

# The Weekend

BERNARD FERGUSON

*after Sza*

the long & narrow  
metal descends

into my  
gums

& disappears  
inside the flesh

like a knife.  
my dentist

curves her lips  
with shock

& tells me  
of the hollow

absences  
inside my mouth

that i must find  
ways to fill

*& lord don't*

*i know it,*

i say. desire

works like this.

it arrives

with siblings

& reflects

the ways

i am desperate

to be undone.

the hush of silk

arriving

at the earth

below

a towering body

is, too,

a privilege

afforded to us

for the way one's voice

might resonate

like honey

from a plucked guitar

or the way the fingers  
or the lips

can tease out  
pleasure

through the door  
of the neck.

desire  
definitely works

like this  
like the child

drenched in rain  
looking

at the sky  
like a merciful mother.

we all have  
been subject

to many small  
births.

the miracle  
only requires

our keen eyes  
willing to find

the rapture  
wafting

through the trees,  
in the way the leaves

tremble  
before being carried

by a galloping animal  
we cannot see.

desire works  
like this:

you say it. say  
my flimsy name

& i will clear  
this distance

rattling  
like a vehicle

or a fiend  
of thirst

with my open  
mouth

& the dust  
of a star

in my throat.  
i am depleted

& still requesting  
to be emptied.

gutting  
can be

its own kind  
of pleasure.

you say the word  
or my fortunate

name  
& i'll believe desire

to work like this, too:  
like a lover

finding versions  
of their longing

along the landscape  
or like the hills

echoing  
with want.

