

Three poems from
Carrying a Torch for the Old Flame
By Gaea Yudron

Waking on Sunday

Ah, gitano
la musique oy vey
another morning
mi corazon, milagro
cette vie blazing inside me again
like your rosy cock.
Which is to say
I wake breathing hard
it is still dark
and you are far,
six hours away.

The birds begin to sing
I walk fast
through my house
blood coursing heart beating
breath an electric current
feet pounding.

Feet pounding.
the kitchen floor
is my drum
I am playing music
with my body
breathing hard
throwing silverware into drawers
as if flinging stars through the sky
stacking pots into towers one on top of the other
as the continents rise out of the sea.
Play it girl, play it.

It's 5AM
Coffee appears as if by magic
I really don't know my own power.
in 5 days I will drive for 6 hours
to reach you,
to reach for you
but you are already in me

your mouth already on my breast
your hand already on the back of my neck
you hold my wrist down
push my thigh out slowly with your knee
My breath an electric current
my hummingbird flower
dripping a nectar of light.
You are already in me
in ways I cannot name
their origins somewhere
out beyond desire
in boundless brightness.

I do not know how this translates
into everyday life, if your plate of pasta
and mine get served on the same table
for more than a few nights at a time
and I don't care.

When you were young
your neck was a smooth column
your dark curly hair the god's ringlets
I flew into the perfect cloudless sky
of your blue eyes and
the ripples of your cry
came to rest in me.

I'm talking about driving to reach you
driving to reach you driving driving
my feet pounding on the floor of my kitchen
play a music about time's passing
your words and silence, work, yours and mine,
your moss, feathers, fur, your grasses, antlers, delicate flowers
the illusion of separateness
long creases on your cheeks
your creased brow, eyes that dare diving into
the line of your shoulder, thicket of chest hair
delicious rosy cock, maddening nipples
all dense with ecstasy in my thought.

Yet no matter how far I sound
your body with my resonance
I am still at the gate of your mystery
at the gate of your mystery.

So here I leave my offering.

Traveling with a Naked Man

See him there in the stream bed
under dappled light
hunting for crayfish, larvae, and stones
with his long silver hair
hanging down
over his shoulder?

He is an eloquent man
intelligent, curious, subversive
he likes to stir things up
crack things open
watch things grow
and fall apart.

I have no proof that he is a Muse
except for the stream of poems
that has poured out of me
ever since we began to speak again.

Sometimes it may seem
as if he is wearing his pants and shirt
but he is really always naked
believe me.

The warm water
of the mineral springs I swim in
is soft as the skin of his ass.

None of my other lovers
knew his secret
how completely he abandons himself
inflaming me with the beauty
of his still body.

I have feasted,
kissed, licked and drank
yet I cannot say what it might take
to slake my thirst for him.

I take him inside me
yielding to his mouth, his touch
his jewel stalk, I want

to give him everything
to travel with him
out or in,
direction's meaningless

as stars begin to etch
luminous hieroglyphics
in my womb cave
he opens me

opens me
to pleasures soft and hard
while words whispered
fast as if in dreams
loosen me and

I drift far from my moorings
then lift fly
gone, my cry
plunging with dark speed
to timeless light
we are nowhere together
our ecstatic voices
sing in wet ululations.

Nocturne

The visit's over.
I'm back home
sleeping in my bed alone
when your breath
on my face and neck
wakes me and
I must write a poem.
3AM, must make coffee
play the honeyed voice
of a woman singing *fados*.

Outside her melody
I hear you croon
more urgently
yes yes like this

and then a wavering sound
ah hh hh hhuh
interrupted
with small breaths.

Your voice, this sound
have passed into my bones.
Your howl, your roar
your song, your moans
have bound me more
than any words
that wildly gesture to them
saying wet leaves skin night forest stars warm fur
vain compass to seek directions
when only utter darkness
has any bearing.

I am a devotee of our delight
your radiance still bright
in my *cenote*.

How could this be complaint my dear
or postcard greeting
wish you were here
though I do wish
and even pray that here or there
we share less fleeting days.

But I must stop.
These stumbling words
will never parse
the love that beats red blood
into the chalice of my heart.