

THE AFFAIR

I want what I want when I want it.
This is not a song. It is an oak
split by lightning. Charcoal
cankering the corewood. Chainsaws
arriving after, and maybe a disquieted
friend suggesting I build a feeder
for crows and mourning doves.
The direction of fire is not
for us to know. The wind pushes it
to the middle of someone's living room,
or North where snow is falling.
I see Prometheus erotically now.
His bed of warm sand. Tied there.
The arid sun scolding him
like a bitter authority.
The harpies dressed in evening wear
with vicious teeth.