

SOLO ACT

By Chris Forhan

The moon, the moon put the screws to me
and shut me up. The phoebe trained me
to flutter from the cliff side,
a berry in my beak. No want in me
then, or human friend. I took
instruction from the dolphin:
nodded, grinned, skittered
backward across water.
A man can step from his life
as if from a bus, can settle
for thistle and bird song, wistful
safe elucidations of beauty.
Not for me to bleed
on the razor-wire; fox-like
I crept, would father
no daughter, hazard no son—O
son, I did not mean to lug
love to where you could not live.
Come out with your candle,
lean your ladder
against my branch, lift
a crumb in your cupped hand,
I'm hungry, hungry
enough, I think, at last,
to be defenseless against you.