

The engine room

Blood-dark and obstinate.
Heart-close. Unbound.
Listen to its roar. Its wren song.
Its howl. Its hum.

Here is its incomplete catalogue—

Part ache.
Part moonshine.
Part glue and tape.
Nexus of *toska* and lore.

In one corner, a child stands in the rain.
In another, a corona of lurid light.
Elsewhere, Moses is dividing his sea.
Soak and salt versus scorch and sand.

All of memory is mist.
Every time I've loved you is logged here.
Each time I lost you. I waited.
I gave up. I took to a godseared road.

There is something about credence too.
And something about shame.
About the *o* in beloved.
The *he* in thee.

And each lilt and tilt.
Every glint and glitter.
Each covet, each fever.
Every jeer and gesture.

All of my backtracks.
All of my misfires.
All deleted thoughts.
Each and every haste.

Note: Heraclitus believed the soul was chiefly composed of fire and water.