Two Krystall Two

You did not die in me like the others
under ice or scalpel.
When we were girl friends and timid
according to some patriarchal rulebook
Passion was still redemption. We were young.
How odd it was to smell your musk on forest
held in david's arms project two
under your orange crates,
Detroit and you synonymous. We still gave in
to men.
When you became explorer, Krystall Columbus I
Baffin Bay, Vancouver, Seattle, the Great Plains
turned to exotica for admirers
I at home itching in suburbs north
I with elephantine memories of college boulevards
and your dark tooth.

You did not wither to brown in hard feeling,
pick-me flowers.
You stayed there all the time
as I grew impatient with men out of step
and turned again to woman sympathy.
My tongue walks the street past Grace Bible Church
wind thrown newspapers in windows
12th street fire escapes
past pregnant misanthropy and sex crimes
past Ginsberg pushing Moloch from the fire escape
William Blake blowing wild flute in the clouds
overhead with Gertrude Stein.

Swinging, gone to balance there with you in love
once more
love that moves in thrust with no competition
In trust, through time holding you in sickness
and health
with your naiad airs, a swimmer
The two of us going at it like
young cats, lithe and taut
when old snake heat moves up
our body's thermostat
my tongue slides down your belly
into and out of you near the source
Womb, deeper than religion
A train moves on our tracks
shrill whistles/the speed of motorcycles and night
dropping diamonds moves in
an antecedent of war
Love makes us live and bursting wire
spring green stems in oxidation
Your finger gropes, opening gradual
the space cave and
we burst with it, we bounce with it mountain cats
from a peak
Our legs wash over the room, history of
five and a half years in struggle together
at ease, adrift on a current.

After it is over, first culmination there
we share smoke and laugh
about all those men who primed us like
water pumps. Queen of Pentacles and Star treated
cheap
Those wells now dry we have no one but
one another.
The worst war has no bombs nor tourniquets
but veins and victims struck dead or blind
syphillitic
under the moustache macho oppressor/
pimp meat grinder/figurehead capitalist/christ
who builds no tomb to woman, the unknown solder