Swimming Poetess

Lilly Penhall
Watch Her Fall
Donna Atkins Gilbert

Listen to her fall like a million dying butterflies
Roosting finally in the swelling puddles of
the yard,
Lying down fitfully in sheets of sweet
quivering wings
Death-dancing on the surface then gracefully
ceding life.

Look at her fall like a trillion tiny quarter notes
Trinkling in unforgiving air outside open
windows through which we
Gaze, waiting for the other’s voice to soften,
waiting for
The rain to stop.

I know I’m confusing my sensory perceptions
that inform
Metaphor; rain changes me that way, makes
me listen when
I should be watching, makes me watch when
I should be
Listening to the precise pitch of your sighs, so
I could guess

When you’d be leaving.
I could linger watching butterflies softly singing
in the storm
Hearing their fragile wings flapping helplessly
when they land
Upon the surface of the freshly fallen water.

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bathing in you
drowning in you
life obliterated in you
only to coagulate
into a goddess model
with you as my god
worship at your naked temple
collecting pennies for your fountain
reciting Maithuna over your crippling
one dozen short-stemmed black dead roses
resuscitate your soul if only for evaporation
under imitation skylight
clouded luminescence heavenward
beyond our capabilities
daily you make dolphins swim
refreshed in the perspiration
of 6 thousand, 9 hundred and 1 days of
celibacy
over 165,648 hours survived in
abstinence
now releasing into a single bead of
emanation
then you silhouette beneath moonbeams
silently creating
mass world destruction
my ecdysiast sleeping in the master’s
personal chasm
sporadically interrupted
at the hand of graceful clamor
originating in your genius
incoherently collapsing again
into an apparition of bliss
later waking to a reality of Elysium