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To A French Girl Ten Years After

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TO A FRENCH GIRL TEN YEARS AFTER

All things draw away.
A foreskin looses the moon
for our wounding
and our bones are autoroutes
pulling us away from touching.

I wrote you from Istanbul,
shipped you the mosque of memory,
told you that Asian geese
bloomed in the sky like shrapnel.

I wrote you from Istanbul
where they sell gilded pictures
of Mickey Rooney, where they lock
their toes in crescent slippers.

I wrote you from Istanbul
where the Goreme cones
marry the night with a
blunted cock.

I wrote you from Istanbul
to say we'd never marry.

All things draw away.
The wolf forgoes the teat
and instructs our magic Pontiacs
with an unrehearsed death. My
grandfather dies and pulls Ohio
up through him like a hollow stump.

And I am waiting for winter
in Michigan and have walled the
child in her woolen tubes, cocooned
my secret images in the scars of
future skin.

I am waiting for winter
in my nation and all things
draw away.

Joe Dionne