

Self Portrait as Bison Struck by Lightning

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.