

I Will Remember You

Yes to the dark uneven body of each
tree that dots this forest, this
home of individuals seeking community. Yes
to the deep channels hidden in weathered
bark. Vital secrets run in these rough
grooves, these valleys between. Yes
to roots that trundle underground
to seek dignity and calm. Yes
to weary branches that creak and scrape,
pushed by some cold wind. Yes
to pale leaves that shake with age,
clasp my hand and beg to understand.

Wilderness

My hands are restless on your skin,
riotous as dogs that roam
the hills behind our home.
As a child, I'd raided
that untamed brush, searching
for hen's eggs and a blind calf named
Daisy. She became my steed.
I rode, pulling her tail
for reins, knight of La Mancha,
jewels and gold to be found. My hounds
gave chase until they didn't.
Tonight, my fingers seek
gems of another kind in the wild
thicket of your chest. I am a crazed
troubadour, searching creek banks
for treasures, turtles, and frogs. You
are the dog, laughing at
my heels.

Dream of Summer

It was the horses trapped in their stalls
with buckets frozen to the wall
that we kicked loose
slammed
to the ground
to break the grip of ice until
it came out first
in tiny shards daggers
in our ice block faces
then, the block kalumped, fell
out, even as we fell
stiff and sore into bed each night.

Those buckets made us so sweaty we tore
off our coats in subzero
blizzards. And it was every day
every day and every hour,
every hour. And every year.
And still we kept on because the summer
Was worth it.

And you,
you shook your thick head
wondered as the madness possessed
us to dream of summer and sweating horses
between our
thighs, while our sweat streamed off our
backs, froze our jeans to our
skin, steam clouds rose, added to the fog of our
breath and all we saw was summer.

And the winter water
was so cold
and the trough
was so long
there was never enough electricity to reach
all ends
all at once. So we scooped
with a small bucket, removed
our gloves, saved them
to have something to warm
our frozen hands
our block ice hands
our icicle-from-the-roof fingers

that no longer had feeling.

But we did it for the summer.

And I never told you, did I,
that a slick
sweating
steed
was better any day
than sex with you,
that nights I crunched
in the snow
and ice
and sleet
and blizzard
from the house
to the barn
to check some noise that could be a cast horse
or an escaped ward,
those nights were blessed
above all
because they kept me from your bed,
I never told you that I would rather
muck a thousand stalls, break a million
block-
ice
buckets
than spend one more night
beside you, that all my days
now that I have gone
are summer.

Road Construction

You who hold
the right to stop
or go
my life
smooth sun-oiled pecs
penciled abs
(ruffles have ridges)

Will you call my
peonies ponies?

hmmm? Will you
bare my children
weave my garden
make love

to the underbelly of my car?
The drivers follow you
like ducklings after
their mama
They waddle
 long thin line
waiting for a chance to
show your improbably pecs
marbled abs
tuna can ass how

they will navigate your
 long thin line
 your roofless triad
 ride up
 the road to
my ponies, my
naked dervish
children, my
broke down
rusted out '85
 Cadillac Eldorado.

Prognosis

The desperate panic of Damocles
Palpable sweat
Blade suspended by
a single hair, living daily
beneath that terror
of gravity
of time, or
of a gust of wind