Two Poems

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Two Poems by Jessica Beaufils

Make me whole. Crushed ants, ripe moon
Pendulum caught in mid-swing.
Our love is empty, trapped in the bare mouth
Of once gravid dreams.
Our rire does not separate us from
What crawls any more than our
Bras could take flight.
Why am I moving? Salt-still eyes
Mined for generations. Our harvest
Should have come. Chaff separated—
I plucked the tender germ of our union
Far too early—and somewhere you know
The lie grows as a weed in August
Lush, greedy, with roots spreading
Far and deep, choking the "que-si?"
In quiet moments, I perceive the backward
Track of laughter, melding with
This nothingness I feel.
How could I? I prick my finger
And draw perfect rows down your back.
Rows to sow what I shall reap
The disaster of my avarice—glimning
Argent in the now still night.
The locus of my antiquity, a small
Dot on our kitchen floor
Is quickly swept up by your deft
Attempt to put everything
Under the rug.
Only in the opening have I been made whole
Happy to be cleaved in twain
Like a sapling in spring
My own mortality written in the language
Of pure love
I had no hope but you—though I thought it
I had no joy, no peace, no rest
You were the answer to my question
"Why?" The universe vibrated with
Your first breath
Pure and new
Alpha and omega
The falling snow getting deeper
They took you from me
To keep me from growing too strong
They pierced my arms, spine
They could not keep me from you
Perfect angel
Light of life.