Beast

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BEAST
(For P)

Now I know
where I know you from: those times
when they had fantastic sex

on the way down from the mountain. And there’s
the road that goes to the cave, or the day
out on the island everyone else went looking for
oh apricots, figs once
in the temple
the air pulled, there was
a shift of light . . .

he was an animal. You have his
shoulders, the same thickset neck, something vulgar
in all that muscling, the veins are maps of it
along your arms, heavy blue roadways, power lines
running your belly. Look how you stand squared off
and the way your body moves

closer like his, covers, moves in, the last-minute
hook to the side, head lowered and heaving, pushing
the whole world, sweating, wet with it all over
and lifting, rising and
captured in the air a moment in the sounds he made
trying to talk to her
falling back into coming down.