

Danielle Legros Georges

YOUR INSISTENCE



At the temple of your insistence
are placed pears, pomegranates,
all the rare fruits of the earth,
all the beautiful words of the world,
sent you in cages—trapped peacocks.

In their feathers, eyes: all the browns,
the blues, the greens—and nothing
to match your beams of lightning.

Not pleased with rain in a country
where it does not rain, all is sandstorm,
parchment breaking. Not sated with themes
stated, your ellipses let loose a tenure
of caterpillars,

a sweep of pale butterflies. No tenderness
will appease you, erase your disdain.
What should I ask the larger gods for
on your behalf? What little heart will not
shrivel quickly in the desert of your eyes?