

A field (not on fire)

a field moves

like water

grasses the sea

quieting

the sea

the flaming thing

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God is a kite.

the tether pierces my palm. I would have given
up my hands earlier for this relief
of a bodily mark of the intangible. I have never
been a person of faith, made as I am
of stiffer stuff. salt and tints and shallows. shadow
preserves snow, each object has its own
frosted cape in the shape of its shade. I am
threaded through. I walk
among the melting ice. holding
or being held, are you a kite or am I a doll
hanging by a string. a lemon thread
between two cans—do I
bring one to my ear in search of
ocean, or do I drag them both
behind my nuptial convertible, baby blue,
hearing nothing I know

my mother is still dead, and I am still
a child.

God is a kite.

after sex I wake back to
myself, estranged from what
my body has finished
doing and the things
I didn't teach it. it was an animal
worrying a neck. he goes to wash, I
lie and recollect. the pain
in my jaw that subsided for the duration
returns and my breasts settle
into their creases, newly meat. the rushes on the side
of my mind's stream quiver into stillness.
am I, was I predator.

am I prey.