

## THE MARGIN

The water bringer is cautious  
On her return  
This moonless night in August

She keeps the darkness  
Between her teeth  
Sucked clean as the stone of an olive

So many comings and goings  
The same water, same thirst  
And it's frightening  
And easy  
To confuse rope for muscle  
To yoke well with the coals of desire  
Heaped in the thigh's grate.

It is a marriage contracted by two drunken fathers  
To settle a debt

She enters her house  
Where there are children sleeping

Unaware  
Guarding the sacred meats of the body.