

Jesse Lee Kercheval

THE GREED OF WANTING CHILDREN

I can't have, makes me cry with hunger,
eat only sweets and bitter Baker's chocolate,

nibble at my bed. Last night I dreamed of penises,
not sex, not men, just phalluses, stalagmites rising

from a dark cave floor. Their surfaces as smooth
to touch as the penises of men I've known but

rather chill and cruel. Outside, Lake Michigan
slaps the white rock shore. This is what I want:

to be a bone, to sink like salvage to the bottom,
to see no more horizon, only water, only water.