

Limen

Emily Brown

What I want is between softness and stone,
between god and Adam— what I want,
is something between fruits and meats.
I want to move on the water and out of the water,
I want to hang from the tree and rot in the earth.

I long for such separate and opposing things.
I turn my head left and right;
I wish I could face both directions,
my body rended, running east and west.
I turn to god, I turn to men,
and I turn ahead to see trees.

This tree says, I've got all the answers.
I think—
 where is the border
 between the skin of women
 and the skin of that fruit?