

TEMPLE CONE

Oneliness

Into her pregnancy he did throw himself,
the taut honeydew of her waist an unspoken plosive.

When the missionary position became unthinkable,
they thought how hummingbirds can starve on the wing.

The hour the wind-lapped shingles proclaimed the hour,
her body was a battlefield reclaimed by rain;

awkward prayer did follow snippets of medicalese.
O you are so not leaving this room, mister.

Grackle eyes are thimblefuls of gold.
Imagine hearing the vulgate after a lifetime of Latin:

first creosote, then the sigh of thunder-drenched grass.
Each fingernail a moon provoking *Goddamn, I love you.*

Let there be labor both day and night during harvest.
The combines wonder at the resurrection of the wheat.