

Katie Kingston

Desire

I want the cold stones to border
my winter garden, the grey rabbit
to haunt its stillness. I want the crow
with closed wings, its opaque caw settling
in the juniper branch above me. I want
laughter frozen in the lake ice, solid,
so the wind can't run off with it.

I want to pile decay above the aspen roots,
watch the trunk bend and straighten,
survive. I want the window to believe
in transparency, to ignore the clenched fist,
the inevitable shatter. I want sun.
I want snow. I want the aged piñon
pressed tightly between the palms. I want
to be alone with leaves and birds,
bring doves into cooing at the edge of my hand.

I want sadness etched into the blue of sky,
so I can inhale it with each breath.
I want the green in each blade of grass
with its promise of rising, its new breath
against my bare foot. I want to lie
in the hammock with a book, with a beer,
with a single cloud overhead. I want
to feel the ornery breath of spring
through the willows and down my neck. I want
to plant lilacs and primroses next to a fence.