

Masthead Logo

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# Beast

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BEAST  
(For P)

Now I know  
where I know you from: those times  
when they had fantastic sex

on the way down from the mountain. And there's  
the road that goes to the cave, or the day  
out on the island everyone else went looking for  
oh apricots, figs once  
in the temple  
the air pulled, there was  
a shift of light . . .

he was an animal. You have his  
shoulders, the same thickset neck, something vulgar  
in all that muscling, the veins are maps of it  
along your arms, heavy blue roadways, power lines  
running your belly. Look how you stand squared off  
and the way your body moves

closer like his, covers, moves in, the last-minute  
hook to the side, head lowered and heaving, pushing  
the whole world, sweating, wet with it all over  
and lifting, rising and  
caught in the air a moment in the sounds he made  
trying to talk to her  
falling back into coming down.