

where I am, dragonflies
angling around my head.
Under the black mask
of my face, I would think
swan, swan,
which would be nothing
but a riding, a hunger,
a ruffle more pointed
than wind and waves,
and a hot-orange
beak like an arrow.

AN INTRODUCTION

A little point of contact,
catch of an eye, and I
start fleshing out the whole

beast. He pulls off his
boxer shorts, and we are white
against the linen, afternoon

sun stripping between
blinds. We are ravenous—
only a few moments before,

detailed and courteous. We
have bought a house of bare
wood, rugs in patterns.

Saturday mornings, we look
for chipmunks in the woods
behind our house. We

progress in the ridge
and roll of days, undressing
each other in the dark

openings, almost finding
light enough. It is a short
life until death, his,

at which a number
of angels break out of
his skin and disperse

on urgent assignments,
leaving me with my hands
full of veins, avenues

of deepest faith opening
inside, little points
of contact, drops

of blue ink, diffusing. I
turn all the same color,
heaven come down to earth.