

ne touche pas

Walls, they are, drilled to poke out cannons: armored brick.
their thing rhymes it; names it. But women, say to me

you aren't bundles of life, energy. Volts visible
flow through you, you are equilibrium. Pairs

of reflected skies, soft billowing rounded cloudstones; the earth is full of
caves, where her secret hides, names reflecting silence. but not

really. Rifles burst from man's skin. What do women
dream from their jolting hands to flesh? Do they

think of deer at Lascaux? Great herds of stinking wet bison,
scarlet memories emptying into delicate plains of cotton?