

The Reins

Peter Sacks

Many are the faces pressed against the wind,
strong is the wheel of heat, the ungloved hand.

Out of the cliff you made the fountain,
out of flint the dolphin in the wave;

why should you fear us—knowing how the cloth
slid from her belly, her mouth opened to my own

—unless desire is infinite, each particle
from the beginning driven from you

forcing its intolerable weight into the world.