

# Pile Press



Issue 006

## Anima

*Dedicated to: The feminine side of my man*

This morning I woke up  
ripened to face our morning's sun  
ripped from a deep sleep

to wonders of me as your anima—  
expressed in more ways and words  
available to lines on this effervescent paper  
or each lifetime handed to us.

How many times have you reported  
that we were siblings in a lifetime long-gone  
while on alternate days wishing

you knew me during my last adolescence  
and how you would have taken me,  
had your way with me on countryside roads  
only to be left to our own devices

with our alien fantasies  
as you were chased by barren bar mates  
when returning to their fender-bashed cars.

At our sextagenarian age now  
we cannot teach them those tricks  
of a youth lost beside barren roadsides,  
near unidentifiable road kill

in a world where minds are painted  
with unfulfilled fantasies still condoned,  
and like all nudes, bile seeps where

they crave a good night sleep  
as they touch body parts  
of completely naked strangers  
in darkness of your anima night

bringing forth to elicit  
who has been hiding inside its  
dark corners for centuries of times gone past.

Remember how they unconsciously knew  
as the anima sat across a table  
begging for answers about living and giving.

You were my reason to fend off the dark side

nestled in your own contemplated death  
given permission by the voices in your head  
and the bright agent orange

of your dead sister's past and the ghost  
who continues to knock at your closed closet door.  
under these conditions  
do take your anima with you

Tucked under the security of your armpit  
to places you once called home  
at this very first moment  
of that next life you are about to live.