

Red Mother

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Red Mother

Need gnaws at me,
chews a hole in my spine.
There is so little of me.
I must burrow into you
faster.

I sympathize
with your limits.
The way you digest
by churning
is endearing.

Last night
(was it night? Perhaps it is always dark
here) I dreamt I grew an eye
and could see you, not clearly,
but in a blurred fog.

It was awful. You weren't you at all.
So I dug out the eye
with my little fang.
Every morning
I risk the ground
for you.

Once I followed you
in the wrong direction,
not behind, to where you were going,
but after you, to where you had been.
I traced your footsteps
and died in the desert.