

# The Politics of Wanting

The government of lost souls,  
the language of loneliness;  
there is never enough.  
She knows that now.

The man she married  
leaves his keys in the door  
as if planning an escape route  
should he wake in the middle of the night,  
look over at her sleeping form,  
decide his heart cannot last another day.

In the mornings he makes her coffee,  
a small offering of peace.

Weeks go by without their touching;  
moving past one another in hallways  
they apologize for a brushed arm, elbow,  
the hanging sorrow of a love grown cold.

She watches him with the horses,  
how he grips their manes, racing the long broad sky.  
He looks at her strangely;  
she wonders if he can read her mind.

The vicious pruning of time,  
the inept metaphor of sleep,  
the grass-green beauty  
of the way she moves beneath him  
as he wills himself to other lands.

Kate Buckley is the recipient of the North American Reviews, James Hearst Poetry Prize, the Gabehart Prize for Imaginative Writing, and a finalist for the Joy Bale Boone Poetry Prize. A Wild Region (Moon Tide Press) is her first book; her second book, Follow Me Down, is forthcoming from Tebot Bach in the fall of 2008. A ninth-generation Kentuckian, Kate now lives with her husband in Laguna Beach, California. Her website is [KateBuckley.com](http://KateBuckley.com).

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