ENTWINED

For the draft from your horn

they would kill you. But

on the weavers' red ground

you are safe. Oaks rise

like fountains encircled

by flower clumps from lost

pattern books. They think you

tamed...I am to teach

you music, so next I practice

the organ lesson, my

servant abstracted

at the bellows. You hear me,

breathe in tact, you are

too still. In another

scene I braid a garland

and you hold the standard

caparisoned, redundant

in the colors of the house

I must marry in. They will

have me wear strict clothes

too. You watch the monkey

sniff at a flower filched

from my basket, you smell

the morsels parakeets,

rakish hares eat. White

flanks shiver, but the intent

horn is steady, pointing.

"Well trained", the beaten hunters

whisper to each other; so you

don't cringe as I reach my hand

for the cubit-long, scribed

horn, in another tapestry.

The last tapestry

is unwoven:

In it, night fades the red ground

and cat's eyes glare in the bush.

I lie, still,

wanting your

unreality

to enter me

make me

pale

as the aurora,

to slip past castle doors,

guards, wedding feast,

to pass their gray time.

Come real, be me!

The hares sleep.