

Desire

by Barry Friesen

The young monk rose early to jog
his appetites trailing
like cats in heat
and then a simple meal
of vegetables, raw
water, cold
and then to swim, lift a barbell, stretch
then a luxurious hot tub, sauna
his body rising, rising
and supper, early
beets and spinach and tomatoes and tuna
a long walk
a bike ride
and nothing at all for the evening
except water, cold, and tea, hot
his mind crushed itself into ice crystals
his body became beautiful, to him at least
and he opened his heart to spirit
slapping away the crows of desire
that flapped around his head
like his own shadow, attached

