

## **Backwoods Matrimony**

You thrust your thumbs into a pomegranate,  
its seeds promising pink pocks of glory  
and then you crush my neck.  
The reservoir is hopeless;  
it reflects my strangled body like a  
looking glass,  
and the evergreens watch our dancing,  
and the blueback herring's eyes are like seeds, too.  
You release me—  
you leave me all marked up.  
I collapse into a hole in the bouldered shore,  
a world carved in pumice,  
and the sky is still,  
and the sky is white and ending.  
I don't have the ardor to ravage you back,  
and you don't ask me to. You're still dripping, see,  
you are puffy with the antioxidants.  
I find the perilous skull of a shrew,  
molted in black earth,  
and offer it up  
like a ring.  
You spit my salt into the reedy shallows,  
and accept my proposition.