

ELLEN WEHLE

Eros in My Twenties

Only an atom
Of iron was
Needed then
To draw my
Compass needle

Hummingbird
Anchored to
Flower-heart,
I took what
Gifts arose
In ruby sips

No man to me
Unthinkable,
No punk or suit
Off my list

No subway
Side-glance
Mistook me:
In absence of
Girl, break
Glass cover

No one who
Knelt at my
Altar doubting
I had arrived
From a great
Distance