

“Hum”

Sometimes the hum and pull keeps me awake
all night: a low current, some faint desire—
I'll write it down. I'll see what I can make.

The next day catches me chasing the wake
of some stranger, his soapy smell—this wire
of want drawn taut. The pull keeps me awake

and searching. But to love is a mistake,
to fall for what means only to inspire,
to start the dance and see what I can make—

I'd fall in love with every man who spoke,
if not careful, of blackberries, of fire,
of turning leaves, or being kept awake

by what he couldn't name. The claim to stake
is naming. I'll change dumb awe for this dire
risk, writing. God-like, see what I can make

of longing. Wring insomnia to slake
need's lime-dry substance, take what I require.
Sometimes the hum and pull keeps me awake
all night. All night, I'll see what I can make.