

Another History of Desire

Or say the body is a bucket.
And here, in this field, not far
from the river, a horse is running
in the tall grass. But what the grass
senses pressing against its body
is not what the horse feels
brushing against its legs and chest.
Evening exists as the dull substance
of the world. While the clouds,
swollen with dusk, hover like coals
that burn in our chests. Is this what
it means to be alive? *We tried to describe
the light but without the light we couldn't
see what we described.* And when
we climb from the river there is
the brackish smell we carry away
on our skin. It permeates the air.
And we sit on the bank and watch
the reeds undulating in the shallows.
Or maybe we carry a dripping
bucket out to the horse in the field.
The tongue slurps. The water splashes
over the brim. And when we stand
before the bucket and see the moon
miniaturized and captured
in its eye, we almost believe that
once we were assembled there.