

EMILY PITTINOS

Torpor, Interrupted

The cold snap at last releases
the ginkgo leaves, the ground gold,
and before long,
it is snowing—breath seen
escaping, hot.

Glare-white noon dims
to blue-black. Another fantasy
about the vessels flirtation can open.
I am too alone
to sleep, too aware
of the burden absence brings, or perhaps
too unaccustomed to peace.

Nightjars bed down in snow, take flight
at the first sight of danger;
I remember nights when the danger
was me—strange hackles, all pricked up.

I'm hungry again, reliving the latest commotion,
the rules broken. This body
dragged around so the mind
could take part, decide
what is alluring, worthy. The snow

is what does it to me, landscape a whetstone
I slide against until I become
the animal. I am
not actually out for blood, just want
the feel of it, loosed
inside, its vision: *I'll have. I'll be had.*