

Red-Lit Cafe

Desire
—So deep in my womb—
Like a hot fist
Like a red stone
Drops
Into
Cool
Clear
Water,
Floats
Deep
Deep
Deeper,
Drifts
Gently
Downward.

The sky is
Naked and still.

If you were with me,
You would sink
Into my depths
And slake your thirst.

I imagine that
Between
Your fingers
Water trickles
Like sand
In an hourglass.

You leave my desire
To the ocean's cool waves.
You leave me alone
At night in this red-lit cafe.

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