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To a Woman

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To A Woman

I do not imagine you know how you tear my flesh. You lack the grace of empathy, the myths, The orgasmic moment between the choice And the act. You would rather Bring me pails of leaves and various dead animals.

Through the doors of your memory I see The world, though they are locked. Through your veins the roaring light pulls Its silvered body to the edge of your wild Burning hair.

Enclothed in the sound of bells, Enfolded in the sweep of cloud shadows, Swinging like a mad child, you Would murder antelopes and dream Of copulating with god.

If your dreams were only water I would gladly drown for your sake, but I have known too many mornings When your eyes would bleed, when Your mineral walls dissolved and your glistening body Convulsed in a tree-bare cove of wolves. Could I but flow through the holes in the veins of your Arm to fill you with the disease of my passion Then all the statues of your mind Might crumble at last and turn Your pain to lust. But how can one so full of dying Evade the thick-fleshed moon In the bowed motion of its years? Lacking any other means than this To tongue the silver spoon and twelve-petaled rose Thorn by thorn, I will taste your lips.

--Charles Musser