

LICK

I spent the summer naked. Crouched
as close to the earth as the earth would
let me, or my knees, crackling. I slept
on the crumbling terrace for a small lick
of breeze and listened to the wild boars
snort and root the soil up below, rub
their thistled sides against the trunks,
shaking. The neighborhood cat with one eye
came each night, claws out for pleasure
to knead my thighs before curling
into my curl. Though he'd hiss
when I adjusted, untouchable, we got on
like that, loving, two commas, holding
each other a little nervous, a little quick
to nip. All summer I moved my animal
self closer to the front. Yipped and yowled
out of this feral mouth, slept splayed, opened
to the stars. Made love sitting up, watched
the moon set red into the hills behind
my lover's head, loud in my guttural living.
The world, affected, pulled me into the chorus.