

Apollo

What is the purpose of flesh if not
to exhaust me? How else to achieve
the full extent of the soul? I run
fast enough to keep her before me,
just out of touch. This suits my blood,
depleting nothing. My hand is fixed
to her hip bone, my knee replacing
her knee; my thigh, her thigh. I will
torque her face to my mouth when I
want to. I am a god. No tutor, no
music, just stride. There is between
us an understanding. When I move
earth beneath her, she will shake
like a laurel, and be glad.