

What Was Devoured

After Neruda's 'El Tigre'

You do not even know what kind of animal I am.
You remember the waiting,
heavy as wet leaves,
but cannot describe my face.

The river ran like ink twisting
through underbrush. I led you.

I cloaked myself under innocence.
You were easy.

Then, I lay down
and fed my brief form
into your teeth, let you rip
what you thought was essential to desire
from my thin haunches.

You were ravenous. I wanted
devouring, piece by piece.

Now you keep watch
over the impotent bones
of your passion, years of rain
dampening your relentless
tales of conquest. But the creature
who lays herself down
outlasts her destruction.
What you name love
was just power, disarmed
by surrender.