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Jim Natal

Windchime Tantra

Everything we can do with our bodies
already has been done,
patterns of hands or legs described, given names
in tantric texts, little poems with mouths and eyes:
standing cranes,
the grape cluster,
dragonflies.

I know your body so well,
quirks and contours of your skin,
like the tall boy who looks out across familiar
shaded waves of hills, grass prairies
in the wind with one lone tree,
eyelids half-closed sees
a figure that beckons
with finger bent like kestrel beak,
persistent and light as windchimes in the night,
perhaps a lover like you,
and he knows it is time to leave
home,
emerge a man from your embrace,
marry animal and tame,
to sweat in the night
then to sleep
seamless against the backs of your thighs
until body heat throws back the covers
and bedroom breeze brings relief.

River eels,
emperor's delight,
branches intertwined...

I could map your body, and in my mind
I do
when cold and early I'm alone,
a jetstream away in some hotel room
unable to remember my dreams,
and snow is coming down,
trucks picking their way on drifted
dark interstates.
I think of ranchers and their sons
rising intent on chores with
icy pails,
orbs of brown cow eyes, thick tongues,
steaming, lowing beasts inside a slatted wooden barn,
the only light ablaze
for miles.

I think of pleasure when I awake beside
your scent,
the length of you taking my measure:
mantis,
floating lotus,
birdwings,
garden of sighs.

Held notes of windchimes fade on distant porches.
I sleep again, curled in the den of your breathing.