

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/3

Jude Folly

'Be Damned Me'

her legion of passions
lay waste to my being;
she pours me out like

a violet libation
staining stones beneath her
feet; countless seasons i've

conjured her form--rupture
of present from future
and past; every gesture

she makes--a shockwave that
singes my breath; with joy
i endure trampling,

a throttling of my
becoming in her grasp;
gladly i pass through death

to please her, but only
a pittance of delight
could i ever offer