Richard Foss

Expectant

We are beginner gods
past pleasure, wanting

creation in our own image.
But before desire a child begins

with books, instruments;
you’ve charted our failure –

graphs, spreadsheets record
each month, year, a code only

you know. The dead signified
in symbols I can’t understand.

Scientists, we are accountants,
counting blood, needles, chances.

From the world you call
me to our room; with clocks

in your eyes, you drop your skirt,
arrange yourself across the gray

comforter with purple flowers.
Your practical fingers gauge

your readiness. Yet again, deftly
we’ll compose our bodies, careful

of breath, as if calm could help
us hear existence explode

into existence and we would
know. We again labor – what else

can we do, but press our wills
to shape the abstraction

we’ve already named.
I undress. Breathe in

wordriver literary review  73
what’s left of the breath
of god. Come on, you say,
tapping the bed.