“Hum”

Sometimes the hum and pull keeps me awake all night: a low current, some faint desire—
I'll write it down. I'll see what I can make.

The next day catches me chasing the wake of some stranger, his soapy smell—this wire of want drawn taut. The pull keeps me awake and searching. But to love is a mistake, to fall for what means only to inspire, to start the dance and see what I can make—

I'd fall in love with every man who spoke, if not careful, of blackberries, of fire, of turning leaves, or being kept awake by what he couldn't name. The claim to stake is naming. I'll change dumb awe for this dire risk, writing. God-like, see what I can make of longing. Wring insomnia to slake need's lime-dry substance, take what I require.

Sometimes the hum and pull keeps me awake all night. All night, I'll see what I can make.

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