

1985

Still Life

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we kiss him in it, we stroke back his gummed
gelatinous hair, his wife and I
on either side, we wipe the flow of
saliva like ivory clay from the side of his mouth,
his body feels us loving him
outside the world of the moral, as if we were
making love to him in the woods
and far away in the field we could hear the
distant hymns of the tent-meeting,
smaller than the smallest drop of green-black
woods dew on his body as we dip to touch him.

STILL LIFE

I lie on my back after making love,
breasts white in shallow curves like the lids of soup dishes,
nipples shiny as berries, speckled and immutable.
My legs lie down there somewhere in the bed like those
great silver fish drooping over the edge of the table.
Scene of destruction, scene of perfect peace,
sex bright and calm and luminous as the
scarlet and blue dead pheasant all
maroon neck feathers and deep body wounds,
and on the center of my forehead a drop of water
round and opalescent, and in it
the self-portrait of the artist, upside down,
naked, holding your brushes dripping like torches with light.