

Gris Gris Bag

Ma makes me a gris-gris bag:
dirt from grandpa's grave,
hand-drawn talisman on the verso
of a corner-store receipt,
scratched-up old keychain
with St. Teresa's sexy face,
all tucked inside
a blue velvet pouch.
I keep it in my bra, hope
to meet a soul to show it to,
spray jasmine on my collarbone
to mask my new luck.
One day my hand shakes your hand,
and I repeat your name:

a chime and then a hiss,
a chipped marble in my mouth,
an animal, its shoulders squared,
fortune fat on years of hex.