

The Crush

*"A crush // is the windy edge of life."
—Jennifer Loyd, "Islomania"*

moved like water in a dream
my eye at the edges
imagined my hands
flicked like a reed
innocuous as it was
I felt
a knock at my window
little notions ask

I caught
his hands
there his eye
at my waist
and it was
the wind
lightly the way
then come in

Aubade for Loose Want

You might picture a silver pocketful of coins.
Or I could say aubade for general desire—I want

what I don't want, because it's there
to be wanted and I want wanting itself.

This October Sunday morning, old rain
lags the gutter, the runic leaves

of the crepe myrtle with their ancient
sort of dryness fall, so now I see

from my bed the cardinals blush and skim
between slim branches, and now I'm alone

and maybe for good desire pitches
around me like that, alights, quick, goes;

the trees like my bones contain it
as best it can be contained. I want

(as I said) want, lavish and rambling.
So, though I shouldn't, I want his chest

warm at my hand, the chest I'll never touch
again, chest attached to a man who left;

all the other wants tend abstract, brief
in the way of little dreams

that open like the sky with a knife
stung in. Apertures punched in blue

as in tin: that easy and irreparable.
Though I'm aware of my title,

the poetic tradition, when I go
for my dawn walk I don't leave the desire:

it follows, it bumps bright and dumb
through pine stands as a new balloon.