

TAKE MY MORNING

Protect me, she said to the wolf
at her door. Shield me
from your teeth, from your arms,
from the way you want to eat me
from the inside out. Hold
your hunger at bay, make a fire
for us to stay the night
until the moon howls
or you do. Bury me beneath
your growl, cradle me
in the shudder of your craving
in the sear of your bite
before you swallow me whole
heartedly, bones and all. I am
not safe, so hear my cry
in the scruff of your neck
counting the moments until you
rip through my breast and take
my pulse and my morning
the easy dawn I would live
without you breathing
through my hair and climbing
into my skin when I'm still
wearing it, clasping it tight
like a hood about my shoulders
so you can't come in, I can't come
to any sort of happy ending.

MICHELLE S. LEE