

Ode to Future Thirst

Each night
a man on the roof beats
a red nude
out of his violin

& each night
a village rises
to the roof
of my mouth: hot. I pluck

it out cicada by cicada.
His shadow hisses
touching water.
His face is

the face of a goat. I know it.
Carry the lantern
until the flame
grows too heavy. Wear

the furnace's
stagnant blood. If
I drink
from the bowl left out

I may lose
all of my memories,
but only the ones
of this Earth.