

## Delectable

Once again the gods have risen. They gasp, incarnate  
Within, revelation in altered rhythms of pulse and breath.  
Their wills leap out of your body to extend the incarnation  
Into the body of another. "Tell her you love her,"  
They urge. "Tell her you need her. Tell her."

When the gods whisper in your blood, who is it speaking?  
Thoughts are lies and for that reason glorious. So many possibles.

Flesh is never a lie. It just is, the one actual,  
Mechanism that works well or poorly.  
The gods stretch halfway between idea and flesh.  
They run the mechanism hard until, broken, we are abandoned.

The blood rises within you as your hand caresses your wife's belly.  
Desire wraps around the two of you, it extends into the world,  
Evoking a home and jobs and vacations and closets full of clothes.  
Desire etches the lines of a safe, comfortable life where you return  
When divine spirit finishes with you.

You love wildness within so long as outside  
All is groomed and the gardeners have cut back the extra limbs,  
Aerated the soil, raked away the debris, applied compost.  
A gardener is needed. Things wild die off crowding and strangling  
Each other as they obey the command to be fruitful and multiply

Balance?

Order? Harmony? Only in the work that a gardener does,  
Clearing away, revealing the thought guiding her activity.  
You love the arbitrary, artificial order,

The glorious lie that shows the reality of care embracing you.  
Gardeners give shape to an inward life sheltering from the dangers  
Of wilderness. Blood gives way to thought, mechanism to lie.

When I see you in the yard, moving slowly among the plantings,  
Cutting back, carving open space, digging up and moving  
Packages of life to safer ground, I see the love that thought offers.  
You show me order that could be ours.  
I want to join you, to move alongside you.