Like the Man Who Fell In Love With Jesus

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I want to live in a body that quakes, I want someone's fingers to press marks into my flesh. I want to

open the blue door of my heart and let the wolf in. I want to be in a room gradually filling with water. I want to

stand on a corner and testify, like the man who fell in love with Jesus. I want to breathe and breathe. I want to know what the other ninety percent of my brain is for. I want to find where my dreams are filed.

But summer is going faster than it came, and every day I wade through

load after load
of leaves collected
in scarlet puddles
below the shameless trees.