

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 perfumes the air
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
sap 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 light up the night
I sink fangs white as breath into her veins
She crumbles, broken
with fear—

I love you! I love you!)