[under] loam

Jordan Kalt

I want November candle wax to pool
in bare hot spaces along my spine.
I want fingertips that plead, yawn
for the bodywine of lost lovers
congealed and sunk below
torn coverlets of leaf and muck.
I need a love that can wither,
being once wet and alive.
I want color to slough away while
raw layers unwillingly pupate.
Let the fertile vine end its year,
no thought for future growth—
thin pelvic wings pressed
down to where worms roll.
Let me forget the sun and its stories,
cling instead to damp memory.
I want the star signs to search for me
and finding aught, speak no future.