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I Watch Her Ride A Current Around The Deli

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I WATCH HER RIDE A CURRENT AROUND THE DELI

The body is fire and it's saying
its language high and soundless.

It manifests as a force of nature,
   as if God could attach
a silencer to the wind, or teach a river
to hush its warble over the rocks.

He sweeps a silencer over the barks
   and cries of birds,
gathers those cries cumulative,
pours lightning cracks,
the rumblings of trains,
   the hiss from every cannonball heart.

He gathers them in a sack he lifts
   and pours into each of us
so we are rivers saying to each other,
   wind languages, the music of whales
across the table when we glance
   up from the steaming earth and—
hold onto it now love—
   just look at each other.