Minstrel

Pat Anderson*
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Abstract

I want to write a poem for you, my lover; my minstrel with white skin that absorbs me, my minstrel that saves me from myself and brings me to hide —growing oh so small, so small in your arms . . . ever so small, till I can burrow between your fingers...
I want to write a poem for you, my lover;
my minstrel with white skin that absorbs me,
my minstrel that saves me from myself and
brings me to hide—growing oh so small,
so small in your arms . . . ever so small,
till I can burrow between your fingers.

I want to burrow in your fingers now, love;
your fingers warm and tender, insistent,
your fingers from which a fire springs and spreads
to the rest of your body till you glow,
flaming and haloed, setting fire to the bedsheets,
red tongueing the room’s corners, licking my toes.

I want to catch you in that morning’s fire, love;
in that morning, all fresh from your dreams,
in that morning, innocent still when I catch you
fiercely, desperately, echoing your outcry
for you did not expect it, and, not expecting it,
you float away surprised at having become so real.

But my love is gone, and all, all else,
all my poems, my desires and passions
are wasted on the stillness of night in the room.
Lying useless between the covers
I peer with eyes aflame at a window-lamp
and, seeing it unlit, quietly whimper.