

Greg Grummer

Abel's Last Date

Bodies are so animal.

They have their own deaths to feed,
their own hearts, their own roads to walk at dusk.

They seem to want so little advice.

Last night we watched as our bodies
broke free of us then sank, tangled,

beneath the waves of mediate desire.

We watched as our bodies tore loose from idea
then flowed back again over our tongues

as if they were one oath returning to the detriment
of number, while we sat before the fire drinking tea.

Hours later, when our bodies finally let us
back, they had long since gone to sleep,

so we lay on top of them

like mist on top of a lake, or like the one
log in the fireplace lying on top of the fire

whose collapsing darkens everything.