

Naked Love of The Hunter

Not interested in the soul nor any tranquility, he
Was the odor of tiger, bear dance

Of knives proclaiming paths to freedom. Born at
Storm edge of the sky and willing to make

A wound of love, he pierced the perfect darkness
Of white thighs begging to be entered.

Owing most to those who didn't love him, he moved
Forward, always forward, living his dreams

In the tightrope walker's fearless solitude, tight
Circles of need very nearly wide circles of love,

The difference thin as reeds on a river's edge at
Twilight. The tremor of force and cunning

Rhythms of persuasion let him ignore the middle
Distance, and take his light from showers

Of cold bright stars, his honesty from the heavy-
Shouldered butcher's eye for bone and flesh

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Asking no forgiveness and offering none, he came
Fierce to his dying—bellowing obscenities at

Prostate cancer's satyr gods—his tongue red with
Sand dry dregs of death's dark red wine, shouting

Down doctors and priests trying to palliate outrage
At the emptiness he was staring into... great

Black wings beating against the headwings... naked
Desire to stay making him snap like a wolf

Who's lost its mate... quick intakes of last breaths
As he died, a bright spear of light in winter.

-Larsen Bowker