

Shade Seeker

he prefers the dark musty
of old books
the cool of smooth stones
bathes the sear and blister of sun hot memories
in sepia

if he could make the switch
he would have his heart on his face
exposed
and squinting towards the horizon
let it take the beating
of summer suns
the cruelty of flourescent lights
for his eyes
precious and sore

those he would wrap
in the velvet of subcutaneous flesh
and place caged and perfect
in the deep dark of his ribs
the cavity where his heart
beats comfortable and safe

if he could
make the switch
I with my female magic
dark moon and blood magic

have stolen his eyes

tossed them
each
into the cool safe
of ancient lakes

his heart I have left
to dilate and decipher
the ghost searing
of retinal images
the burn and branding
of optical rhythms
the white hot glare of everything

he knows only that his heart
is hotter and dryer of late

and so he writes love poems to his refrigerator
whose good sense is to shut off the lights
when he closes the door