***Rages in the Desert (Sandstone Federal Prison)***when he came to me i feigned
a shadow boxing and a clout on his ears
but he stood as simple as a flower
patiently in place alluring the bee

*this is not to be!* i screamed into my ears
i am not a toy nor a plaything nor a sweet carnation
i am the rock and the home run hitter and a rose with thorns
*this cannot be!*

what am i to do with these shivers?
am i to take myself to bed and drink hot tea?
what shall i do if he calls
says that he has free tickets to the movies?

there must be some cruel cartographer of the genes
whohas violated the universe with his dreams
for this cannot be, *i cannot let it be!*
i am a male and so is he
where is the logic to his dreams?

why is his shadow so real
that i wake to chase it from my wall
jump from bed to check the locks and bolts
too nervous to judge this fear a hoax

deep within me lustful rivers run
my thighs celebrate deltas of the moon
my hands give praise to the burning of kisses
yet the thrill that scars me most is of the sun
—not moon's daughter

am i to find that there is more within me
than my father told me when i was young?
more than the monastic chants assured me
would be my duty and my obligation, all done?

i cannot see—*i do not want to see!*
his chrysanthemum face and firm stalk
i want only to die as i was born
a wailing child in the arms of my mother

these sentenced days press hard upon my heart
too many rivers have broken their banks
giving riot to seeds long buried in the desert

what shall i take to my grave
that i did not bring to light from my mother's heart?