A Faun's Lament

**I.**

I loved a woman carved from green cheese.

I nibbled her ears, kissed her until nothing

remained. I, with flute-splintered lips,

I, with soft belly fur, I whose horns itch in Spring,

relapsed onto my haunches, blew into my reeds,

and condemned the Sun for rolling backwards

into another's morning. I created, scrambled,

and smited worlds while colored strings of light

traded sex with powder-eyed nymphs. The birds

turned into coffee at midnight, when rat-drawn

pumpkins swerved home beneath a thousand white

freckles. I dreamed about fingers that night

and woke up chewing my knuckles. Will I go

to bed each night in a shirt and tie?

Will my children grow into their hooves?

Will my daughters flaunt their beards? Will they

anoint the feet of men with their blood, oil, perfume?

**II.**

I made love to a tree that became flesh and wouldn't let

go. We rose and fell and flushed over the sap-drenched

earth. She whispered stories to me about fish,

about ancient scaled queens that climbed from the sea

and taught humans how to kiss. She hummed soft

lullabyes about a winged lover that flew her around

the world six times before her orgasm ended, and how

she could only hear the shrill whine of seconds pausing.

She remembered nothing more. She did not remember

arching her back, watching the Earth spin upside down,

and raining seed onto the bald ground. She did not

remember his goat smell. When I told her I loved her,

she released me, returned to wood, reached into the air,

and sprouted small blossoms in the dead of cold winter.

**III.**

I dream a developing world each night,

and in those rooms, roaming those streets,

is an alternate me who dreams about you,

imagines your voice during mermaid stories,

sees your face in a child's smile, your little

hands in maternal love. That me wonders

how rain can be God's tears and still

have enough rage left to strip children

from their mothers' arms, murder them

like cats in a river. That me flatters a dim sun

by calling it "moon." I awake, and in moving

waters stand barefoot girls, delicious toe sandwiches.

I tell them that a wet winter and spring brings

storms through August. I tell them that the forest

will trick them to sing, and to let it. I tell them

we are more than language and fears, more

than simple holes where water settles, that

from us billow such clouds that neither rock

nor bird nor beast can climb so high.

**IV.**

Good morning, my baby. Sometimes I wear

your scent through the day. Sometimes, when I open

my eyes, you are looking at me. I witnessed

the first sunrise. I lay purring on God's lap.

When I jumped down to yawn and stretch my limbs,

a wind bent around the mountains, sat cross-legged

on the floor, and said that you'd stopped missing

me. It blanched my eyes with sand and laughed.

I lost my balance, fell. On an island in the middle

of a very calm lake, I am always kissing you,

and always will. Will our children write fairy

tales by candlelight? Will they run naked

across the beach and cuddle beneath a single

robe? Will they remember how to fall

in love, how to find their way back to Heaven?