

To Answer Not at All

Always they bring themselves to this

The question is finally posed

and I find myself of different minds:

To answer deliberately. To answer not at all

(Perhaps to escape once more into that shadowed jungle

where sweet hyacinth perfume cloaks the decay

where death devours her victims

and nothing ordinary happens)

To answer deliberately - I know now

they do not mean to demand so much It is not in them

to understand what they are asking

To be loved

To be owned

To be owned, to be loved

These are not the burdens

It is mastery, loving that

bleed the mind and bind the limbs

To answer not at all

(I rise as silent as the fall of darkness to stalk

my wary prey as she kneels to drink.

This once let me bring myself to this:

I lunge - eyes like dragon flames scorch the night I sink fangs white as breath
into her veins

She crumbles, broken with fear—

I love you! I love you!)

