

KIM GARCIA

I won't wait for you to be God

before loving. You can be that feral, unlovely need
that shadowed me into the woods and frightened me.
You can be half-hidden in your leaf-shadowed pelt.
You can sink in the muddiest stream.

I didn't ask
for an angel of light to bare his perfect torso, to shed
severity all over the house. I know that scent
of suffering. I could track you a hundred miles
by all that is familiar. You've worn away
the stairs, and I'm still climbing.

I'm in the water.
I'm the light under the door you spoke to
on the fortieth day without miracles. I was already
listening before I had ears to listen. Even before.