And it came with force; a thousand sinking
thorns—as if I could feel the whole of God
in me, an account of mercy or light bent
between the filament of rib, myself a filament,
carbon lit through and through. Point an ember
toward the heart and watch it blaze. Treasured
shock, ash—oh, the skin was not meant for this:
the pullback of tendon or the baring of its light;
how stars briefly hold in the hollow of shoulder-
blade to conduct their tenderness. Maybe I stood
at the edge of the field, waiting or wanting, stood
under bulge of dark cloud and begged now, the
crease of its opening, and how it opened into me
electrostatic and fine—struck hard the edge of
living or its end, the world a sheen of excess.

See the leg warp red, my Lichtenberg mark. Bright
exit gleaming. Give me a moment to notice Earth’s
rotation or how to collect calm from a brisk storm.

How we, wild, taste horn and hide—give ourselves
up to longing. How we cradle its rough charge in
the slope of our spines.