

Bonfire

Once meant *bone fire*,
but lost an *e* and went opaque

the way marrow roasted
into an offense—offal—

truth interrupts meaning to say
it could have been otherwise—

meaning overshadows truth
with the language the body learns

as it leans to speak. Slow the fire
to prolong longing; to spite the taboo,

I'll be here, where you aren't,
your quavering shade.

I'll feast on the light of your face.
Feast, with parted needs

of *fast* and *eat*, I'll both
abstain and partake of you—

the way a charcoal sketch
rubs a blackened flash

into a flesh I can remember,
but not imagine, not touching.