

Gandy Dancer Archives

Volume 11 | Issue 2

Article 15

5-1-2023

Dry

Tralee Cotter
SUNY Fredonia

Follow this and additional works at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Cotter, Tralee (2023) "Dry," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 11: Iss. 2, Article 15.
Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol11/iss2/15>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact KnightScholar@geneseo.edu.

TRALEE COTTER

Dry

For you, I'd cross the desert
My body, let it mourn and ache

for thirst. The hallowing chords
of my veins pull dry.

Love, I want, but barely allow
myself to know. Please speak to me

about the novel, you could write about me.
A clan of words who thirst

to watch their cases be written. Love,
let me burn if it means you.

Let us have one night with no battles,
but peace. This is not about logic

but will, about being together,
on your time. If love was a book,

worn pages, leave me here to read
until my eyes become glass. If love

was a poem long enough
to be a gospel, let me sing

into the holy song and melody,
the sound of light. Love, stay

until the last page is turned
and words become reality.

Love, accept me, become me,
know me. Until I forget

who I was and who I wasn't
in the desert, for you