

When I Say There Is Desire

EMMA BOLDEN

I mean the possibility of place beyond place, beyond
cement and scar, root and bruise, beyond the pinks

where two bodies meet. I mean the place where a river
oceans, where the hill mountains, where a cloud

loses itself to become everything and sky. When I say
there is desire, I say it in the way we use song as praise,

each note peeling the ordinary from our throats, lips
anchoring the O steady in each gloria. I mean glory. I mean

hymn. I mean the thrall of believing, the thrum of blood
and muscle singing there must be more, after the agonies

and gloamed gardens, after the frenzied ivies of hands,
after the bud petalled sweet as the evening's last lights,

there must be more, there must be more, after this.

