

RECOVERY

After you left, I was coming
the long way home,
back to my name,
pulling my first body
like a sleigh weighed down
with just enough provisions, thinking
I should thank that woman
receding finally into the dusk,
retracting, for good,
her heart's delicate landing gear
to orbit the dark side of the brain,
this woman you loved
who I no longer was.
I knew then what we'd done
to summon her was wrong,
was a project our bodies
invented with kisses
as spendthrift as the smell
the earth casts off in rain . . .