

The Ungrateful

When you deprive yourself, I said to my body,
whose face gets wrinkled? Yours or mine?
She was suffering apathy.
We sat on the porch, a glass of wine between us,
honeysuckle blotting up the sky.
Many objects are strewn
in the fashion of insane old women who
have blocked the doorways with chiffoniers.
In case of fire they will burn with their obsessions.
Trees have seeded themselves in all the flower beds,
a willful violence between the arteries;
entire barns of debris, boxes from flea markets,
nails, empty oil cans, broken hoses.
The strangle underground rages in white rooted pulp.
I am leaving you, says my body;
her black moles, eyes of skin,
looking in all directions.
She, for whom I sacrificed everything,
with whom I shared every indignity.

(1995)