

Lightning Rod

When I met you, you were pulling the drawers out of the world
and rearranging the contents,
tossing them into the air and catching them in your palm.
You wanted to know how everything worked.
I could see through your warm skin,
right into your half-pound heart,
beating wildly.
Already, you were running out of fear.
You like to move fast. You're driving,
dust flying,
I'm camera-strapped and breathless,
still adjusting the aperture, lens seeking focus.
I learned to judge danger by how much you could protect me from it.
When you raced into the water during the storm,
I took off all my clothes
and ran in after you.
You: a lightning rod,
carving out a safe path for my body.
I yielded to you; reticent, pliable,
like you could run the fear out of me,
your horses chasing it down across the prairie,
hooves like a heartbeat,
dislocating my tension loop,
laying it down in bed.
Listen: you are the only landmark
I have understood myself in relation to.
When I saw the shoreline, I couldn't guess the distance,
but I knew how far you'd say it was,
I knew how fast you could get me there.