Vince Bauters

Thirst

I have slid myself into
the yawning openness of women.

An irresolute part

that empties everyone of their worth.

I feel erased. As if I have nothing
to create or share.

Sitting beside me is a woman
with a heart of boiling water.

I dipped my hands and she
held my head underneath. Love

has left me a wretched, searching man.

I give up my desert living.