

DAVID HOSTETTER

REFUGE

The body is too hot and cold,
Hovering abandoned.
Everything complicit
In the toppling of its joy,
Everything shivering,
Everything a chemist.

Hungry moods shapeless and ancient,
Oceans of plummeting stomachs—
Show me your structure,
Your coming and your going, and your crying shame.
If I could love you, I would not hold on to you.
But I do not love you, and I do not leave.