

Whalesong

(after Whitney)

When I speak of the animal way you move, I imagine the blue whale: immensity, all slender sinew, all the weight of a tender country twisting expertly beneath the waves; frequencies emanating from the recesses of its belly, despair and desire weaving themselves into the drone. Listen. There is a song from the mouths of sirens I could dance to until I become nothing but a body, all outstretched hands and pirouettes, drifting along a blue world. The world is what I call the sound of water vibrating with whalesong. I can hear your heartbeat inside of me. I think of the word *ocean* when you talk and watch the word form around your mouth. All I mean to say is, I get so emotional, baby. Every time I think of you, I think of you with seaweed in your hair or rose petals between your fingers. I think of you like an island or a forest. Either way, I linger on your ears. I wish you would call me. I wish I did not have to carry the sound of your open mouth all my life. Take me. Let me watch

you turning on the shore
and turning into,
of all things,
desire—
a thousand rose petals
I can drown
myself in