Coming Apart

Robert Timberman
COMING APART

Hawk-eyed wind the day she lets you die
your spine along the bed. Hawk
by sunset too. Hawk hanging from mountains south.
High in the trees, your final hour.
Pack the luggage and send it home. Empty
your pockets when evening winds blow pale
with heat. The running hills, that darker bush:
a confluence of green.

When she wonders why you've come so late
tell her you have no answers. Label the books
for father. Tell her you're here
because you have to be. Demands
must be met. Leave the shoes for brother.
Make up a reason: hawk
on the mountain or June sun settles
with wings. Wipe from your neck
the dried slowed breath of anxious children.
Close your eyes and day falls ruined by shadow.

Like any good woman, she opens for you. Grows
at the mouth. Those huge thighs cold
when she finally brings you in, below
the bridge, to fern and mud, minnow
mad for your face. She tells
you hunger, biting rock, your unattended eyes.
She tells you she is kind. Her undercurrent blind.
Her darkened bed, an afterthought.
She tells you how you'll come apart in every proper
place. She palms you to her breast.
Hawk eyes at the bottom. Smells of dispossession.
Belly up and belly up and up
and belly down.
Buckled. Broken on the bed.