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Cold Men

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Cold Men

I have always loved cold men,
their eyes flat discs,
their surprising fierceness in the dark,
their whispers, a small blow torch for the ear.
I love them—
the locked refrigerators of their hearts
slowly beating.
They live forever,
their blood, the color of eggplant,
pumped red for anything they want.
I want them,
their backs to my weeping.
I feed on their absence
like sprouts do darkness.
I lust for their deaf ears,
for their whistling after the argument.
It had to begin with my father—
I couldn't find myself in his eyes.
I am always trying to get him back;
it's what keeps me alive.

Once a man told me he would do anything for me,
"Whatever it takes," he said. Travel across the
country, rescue me, raise my children, kiss me all night,
kiss me the way he didn't like, cook for me, build
me a house, take me
back to Pittsburg. I ran. So fast. I got on that
plane so fast . . .

No, I love the men who don't love me.
Their chins set like an emperor's.
Their steely arms set, a trap around my waist.
I could get away anytime I wanted,
but I couldn't breathe without their spurning,
without their tongues flamed between my breasts.
I give whatever I can just to watch it falling,
falling like a glass ball into a canyon.
I can't stop;
it doesn't occur to me.
In the unfriendliness of the midnight hour,
I am ready to give up on my father
but by day I am compelled.

—*JCWatson*