

Jon Loomis

DESIRE

Last night the house was a subway train, the wind
a long tunnel it rattled through. Now it's St. Eulalia's day.
Every 15 seconds the foghorn hoots, the whole town's

muffled and dim. You're sick of these scrub pines,
this shale-colored bay—its rusting boats, flotilla
of old shoes. You want a view of anywhere else

(even the highway, even New Jersey's fecal smudge
of sunrise, Citgo tanks like aspirins dropped in the mud).
You're sick of no sleep, bad heart, the body dragging

on and on—doddering Aunt, incontinent dog.
Well. You're always complaining. The prefects tore
Eulalia's flesh with hooks, roasted the dangling strips.

When she died, a white dove flew from her mouth.
You don't want to know what the dove knew—not yet.
The dark throat, the snowfall blur. Beyond that, the light.