Radish

Hugh Steinberg
Radish

White roots, eating silk, eating roots, eating whitenesses; the sharp taste in
your mouth. Then describe yourself
by roots, by perfect marble darknesses, by different sets of questions,
like a certain kind of radish wound round what you wish, what you said concerning
saying, how are you going to make yourself vulnerable
when for much of your life you've been so fierce?

One day I'm going to grow an impossible beard a gentle but hardworking
beard, a national monument flowering forth from the most marvelous and
potent part of me; innocent, sharp and wise, my belly full of radishes,
standing side by side with you not pretending to be flowers, to move
your thumb until it touches your middle finger then your
ring finger, too.