

JENNE KAIVO

---

RAZORBACK ROMANCE

I hurl the dirt as rooting boar  
and know that I am drawing near—  
my armored skin casts off each briar  
that you set. On every vine  
they prickle up like porcupines. It's fine,  
because my clefted feet  
are not afraid of horned root.

I shuffle and I dig.  
I snort, for I am hog.  
I'll find you out, for you are hag  
who hides down in the bog.  
Your claws are dumb, your tusks are deaf,  
it is good that I, last time, left.  
It is good that I stand between  
you and the earth, and dig you up.  
It is good that you slash  
my poor sore feet right through themselves.  
You root, you briar, my chimp-hand flesh  
when seeking you, simply dissolves.

Moist, black and lush  
the peat-bog stinks, and you  
are hidden like a raven's nest.

There you are at last.  
A pile of twigs at most,  
deep in the swamp, still, for my lust  
an ideal host.