

August Sets Its Stone

*August sets its dry meal before me.
Downing the hard ends of days that
make of your absence a mean diet,
I think upon our world that was
and burn.*

*God damn
what keeps you from me!
Had I the sweet alfalfa of your face
for pasture, I could absolve hunger;
and pardon thirst by sucking back
the slow ascension in my throat
of that breast-rich milk
stoppered now in my heart.*

*I'd satisfy much if you were here.
Spirit feeding with flesh,
I'd cavort among your clover as,
charged with daisy pollen,
bees turn to somersaulting
under sun.*

*Unfortunately,
this summer, turning, only goes.
Leaves droop, petals drop,
less and less do I prevail.
Earth is drying out and,
in my mouth, upon my tongue,
these dusty days settle down
like stone.*

-- G. C. Oden

New York, New York