

Benediction

After Breton

My husband whose eyes are red salmon
His eyes the whitetail and the firestorm
His blue eyes
His eyes shadows moving underwater
My husband's brow a river
His thoughts maple seeds
Maps folded into wings
And his lashes are sextants reckoning
My husband with eyebrows of battlefield grass
My husband whose mouth is dusk and sunrise
His teeth the foundations of temples
Whose hands are willows
Green-bladed fingers in a whispered sky
His hands of mare's mane and collision
Hands of white lilac
My husband with hands of apology
Fingernails a village of houses with tin roofs and plywood walls
His wrists are mountains in an abandoned country
My husband whose arms are bridges of rescue
His shoulders stones for borrowed tombs
His back the chimney I lean against
His back of lodgepole pine
His back the crow's rusted voice and its nest in the black rock cliff
My husband whose navel is the center of an orbit
His hips the heart of a broken saint
My husband whose thighs are bows for a fiddle
My husband with his blackberry sex
His sex of wagon roads
My husband with his sex of bleeding underwater
His sex is a grove of aspens remembering the night
My husband whose heart is a river gorge and the glacier that
 carved it
A seashell polished by sand

His heart a stone fish swimming
His tornado heart
My husband holding his heart outside his body
A candle struggling
My husband's heartbeat is flint
Falling rock
And undertow pulse
My husband whose heartbeat is the curved scent of coin
The echo of ancestors singing
My husband with the breath of dying wheat
Lighthouse and a reef
His breath a raft of loveroot and balsam
My husband whose tongue is chokecherry and mica
His tongue of spilt lamplight
And his throat of mahogany
Throat of ripe apples
His voice a ladder in the leaves
My husband with his voice of summer storm
The slim demands of cattails on twilight
His voice of needles whirring and anvil-shaped clouds
My husband's voice is the peach eaten warm in the orchard
The leaf forming
My husband talking in his sleep
A god finding wings in the nightbird of his voice