

FEVER

Marc Darnell

I have distilled my ways for you,
and yet, you displace my heart,
lifting it to the coldness behind my eyes
where it pulses small bells through my ears,
requiring only my temple vessels for its resonance,
though I still detect a dissonance
in the warm, sweeping room.

Upon this couch my delirious skin rests
from a sugary fit of perspiration.
If my leg bones could clutch each other
I would urge them to lock,
for you desire them pulled and cleaned
on the carpet before me,
crossed and kindling whiter.

When I sleep you sleep with me,
and you decide my dreams;
you make small lifeless objects
swell in width and weight
because I refuse to hold them—
a growth of clay threatens me with its shadow
and begins smothering me,
and a half-dollar spins heavier on my wrist,
drilling hotly into the veins.

Awakening, I believe
I have killed someone beneath my blanket;
I cannot lift the window to tell anyone.
Lying down to a horizontal whirl
I remember my innocence
and wait for you to perspire from me
with all your confessions.