Desire

by Ginnah Howard

Dark morning sleet whitecrusts the world once more, shrouds remains of January thaw: butts, bits of Styrofoam cups, the black-hoofed leg bone of a deer, dragged home again and again and again by our dog; the same bone I heave into the hemlocks each time I go for wood.

Numbed beneath that cold sheet. Then there it is: Desire.

Knees, the fold of flesh beneath your ear.

Thin from winter, let's grow fat again, keep eating it all up. Except the seeds. Those I store. In Case. Hard to know-- not much talk on After Desire.

Perhaps in some spring-need, there they'll be, tucked in back of a backroom drawer: a khaki shirt a mattress an eight-sided house out the window nothing but sky the times I followed you, the red lights of your car down dark snowy roads and I took off my clothes.