

Lacking my other, the blue-ribbon body
who begged for me with his teeth,

I remain, not sweeter, but always willing
to swoon. Most nights I am best when fevered

& postured for soft in a four-post bed for one.
I prefer cambric, frilled necklines & thin

quietudes of camphor & chamomile. Still, I covet
more than these windows of apprehended wind,

a geography cruel with cold & carrion.
Not for want of green weathers, but an urge

to hold the warm revolver of a heart, to feel,
at last, the marrow of something in my hands.