

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.

