

"I am plagued with dreams of other men"

I am plagued with dreams of other men.
By which I mean

I am not myself at times
that I am stretched out from my own body

limb to limb in different rooms, gilded, breastfull and scattered,
moonlit, un-yours in my other selves.

He and I share a room rented.
We don't sleep, we clutch.

By which I mean I am against the lie of him
and looking looking looking

up with my hand curled around a slope of neck
filled of secrets

—o the body, my god, it begs
to be pried.

I am so sorry to be this way; sex-wilted
and awake with the bile of want.

I am plagued with dreams of else-ness.
It shapes dank in the dark; it wounds.

It speaks but doesn't sound, leaves a bed soiled,
a door closed. The sun fills the relics of night.

& the day unfolds so slowly. Doesn't it?
I am so lost in a tense of myself,

in a tense of space.
It puts everyone off of loving me

except the things that do,
putting me to bed.