

## I LOVE THIS MAN

I love this man!

I love the skeletal push  
of his upper chest, how he moves  
leaning forward pulled by a cord  
at cranium's peak. He wrestles  
with the buzzing in his bones, pushing  
at their edges and blunt ends.

I will soap his feet. I will wash his hair,  
I will curl those strands around my fingers.  
I will hold his face in my hands.

His soul reaches into my soul.  
My soul reaches into his.  
Meet his eyes and I meet his core.  
I love how he explores  
the shores of our island.

I'll be gone before tomorrow,  
a threat of clouds on the horizon.

I soothe his brow with the arnica  
of my fingers. I ease his aches with the salve  
of my palms, I brace him with the jin shin  
of my postures. I enhance him  
with my hands' mudras.

This man's vision informs my eyes.  
I stride beside him with a borderless frisson.  
My eyes confirm the loving sun.  
My sight reveals the teeming night.

I fan the flame that calls him and consumes  
him and boosts him into rare and common air.  
I caress the glazed gems that sear the winds there.

I serve him green smoothies and vegetables  
and rare steak and chocolate.  
I bed him when his clock strikes  
twelve and he doesn't hear.

I bolster his heart with attention.  
Diana singing, Diana joying, Diana lifting her horn  
for attention.

One fair creature now follows me  
on account of attention,  
attention lighting his eyes.

Attention causes him thrive. Attention  
forbids his failure and fuels  
the wild growth of this flaming.

Less disses his soul.  
Less disses mine.

He blesses me and I bless him the same.  
His voice speaks through me.

In the hour before noon,  
in the lightening of the moon,  
in the dark before dawn  
he opens his wound  
and accepts my soothing.  
I calm him with the balm  
of my eyes. I swoon  
and kiss his closed lids.

My cheek rests on his lower belly,  
his sleeping jewels nest in my palm.

I breathe in his out-breath,  
I breathe out his in-breath.

What sun fails to warm the earth  
day and night? What forest doesn't die  
to feed its roots day and night?

What human doesn't need this caring  
every day and every night?  
You need this for all time but it's ephemeral.  
I push these words toward eternity,  
aligning them for music but time cares not.

I'll be gone before tomorrow,  
a thread of mist on the horizon.

You who threaten your own life  
to wake your blood, can you take it?  
Can you endure the struggle to be yourself?

I love this man.  
I wrap him in amazon arms,  
I anoint him with skin oil, I press my goddess  
breasts on his bosom. I excite him with pheromones.  
I roll mother earth hips around him. I take him  
in my universe womb.

I am a woman.

A common, wild, natural human being  
I express my nature.

So does wolverine, moving through  
unmoving sage, scrub jay cocking its crown  
in complaint, fence lizards sunbathing on rocks.

So does the rank stream of my love  
bubbling between these rough banks.