

From Songs for the Little Curtain of Flesh on the Bed of our Desire

by Laura Solomon

in another part of the dream we are making
wishes upon the ghosts of dandelions in the yard

now that strikes me as cruel
though this too becomes a part of the nest
and now is glued to everything else

“this is the thread by which to reach me should anything go
wrong,”
you said and it did

for some time the powerlines were down and I was glad
you had thought of the thread, fishing line
to be more precise I knew
I would find you if only I abided by the line’s assertions

whithersoever and even if
several caves were in store but what with the downpour
I entered the first as if it were a raincoat
later the forest with the same good faith

finally upon a clearing I came
and as if munificence had tied a flashlight to my finger
a little halo flies up the hill

what I see there at the top is inverted and as if held still
by a hand that is almost mine

the paddock and the barn
I cannot explain
only describe to you a circle wherein blue horses continue to graze
so long as the hand you hold is still—

after having just finished planting
a negative of a photograph I’d saved I settle
down near the mound in anticipation of your sprouting

though development would take
several moons or more
I am always at this instant
determined to camp it out in the grove

for a while blue horses
keep me caroused
but once assured of my having fallen asleep
silently each
tiptoes away

I would have liked to have seen that I think
the next morning and remember something the string
a reminder of what I cannot remember only feel
alone on the hill its downward pull
then a sharper tug again my fingers
are combing the soil

the threat is significant
I reason
I will either submit whole hand
whole body
to an early grave of love
little seedling become
decompose or compose or something
equally gruesome will ensue
lose my bird and heard the ancients demanding
cast off the part which offends

by this time divination I needed
to interpret the bird the hand which had turned
dowsing rod on me
my fingertwig unmoved and marking
its insistence woodenly
cast off the part cast off I could not
so attached to the line and to my body it was
fishooked and I
entered a new element—

Laura Solomon is the author of *Bivouac* (Slope Editions, 2002). More of her work may be found online at *GutCult*, *Slope* and *Octopus Magazine* and in the current issues of *Gulf Coast*

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