

ADONIS

They've all been beautiful- in their own way.
Beautiful like peaches
or almonds, or milk.
Like fawns, like birds, like stone.
terrifying and pacifying
Beautiful.

But He,
He is jasmine flowers and converse on cold concrete,
cherubs and soldiers of God
He is black marble and molten gold
A lion, my wolf.

He, elusive in the dark, beside me ephemeral
He is dark eyes and dark hair and words words words.
My Achilles in every way, the Hypnos to my Eris
Adonis carved from marble, strong straight jaw
Galatea warmed to flesh, curved perfect lips
Made in the image of Eros, My Rome.

Rain in Two Seasons

My love, he loves the wind, and I, I love the rain
A storm, he and I, we are a summer by the sea
Salt and sweat and thunder rolling deep in our chests
We are oysters sucked from the shell and sweet white wine
that tastes like peaches from the Georgia shore
My love, he loves the rain, and I, I love the wind
A storm, he and I, we are a springtime in the hills
Carmine tulips like red-bitten lips and eyes clear and wide like bright skies at a wolf's wedding
We are the bite of sweet basil fresh on the tongue and lemonade with lavender

Churchwed

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned
Dragged you to bed despite the white on your collar
Licked you with the flames of hell and
showed you what falling feels like
Adam's first wife, we are wed under the eaves of redwoods
though in your eyes that will not do and I pray for a white cotton dress
A promise:
I will bring no squalling life to this red earth
Will not raise it in the church
I will remove my prayer veil only for a wedding veil
Shelve my pagan ways only for a ring
A wolf will raise wolves
Pray you domesticate me

Thirst

Dry Texas makes me remember that I have been away from water too long,
Spent too long in drought of the earth and love; lack of rain in clear California and lack of touch
in sweating Cincinnati
In the valley I discovered my need of drink to quench my head and fill my heart,
and Taurus born, it is back in the cracks of the south where bulls strike the earth with sharp
heavy hooves that I remember the long lost echos of the ocean,
Her cool memory engraved in stone, big darkness, living quiet.
Sink to your knees and run your fingers into the earth here and you will feel me,
handfuls of clay without water, stolen and parched, face upturned and thirsty tongue seeking
rain

Ichor

I love the monstrous because I am one.
Crimson and gold, blood and ichor, I have tasted flesh and pronounced it good.
My voice is the bay of wolves far from home and my teeth cannot be tasted by tongue lest they
cut. Bring your dead and I will devour them down to their stories.