

The Lariat

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I want to wash the hands that guide me home
and smell the soap and the soil together.

The breeze through the open window will dry us
the sun through the open window thick as butter—

I want to know salt and how it lives on the tongue,
dissolving into sensation, is it joy, or regret?

Probably both, after all, bodies are much the same,
flesh pushing against flesh until the soul

collapses like a circus tent, kisses the earth,
whispering as it falls: *someday I will lose myself*

completely. Until then, being lassoed to the world
is not so awful, as long as there are mouths to kiss,

hands to hold, flame to join with flame.