

Terms of Engagement

Separated before birth, returned at our wits' end
by what may be not chance, blind as the cavemouth,
the infantile mind of time, conceiving ourselves
to be mirror images on moonless nights
reaching tentative fingers over the sacred line,
the edges of our presumed eternities,
the no man's or woman's land by which
our respective tribes mark their burial grounds,
we place silent offerings we trust by morning
will be exchanged for items of like or greater worth.

You, they tell me, are an alien being from *over there*
where *your kind* don't exactly *live*
and utter only incomprehensible babble,
a fey creature unimaginable in daylight,
the seductive spore of a misbegotten gene that will
lead me on to torments of insatiable desire
that put the whole community at risk
yet, after a few perfunctory purifications,
they accept the items brought back from our trysts,
whatever you are whatever I am.