

DAN ROSENBERG

To Have My Marrow Fate Must Crack Bone

—after Dexter, 1791

but Father I don't want to be some
prophet priest king to such family
 peel this blessing from my hairy arm
I want it light and loose for hunting
what wild game streaks by my present tense

 happy to quitclaim my future it
passed to him in your invalid words
but my sighhounds speak forthright howling
their hunger up at the deaf-mute stars

no clodpates these beasts nor dullard I
for loving the flesh and the pottage
 no sly mind geared to anticipate
in my skull yet I often reflect
and distress myself with my nature

 profane man of body they whisper
I know with serpent mouths unfettered
and judging but I am home in waste
here with the dragons of wilderness

hunting under what eyes I know not
nor care for when I hunger I eat
and when the roaming burns me I roam
 and if my seed is to be lesser
still I will spill it into nations