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Errata

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Errata

It begins in his bed
Hands like birds alighting on buttons and bra clasps and belt buckles
The way a man tilts your face away with a gentle savagery
exposing the sinews of your neck, lamb-flesh
I am his prey
When I lie beside him,
I am a sliver of moon,
sediment, silt
driftwood caught in the pilings of his arms
His descent into sleep summons the glad ache of my hips
His is the sound of mountains being made
The Kama Sutra of the clock face indicates my hour of departure
He won't call me again.

by Elizabeth Sanglier