Tell Me Again

—after Robert Bly

Tell me about the sound of wind in the pines, the cushioned duff, the needles that make a clean floor and bring a hush to the understory.

Tell me how deer come here at night to curl into ovals, how they dream of windfall apples, a scent like wine, how when they dream of wolves, their hooves kick out like knives.

I can see the tamped outlines of their beds, where they scuffle into needles that cling to them like fine red parentheses. Tell me how at nightfall,

I split in two and the other half of me comes here to these trunks, where I lie among the deer, and the sides of our bodies barely touch with every rising breath.