

NECK

At first they could not they could not and then they had.
It was an old story—a handful of bees and they could not uncup their hands.
That they wanted to be both inside each other and outside circumstance.
The aspen grove shimmered in autumn light and wind.
The waves the particles were building a shimmering in the aspens.
The descriptions were fluttering all along the pathways.
Then, the mirror which depicted him entering her her being entered or in
 some ideologies her dissolving him in the solvent of her self.
Man : woman as this river rock : that river rock.
And the almost inaudible clacking.
Inside, the fire.
And inside the fire, the destinations.
Havoc was the name of the party hat they'd chosen for the occasion.
So when the raven rolled upside down.
When the moon grew "fat and sullen."
When the train screeched and squealed and rumbled through the midnight
 town.
When the leftover adobes swelled with rain and the children's fort became
 mounds of earth.
And the sirens indicated a tragic arrival.
And the numinous fell like gauze over the man leaned against the pickup
 filled with Colorado cantaloupes.
And the woman's rise and fall, firelight flickering over her face her hair,
 sculpting her breasts, and the man facing the fire, his eyes two engines
 of praise.
Together, on earth, in this paradise of kissing and looking, the perpetual
 entering and being entered.
And the tawny flycatcher sculling under the portal.
Picking delicately the newly-hatched spiders from the web.
Where the dusk-light rested against the skylight like a coat of gesso.
Outside, the wings' softnesses, the feathered, the downy, the delicate and
 light-soaked plumage.
Inside, the tenderness of her nape, his hand just now touching, stroking the
 wisps of hair, the tendoned and muscled, the mortal neck.