

prayer

this one thing i ask
this ample woman
give her to me

let me slip behind her
on the couch
lifting under her knees and
working into her
until we sleep
my dreaming hands on her belly

let no one know what I have
let no one see
her blush
at dinner
or the slight touch on my neck
as she passes
from the kitchen

and when the moon be waxing
or harvest
let the couch
not suffice
her jailbreaking of my dreams
in the small hours
her busy hands
and probing tongue
betraying insane hair
forcing unspeakable demands
her farm girl thighs and ass
beating my body
into sheet steel
pounded as on a factory floor
in just enough morning light
to glimpse her eyes
that rend homilies asunder

setting loose
this dangerous woman

let it finish
each time
with her finding you
then spent against me
my belly a swamp
of rivulet souvenirs
small pools on the bedclothes