,
because it is everything
that matters.

Out here, our children
are being eaten by wolves.

Do you hear them?