

Wearing Red

The various shades:
a neck of bright cherry,
scarlet for the heart,
cedar feet, burgundy legs...

No one is bleeding, nor
is it sweet rose, nor is it valentine.
Yes, the cheeks could be Snow
White's apple. Yes, fire, yes,
war paint...

Yet all clots break & flow
without being a wound.
Yet all is safe & sane as the flame
that is just a match used briefly...

Heat: but the warmth is no inferno.
Shine: but not of gasoline.
Friend, see crystal.
Here is the clear flesh.
Not a puzzle to figure.
Here is touch feeling touch &
the blood of love thick as any groin.

Still: more expressive.
Still: not mere loins,
& if you cut your thumb
& if I cut mine

brothers could not be more open.

(Not in print, available as mp3 only)