

DONA STURMANIS

The Incubus

She walks along the lake
 in that silent slice of twilight
 as the slow night inks the day's clear water.
 There are shadows on the beach; the water ripples.
 He is teasing her! but he also strides beside her soft,
 sure and she feels him hold her hand.
 Funny how he can move to her side;
 he is a master of the breeze.
 He is gone as fast as he has come; she has forgotten
 he was there except for peace and the distant sound
 of a stone brushing against the skin of a tree.

The night visits are easy.
 She feels gently led to bed;
 scans her body in the mirror,
 wonders how he sees it, knows he knows it
 inside out and the physical is only a dream.
 Delicious, she dives into the soft & stretches
 while he washes her with the gentlest of warm waves.
 She feels him rise above as she sleeps;
 his shadow passes over; he puts colours in her mind.

Her eyes open in a start. He has let her rest.
 The gates crash open; the chimes on the pines
 are ululating, herald the coming of his air force
 as it bangs the shutters, blows open the door.
 He rides her heart to a gallop, tightens his hold

on her breath, pins her down to the bed, his weight
upon her chest, drives deep into her mouth and her wet;
and when the hurricane passes through her
she floats calmly at its eye in his arms.

Each day she thinks less and less of him
because he is always with her.
He passes her by on the highway
in every truck; his loving words are in every book
she's reading. There are even days
when she wants her space, and does not even think
of him, because she's laughing
with her son; the lake is warm, the garden
needs weeding. She has even taken to
thinking nothing and that maybe stillness
is why she feels so good.

Where is she? He must see her.
He rattles the wind against the door
of her garden house. She must let him in.
She has blocked the door with two weights & a stool.
Inside, she knows it is him because
he blows the door open.

*I know it's you, she smiles.
What are you trying to tell me?*