

A Woman Whose Flesh Would Dream

When you woke you spoke of jackals
Wreathed like dancers round our bed.
Beyond the window the moon had jelled
In the pool where maidens fished
With golden nets.

Such yodelling you had never heard.
The jackals with their heads flung back
Were ripped and bleeding at the throat.
So gay was their arched singing
It fell like petals on your heart.

It fell like petals on the moondrenched
Girls who dipped their longing nets.
It fell like shattered blossoms on the tomb
Where angel fought with gargoyle
Over phases of your womb.

You were sad you said
For the maidens whose nets went empty
And for the moon that had lost its place
In the sky. You were sad for the man
You had wed, he had married a woman
Whose flesh was ravaged by dreams.

— *Ernest Hekkanen*