

He drew power from his legs
 & used it to hurl women
 at the studio ceiling.
 Bones of steel. White birches cracked
 from their roots. Asleep
 he became a temple
 of knives
 where I learned to expose
 my neck. Once in bed he said, *I love*
how average you are
 & tickled
 my potbelly, where his cum
 puddled,
 slung like barrels over Niagara Falls.
 There is power in its water.
 Lights cities, breaks bodies;
 folds lungs into paper cranes.
 On a July afternoon
 Joseph Avery clung to a trunk off Goat Island.
 The summer sun paled with mist
 & he—hugging the log tighter,
 bark ripping between fingernails
 & baby flesh,
 shoes yanked by the rapids;
 toes & teeth feel the gripping suck rush
 as his father's gold watch keeps ticking—
 felt his back in silhouette
 against the photographer's mercury fumes,
 & knew that someone would remember
 he was he,
 before the last lifeboat capsized
 & gave him back to the tumult
 where he joined mist. With the sun,
 I'd rake my tongue
 along the dancer's stony abs
 to wake him.