

## **For Wanting**

*After "For Desire" by Kim Addonizio*

It's the dullest ache, the one that whispers  
not enough, not ever enough, a cancer  
tucked under the skin. A lover  
who lives at the edge of the bed,  
fingers brushing the sheets but never me,  
leaving me in the silence of waiting.  
It's the quietest room, the dust  
suspended in light, misremembered dreams.  
The taste of something forgotten,  
but close, like salt on the tongue  
from an evaporated ocean, the sigh  
of a lover gone stale on the pillow.  
To hell with the saints, their promises  
of patience and virtue, with the next world  
that waits while I'm left holding  
this hollow, this empty cup  
that never fills, no matter how much  
I want to drink, no matter how often  
I raise it to my lips. I want  
to want this world. I want to feel  
the pulse under my feet, I want to stand  
in the rain and perceive nothing but the weight  
of it, not the cold, not the pull of earth,  
just the burden of flesh, soaked through.  
Give me hunger that sings, the want  
that never swells into pain, light as breath  
to remind me I am still here, that I still  
need, even when I can't sense the wanting.