

LEONORE WILSON

## Spring Gods

Remember the water flowing  
from the distant mountains  
into the red delta,--  
how we made love there  
like lost nouns in the solicitous  
late June among  
the withering thorns and locusts  
and wheat; there  
we stepped from our cotton clothes  
into the feminine earth;  
there we began  
to spoon little pieces of paradise  
inside our mouths.

For months we had been  
deceitful: we had stretched  
our marriage vows,  
but oh how we returned  
libidinous, repenting  
back to the flesh--  
refuge of hunger  
and the drooze of memory;  
oh it seemed that spring  
all the shells and plants  
and stones were drawn  
to our anxious and swinging  
bones as if we were  
the forefathers of flame,  
and the gold sparks  
inside the flame,  
two crimson flowers,  
two Judas  
butterflies in braid.