

To My Hunter, With Love

I.

There's a pool in the desert
with a ladder leading in.
The cacti stand starkly
beside my legs and
around them.
I am punctured in one thousand places,
and through me shines a white light.
But I'm gonna plug them in the water, I'm
gonna take on water for you.
For what is floating without a cat
and a canary and an embryo?

II.

There's a bee in my stomach.
No, there's a thousand of them
and they've built hexagons
in the rugae.
You know there's a stomach in my heart
and it's so hungry.
You know there's a sinus that drips
from brain to duct.
There's a lymph node rolling
under my chin
so I cut my hair today.

III.

Marionberry jam is a summer kiss
and I raked it from a jar with a silver knife,
stuck it on my tongue and pulled down.
The egg yolks are staring at me--
I'm not mad at you.

IV.

Four gray jays did a tango
while I cooed.
They changed places,
and traded humility for a chance to press
close
and whisper hello.

V.

The moon was a pearl
here and in Reno.
A coyote bore the sunset on his shoulders
and the silt in the basin smelled like ginger
and juniper and fir.
I've been drinking milk again
and my nails got pinker
and my cheeks got redder
and the mountain blushed too
as we stood at her navel.

VI.

A pine cone floated by me
in the azure water of a sunken volcano. I
grabbed it and smelled it
and took it home.
From the ridge I fell in love
with the smooth and the lifeless because
they captured sunrise,
pale pink and caramel,
like a chest I once knew.

VII.

My hands are not dry or covered
and no one's dissected them yet.
The last man to kiss them
had red hair.

He hunted me by the paleness
of a cloudy sunrise.
He felt bad about the gunshot,
but he was hungry.
He slung my ribs
to dangle by his shoulder blades
but I miss the way I ran
through the forest
in love and softness.

IIIX.

A fawn came to my body
and nudged it.
I tell him the hunter was a good man.
I feed him the salt from my skin
and a gray jay rests
on his first, soft branch that is growing. A
wolf stands where the meadow touches
forest
and her chest is big and strong.
A bee sleeps atop my ear,
a fuzzy jewel.
She hums with every exhale,
long rattling my membranes,
and the lobes in my breast awaken,
and the glands in my cheeks grow tender.
The valves in my heart kiss the blood
as it bottlenecks by,
and the hair at my stomach crosses
like a tangled rosary,
like fingers after a meal made by my
mother.
My thighs widen and my sacrum unrolls.

Love is a body at rest.