

The Butcher

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open up till midnight
the butcher waits for someone's desperation
that goes beyond control
speaking is an invitation

under fluorescent lights
you can't wash out his desire
where bodies are indecent
and they are not in decline
from behind the counter he thought you whispered you want more

cut out the brights of the oncoming cars on the highway
lightness is forced when you cut out the lines in the paper
cut the split seconds
the ones over-filled
when you thought you were caught with unknowable thrills
instead you get absence
soft haze in the face
the lines in your head have to all be replaced

cleave the dry stone to a promise
that an answer soon will follow
grave attention is still focused
on the flashlight and the cold fortune

down the streets on prospect
the butcher walks home
orange in the streetlight
even knows it in the dark
proves it with his eyes closed

he puts his red coat downstairs
goes up into his bedroom
undresses and folds his arms
as if it could impress you
from under the covers he thought you whispered you want more