

About A Girl

by Jé Maverick

You're waking now -
though sighs are shared,
the hemispheres are split
with another sober slice
of fission - once more
a planet cloven.
Perhaps you wear it heavily,
drag the first thought of it upon
your wanting flesh like a hairshirt -
This Idea Of Us,
this beast that pants and lolls,
ankle tall, old, lagging,
straggling to keep pace
with the lovely that you're wasting,
the beauty you've withheld
for this ungodly age - this wild
that howls alone.

Each day - full heart
and empty hands,
I move through the world,
tactile and breathless,
you float to the surface of all things,
everything I touch is you,
and *isn't*.

© Jé Maverick 2010