

## Ode to a Chimú Pot

The exhibits are muttering in clay from the time rivers ran red  
with Chimú blood and Cardinals.

One pot handle is a jaguar speaking through sharp incisors.

Ask what she has left

to guard after so many centuries of drought.

My thirst, she says.

It is best to thirst with all your heart so mountains melt for you.

Spill, she says.

Spill from your brim, down your slick terracotta skin

to tap roots at the Earth's core where each one of us is a seed

planted with love by an ancestor

because they too have a right to breathe.

Fill up with decades, she says.

Leave no room for ashes and don't scrape off the skim.

Spill, she says.

Spill from your brim, not still as a marble bride

but ravished and wet-tongued.

Make every day a sacrifice to the beast who devours the sun.

My truth is beauty only because you will always die for more.