

The Power Table

You, lying across the wide bed, vertical,
I, horizontal,

you, I, in a green field two green paths
flowered with xxxx's and xxxx's

you, I, lined inside
with pre-historic quarrels

old black cuts
in a wooden kitchen table

the table where you sit down with your older brothers
the table where things get settled once & for all

the cow's hip shaved down to the brand
her body divided into zones

Yes I am standing in the doorway
yes my softness & my hardness are filled with a secret light,

but I want world-light
and this-world company.

—Jean Valentine