

Hewn

Forget everything before a faint
arm that stretches & ripples into
the moon-side.

Take this under-knee, take
the other, too:

pull me like a sad love story, where someone
else's union of self & lover can be the goal.

Divorce is the sequel, I know, & I wait for it with moon-
juice dribbling down my chin.

Hate the word
"moist" all you want.

Who doesn't? You want to hate the sound
of The Word: but what can carry only one

sound & bear it?

What else is skin when
drying from its salt & wet?

Take her under-knees &
pull another one in. & another. &

another. I direct the movie, waving
peaches & apricots, pluots & plums
cutting into any stone that they carry.

Please.

Do not remind me again that love
is a word too small for even the ripest memory to hold
out & observe
eyes shining & moist---