Supplication

Now

meeting only on plaster,

my face a case of dust, these statues

that you started leaving me

to finish off

&

"Done with it!"

never, will not

be long enough

between the floods & the clay

that returneth back all of our work,

all which was love as, coward, how

I curse, deliver, now smash

with fingers, knuckles, all in a grip,

a slide, a caress

again on mud, on fluid, on rock,

the skull

beneath the muscle, the veins

beneath the skin, my pulse

beating your name as chisel, as mallet

when my own all along really was splendid

& to whisper it is simply

damnation, remembrance

the least arrogant beseechment,

dearest, dearest, that you will ever receive