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The Dreams of Wives

Elizabeth Harmon Threatt

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Abstract

A poem.

BOOTH

A JOURNAL

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The Dreams of Wives

by Elizabeth Harmon Threatt

I give you my hand
to break the fingers if you want
and the small reed-bones
on the back of my palm to snap
while you catch new grass
between your toes, blades sinking
deep through your brittle heels.
I give you the bones of my back to taste,
and watch as you rub your thumb
against my throat, holding the sky
as grief inside your chest. Together
we fall, with softly opened, mewling mouths,
feel the air between us blink next to skin,
the world green inside your swallowing eyes.
You have my hips to bury beside
your feet in all their rootedness,
my knees to hold you up.
And when you become a tree,

sweet-nesting in the damp hair

curled next to your neck,

I hold you in my arms, whisper to you

sweaty-tongued and airy,

pull back and breathe into your leaves.

Elizabeth Harmon Threatt is currently a PhD student In English and Comparative Literature and Creative Writing at the University of Cincinnati. Her poems have appeared in or are forthcoming in journals such as Mississippi Review, Big Muddy, Cold Mountain Review, RATTLE, Poet Lore, and others.

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