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The Painted Adam

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The Painted Adam · *Beckian Fritz Goldberg*

After the first bite of guilt
after the dazzling horizon of nakedness
when she was bathing he saw the skins
laid on the boulder, their fringe,
the downy tips of quail feathers,
folds in the lambskin she tied across
her breasts. He took them to heart
and bound himself, confined the flat-
haloed nipples, caught hairs in the knot.
Feathers flew at his arms and ribs as he
juiced the childish pomegranate against rock,
stained his lips, opened her horn of eyepaint,
fingered the ball-lightning of his lids. It was
like holding shocked wood doves before
their necks snapped. How could he be calm?
He began to pulse as if the woman-bone
buried in him rose, this bitch resurrection
come at last: His new aura, his
plumage, his torchy glances dithering
the lagoon through the red
drag of jasmine, his reflection blinking
back its wounds of earring until his hips
swayed and he danced dressed as Want You,
this masquerade, the flesh
twirled to take beauty
from behind, hosanna, to multiply
a ravishment of one.