

nativity, with peaches

how the light rages, this
stonefruit mountain dawn, how the center
drips and rings, how my wrists
flow with chord and chasm

when you cleaved me from that ceaseless balm and
set me upon the goldenrod to
feast and to fester
I wailed for salt and pine

but the bodies of the bears know it well:
how come august it all unravels
into the hunger

unstudied and precious glutton, the fruit
is yours too, and the stain is not
something to eat despite
but part and parcel
of the pleasure

So you, girl, gone indigo and crimson,
are ecology's brimming, helpless
migratory thing now incarnate
to braid your longing into
the meadow's hair

to tell the river
your devoured name