


1996

## Bitch

Carla DeLane Wood

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Wood: Bitch

**Bitch**

(a love poem)

Whatever poison runs through the veins of wolves  
that draws them to some solitary place,  
there to howl in altercation  
with the moon,  
runs burning through my veins tonight,  
and restless,  
sweating,  
I rise and pace  
this carpeted wilderness,  
these rooms grown strange.

How many times have we mated  
on nights like this,  
rain beating  
like the frantic hands of a jealous wife  
against the windows?  
How many nights  
have you fed my craving,  
a mad thing  
wild and tangled  
with tears and earth  
come crying in from the woods?  
How many years have I let you hide  
your anger and your grief inside me?  
I have learned so well how easily  
one passion is spent in another.  
And is this love, my dear,  
that gorges itself,  
then slips to some cave apart  
and gnaws the bones of memory,  
till it grows lean and hungry  
once more?

I write this under a hunter's moon,  
the years baying behind me  
like a pack of hounds.

--*Carla Delane Wood*