Naked

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lines—and contours defining
the body's shape: lobes, lips, nipples...

an old trick, counting
toes and fingers, waiting for
the eleventh hour

in the stalled duplicity
of cells splitting and binding

I was dreaming—what
was I dreaming, tell me, when
the blue curtains yawned?

A black horse, her fast canter
trampling the raw grass, tender
crocuses blooming—
by slow degrees they turn to
drink in clear sunlight

pools of heat, closer now: oh
spring, can we start to believe?

MICHELLE BOPP

NAKED

Desperately I clamber for what remains,
I find myself too late.

Lost in violence and tears,
no final call for help.

"Try to live without me!"
Words throb; fists curl.

My face lit by the moon,
vulnerable and exposed.

Unforgiving darkness bites, slaps,
only fear exasperates.

Silent pleading goes unnoticed.
Anguish gropes.