

HUNGER AS THE ORDINARY ART ●

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While dressing, I shut
the door: ashamed
at what I've come to what has become
of this body he once thought
made for love—

my husband enters: only a tiny
insinuation
freckled glance
at this corpus
the whole
of the tongue-
tied body its convex swerved
to meet convex
space where tiered lines
marking childbirth
appear space where
no human has
for some time made
inroads ramshackle
plot
of fallow field
furrows interspersed

like no one else's tricked-
out path to him
lovemaking is nothing but
a second

language he's fluent in
no matter how disaffected how distant
 we've harrowed
and translated
this land the outer folds

the inner folds between them

 famished marriage
unspeakable space