

NYMPHOMANIAC DREAMS OF HELL

There are no voices here, on the lip
of the woods where grass leans
away into a wind you can't feel. The trees
wake from their comas to make love
with themselves until branches
droop wet as fog, knot holes
eyes that ignore you. There might
be a creek in the distance, but you can't
hear its tone, you can only dream
where it might flow, and when you walk
toward where it probably is,
the cool air keeps just ahead of you, so
when you reach out, you can barely
feel it tug at your fingers. You desire
everything at once, and can have
nothing, not even yourself. Not even
a welt or a bleed of scent.
The disease of morning
hungers on for day, and a strand
of horned nuance pulls your blouse
down a little further from the collarbone.
Home is what the foot says
to the path, what the blood says
to the wrist, what your teeth click
together on to make an SOS. There is
no sugar here. No lace on your dress.
The sun licks a little at your neck,
as if to test its resolve
then bites down hard.