

# [under] loam

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poetry

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.