

Finding Out You Are a Lesbian

You almost leave your husband when he becomes your wife.

Then you discover that you can sing into her

Throat, find devouring, wrestle her head between

Your hands and drink from the bowl of her mouth.

You find small white flowers in the curl of her ears

And, surprised, taste them. Yellow pollen puffs from their center,

Then dissipates. The mouth fills with saltwater. A black sea

Waves, lifts with silver-white fish, and here you are:

A wife again

Newly made, body of wood and sap and flower,

Newer even than she is (as she was always this wet

Road, the shimmer of asphalt on a full-moon night),

You read and read and read into yourself

Until the skin of your palms peels back

In great papery scrolls.

Your hands say, in their soft, stupid voices,

Open your mouth! Open your mouth!

Your chest vibrates with the filling,

The pour of rain so black that its bright,

The trickle of water down the wrist

Dripping from busy fingers.

A deep hum bothers your lips.

Surely not—surely not—