

PARLARY

by Henry Enzor

The love is so old that it groans like the wreck of a ship. But what a home it is, what a home we built together. Maggotty with love. Alive with beetles, all clicking anxious to feed. Hungry for black putrescine the way I am hungry for you. I would hollow out the very Earth to reach you on the other side, a terrible trench, deeper'n Hell. Like Lysenko undeterred in my devotion. Except I starve only myself. The famine remains within the heart.

I don't want every last bit of it, just the part you have. Your voice on the telephone. Your voice on the radio. I said I wanted you and your vim was bottle-green.

Hello, good morning. I remember the year I ran to you. I remember the year you ran to me. I remember the year we crashed. I'll remember the year we fall into place. You can run but I can swim and I will catch you in my arms when you're ready to drown.

Jesus died. They say he came back. Me too, I say, me too. I'll bet he didn't expect to find me drinking coffee this late in the afternoon.