

S caring the Hell out of Me

The first time I saw you
 You were picking up trees quietly
 Then calmly, and nodding
 You were thrashing your own hand
 With thickets.
 Then, right then,
 I wanted to hold them,
 To warm and cool them until they healed.

And now you smile
 softly.
 Smooth as dried oil.
 Can I sit here,
 And look on you?
 Not hearing the train?
 [The train I fear of softer smiles,
 And I wonder and I fear of wonder]
 Can I sit here
 And look on you?
 Not hearing that train?

Tonight,
 you will heat the milk,
 And water me to sleep,
 Speaking in tongues,
 Telling Short Tight Tales
 of the big ones-
 Sorrow, Endings, Frantic Burning Joys-

The big ones,
 And your voice turns my pillow to beauty waves and dangerous.
 My sheets to lovely fire and dangerous.
 My legs and arms to perfect wings and dangerous.
 You smile softly
 Scaring the hell out of me
 Because now
 I must thrash my own hands
 To hold a drop at least
 Of discontent in my life.

Stacia Mellinger