

Kristina McHaddad

Another Body of Water

It is the cool liquidness of you
that I catch
at the backs of my knees
now and then,
a mountain rain
tracing a length of leg,
the curve of my stomach,
water pouring lightly
from fingers and mouth
and breath
into a desert dryness,
blue-green drops onto sand
eroding me into wanting you.

Buying Stones

Turquoise
Lapis
and Malichite-Azurite
beneath our fingers,
and you and I
are striking deals today,
you telling me
that I didn't bargain for this
part of you,

cool cracking stone
and the light cloudiness
of the day.

And to myself I say
I never bargained
for any of you,
one part or another;
and I wonder how anything
so hard
so deeply colored
so strongly earthbound
could ever really be bargained for.

We wear each other
throughout the morning of the next day
beneath our clothes,
finger stones
and touch,
our bodies warming the cool smoothness.

We pull each stone from hundreds,
each one too precious
to ask the cost.